NORTHFIELD HYMNAL

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Northfield Hymnal

FOR USE IN

EVANGELISTIC AND CHURCH SERVICES,
CONVENTIONS,
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
AND ALL PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS
OF THE CHURCH AND HOME

✠

Edited by
GEO. C. STEBBINS

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PRICE LIST NEXT PAGE

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PREFACE.

In compiling

NORTHFIELD HYMNAL,

the purpose has been to conserve many of the best hymns that have appeared in the "Gospel Hymns" and "Sacred Songs" series, combining therewith a large number of other pieces from well known composers, many of which are new and appear for the first time. In addition to these, there is a very choice selection of *Church Hymns*, both new and old, from the best American and English writers.

This collection has been prepared also with special reference to its adaptability to Evangelistic and Praise Services, Conferences, Conventions, Sunday Schools and Prayer Meetings. In it will be found many pieces especially useful for Evangelistic and Convention Choirs as well as for Solo, Duet and Quartet purposes.

The royalty on this book, as in the case of the above mentioned series, goes toward the maintenance of the Northfield Seminary and the Mt. Hermon Boys' School.

The Author.

PRICE LIST.

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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., Publishers.

NORTHFIELD HYMNAL.

1 Christ for the World we Sing.

Rev. S. Wolcott. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer - vent pray'r; The way - ward and the lost, By rest - less
With one ac - cord; With us the work to share, With us re -
With joy - ful song; The new - born souls, whose days, Re - claimed from

o - ver - borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
pas - sions toss'd, Re - deem'd at count - less cost From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
er - ror's ways, In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long.

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27020

Glory, Praise, and Honor.

THEODULPH. ANON.

1. Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
3. Thou went-est to Thy pas - sion A - mid their shouts of praise;

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One.
Thou reign-est now in glo - ry, While we our an - thems raise.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, and praise, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.

The Wondrous Story.

Hattie W. Pierson. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Old, so old, yet ev - er new;...
2. In the earth - ly home so low - ly, 'Mong the hills of Gal - i - lee,....
3. All His words so gen - tly spok - en, Lov - ing deeds and pur-pose true;...
4. O, the sac - ri - fice He of - fered, When He died on Cal - va - ry;.....
5. Now once more He reigns in glo - ry, O - ver death the vic - t'ry won;...

Of the Lord who came from glo - ry— Came to die for me, for you.
Was a life all pure and ho - ly, That was lived for you, for me.
All His prom - is - es un - brok - en Were for me and were for you.
O, the ag - o - ny He suf - fered! It was all for you, for me.
And He bids us tell the sto - ry— Tell it out to ev - ery one.

Refrain.

O, the won - drous, wondrous sto - ry! Old, so old,.... yet ev - er new;
wondrous, won - drous sto - ry, sto - ry! Old, so old, yet ev - er new;

Of the Lord.... who came from glo - ry, Came to die for me, for you.
Lord who came from glo - ry, glo - ry, to for you.

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The True Light is Shining.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. The darkness is pass'd and the true light is shining, The light that first shone o-ver
2. The darkness is pass'd and the true light is shining, The shad-ows are flee-ing and
3. The darkness is pass'd and the true light is shining; Oh, let us with light by the

Beth - le-hem's plain; And the song of the an-gels new voic-es are chiming, Of
morn comes a - pace; There's a glow in the east of a bright sil-ver lin-ing, The
Spir - it be filled; For if yield-ed to God ere our day is de-clining, The

Chorus.

glo - ry to God and sal - va - tion to men.
world is a-wak-ened to hear of God's grace.
light must shine thro' us, as Je - sus hath will'd.
} The true light is shin-ing, The

true light is shin - ing, And songs are a - ris - ing from o - ver the sea; While

God in His mercy and love is inclining, The true light is shining for you and for me.

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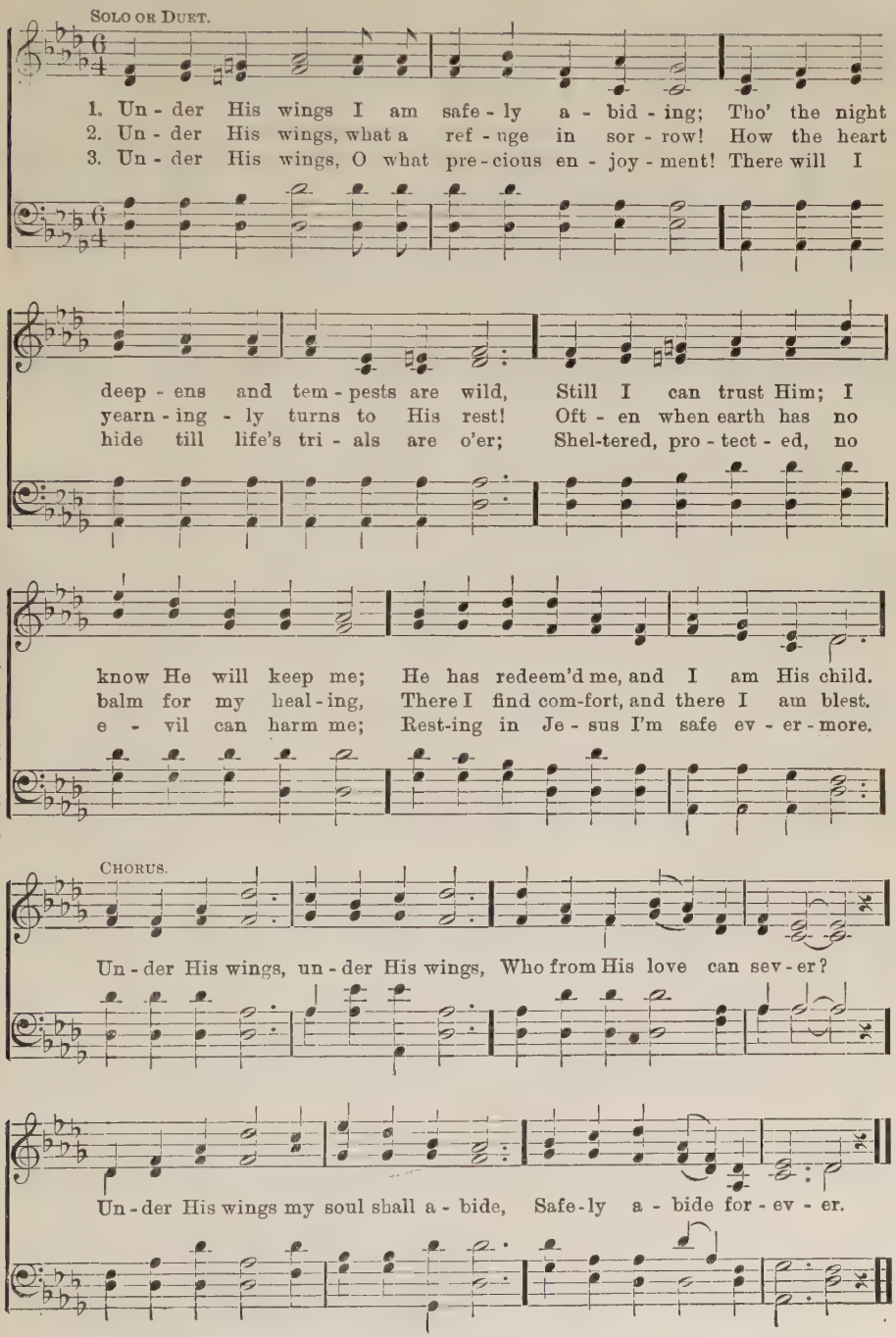
Under His Wings.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.



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Who are These?

ANNA SHIPTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Who are these whose songs are sounding O'er the gold - en harps a - bove?
2. Who are these that keep their sta - tion Round the great e - ter - nal throne?
3. See their robes of dazzling white-ness, With-out blem - ish, spot or stain;
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve Him night and day,
5. Sweet their theme: 'tis still "sal-va - tion Un - to Christ the Ho - ly One,"

Hark! they tell of grace a - bound-ing, And Je - ho - vah's sov'reign love.
They from earth - ly trib - u - la - tion To their heav'n-ly rest are gone.
See their crowns that grow in brightness, Pur-chased by the Lamb once slain.
By the heav'n - ly fount He leads them, He hath wiped their tears a - way.
And their sighs of trib - u - la - tion Change to songs a - round the throne.

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CHORUS. *Slowly.*

These are they (These are they) who wash'd their robes (who wash'd their robes) and made them white (and made them white) in the blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb).

These are they (These are they) who wash'd their robes (who wash'd their robes) and

made them white (and made them white) in the blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb).

7 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.* 1st 2d.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you: Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! -to God!
3. He'll for - give your transgressions, And re - member them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim - son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
"Look un - to Me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gres- sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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Sunshine on the Hill.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. There are shad-ows in the val - ley, Where our tir - ed feet must go;
2. There are shad-ows in the val - ley, But we breathe the sweet per - fume
3. Oh, the shad-ows of the val - ley Like a dream will pass a - way;

But we hear the peace-ful wa - ters, As they mur - mur soft and low;—
Of the ros - es on the moun-tain, In their love - ly, ver-nal bloom;
They will van - ish at the dawn-ing Of the bright and glo-rious day;

And our Shep-herd whispers gen - tly, As He leads us on-ward still:
And a - gain our Shepherd whis-pers, As He leads us on-ward still:
E - ven now there comes an ech - o, And we feel its mag-ic thrill:

"There are shad-ows in the val-ley, But 'tis sun-shine on the hill."

CHORUS.

Sun - shine on the hill, There is sun - shine on the hill;

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Sunshine on the Hill.—Concluded.

"There are shad-ows in the val-ley, But 'tis sun-shine on the hill."

9 Soft the Bells are Ringing.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Soft and sweet the bells are ring-ing, From the chap-el old and gray
2. Sweet-er far than earth-ly mu-ic, Since the Christmas mel-o-dy,
3. Love's re-deem-ing work is fin-ished, Fought the fight, the vic-t'ry won;

Sweet and soft the chil-dren sing-ing, Christ the Lord a-rose to-day.
Is this song of Eas-ter glo-ry, This glad psalm of vic-to-ry.
Glo-ry, glo-ry in the high-est To the Fa-ther and the Son.

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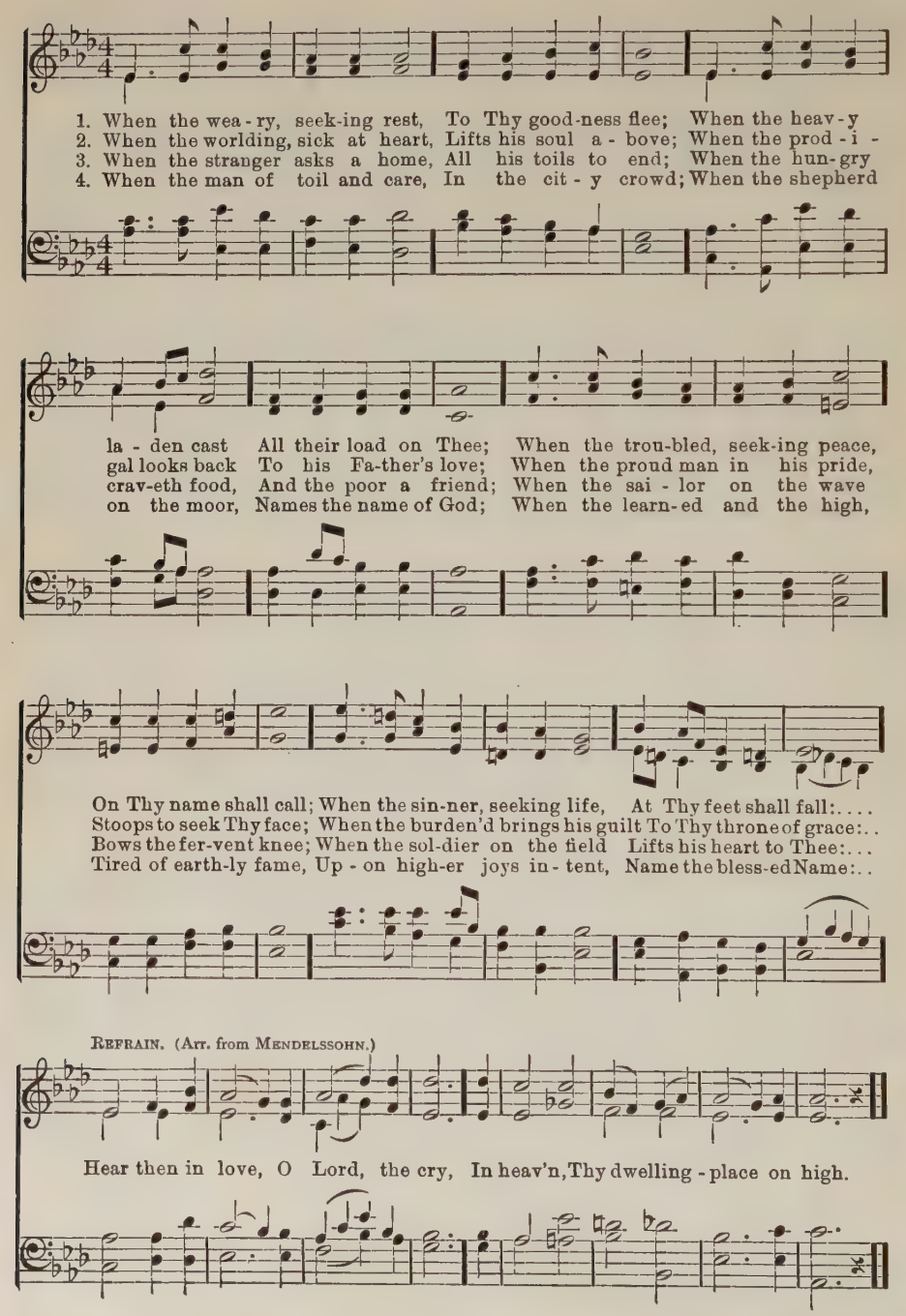
REFRAIN.

Sweet-ly, soft-ly sounds the an-them, For the stone is rolled a-way;

Glo-ry, hon-or give to Je-sus, On this Res-ur-rec-tion day.

When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

HORATIUS BONAR. W. H. CALLCOTT.



Heart Queries.

W. Kitching, arr. I. Allan Sankey.

1. Are you liv - ing for the Sav-iour? Do you trust Him all the way?
2. Is your heart at leis - ure ev - er in His serv - ice to en - gage?
3. Is your mot - to, "Ev - er On-ward!" in the race we have to run?
4. If these ques - tions you have an-swered to yourselves and Christ a - lone,

Are you walk - ing with en - joy-ment in His sun-shine day by day?
Do you read with joy His mes-sage from the Scripture's sa - cred page?
Are you look - ing un - to Je - sus till the vic - to - ry is won?
And your hearts have not condemn'd you, when you look to - ward His throne,

Do you mag - ni - fy His goodness? Do you thank Him for His love?
Have you made the full sur - ren - der of the life that He has blest,
Does the joy of His sal - va - tion cause the trust - ing heart to sing—
Then His love thro' all your jour - ney like a gen - tle stream will run,

Do you seek His con - stant guid-ance to the Home of Rest a - bove?
Since you heard His voice of kind-ness whis-per, "Come to Me and rest?"
"I have rich - es to in - her - it, from my Fa - ther, Sav - iour, King?"
Till the Sav - iour hath per - fect - ed what in grace He hath be - gun.

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The Story of the Cross.

Carrie E. Breck. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. A - bove the sweetest songs of earth, Thro' all the strife of gain and loss,
2. Oh, none but Je - sus bore such scorn, No stricken lamb so meek as He;
3. Oh, bless-ed cross of sac - ri - fice, Where Je - sus died for me, for me!

A - bove the sounds of grief and mirth, I hear the sto - ry of the cross.
No oth - er brow so bruised by thorn, No oth - er heart so bled for me.
The cross of my Re-deem - er, Christ, Who makes the guilty cap - tive free!

That sto - ry is a tale of love... That wipes a - way the sin - ner's tears,
No oth - er feet the wine-press trod,.. No oth - er hand so free - ly gave,
That shining cross shall ev - er stand For all of love that man can know;

It makes him heir of heav'n a - bove,.. And gives him joy thro' end-less years.
No Sav-iour like the Son of God!... No love like His to reach and save!
Yet none may ful - ly un - der - stand.. The love that God a - lone can show.

Chorus.

'Tis the old,..... old sto - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto-ry of the cross;
old, the old,

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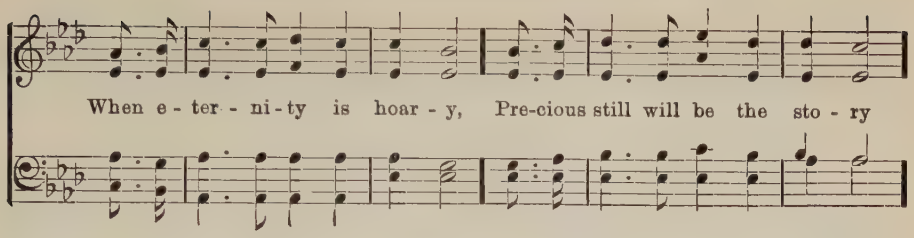
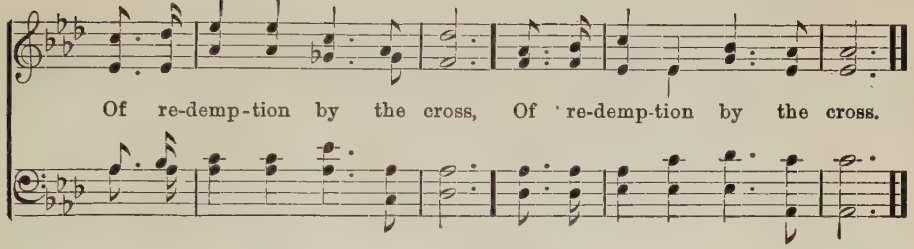
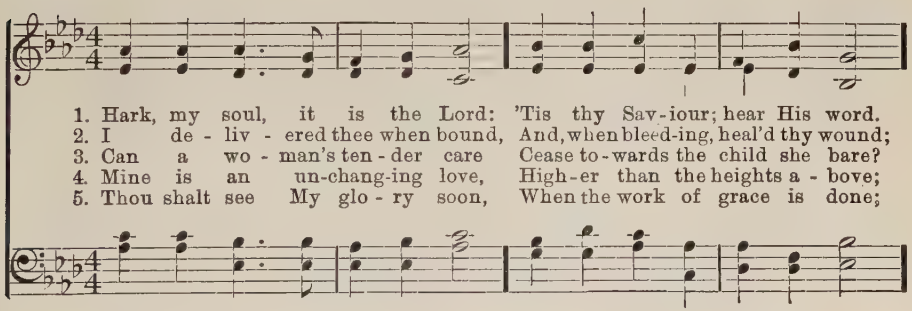
The Story of the Cross.—Concluded.

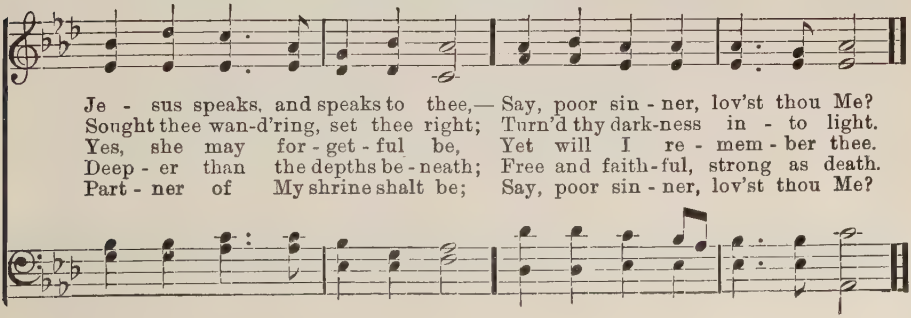




13 Hark, my Soul.

Wm. Cowper. J. B. Dykes.





Saved to Serve.

JOHN D. MORGAN. PERCY S. FOSTER.

1. To dai - ly die to self and sin, and dai - ly to re - ceive
2. To dai - ly die to all things past, by spir - it, pray'r and word,
3. Tho' dark the way, tho' long the strife, I thro' the Spir - it's might

New life from Thee, I pray, O Lord, and more like Thee to live.
May I in - crease in faith and deed un - to Thy stat - ure, Lord.
Shall strive for Thee, Thy king-dom's weal, and for e - ter - nal right;

O saved to serve! by Je - sus' blood from sin and self made free,
O saved to serve! the field is wide; what I can do is small;
Then saved to serve! in heav'n's bright sphere I shall with an - gels sing,

To praise His name, to do His will, thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.....
thro' - out, thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.
With joy - ful heart and hand, O Lord, I give to Thee my all.....
I give, I give to Thee my all.
And saved by grace be - hold Thy face, my Sav - iour, Lord, and King....
my Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Lord, and King.

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Beyond.

Flora Kirkland. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Be-yond earth's lat-est sun-set There lies a coun-try bright,
2. Be-yond earth's fi-nal heart-ache There lies a land of peace,
3. Be-yond earth's lat-est suf-f'ring There lies a coun-try fair,
4. O land be-yond the sun-set, Where time shall be no more,

Where fade-less day is glow-ing, That nev-er sinks to night.
Where sor-row nev-er com-eth, Where pain and trou-ble cease.
Where dwell-ers are im-mor-tal; No death can en-ter there.
Some bright ec-stat-ic morn-ing We'll sight thy peace-ful shore!

Refrain.

"No night there!" No sor-row and no fears; "No night there!" No pain, no death, no tears; "No night there!" Where care hath pass'd a-way; "No night there!" But endless, fade-less day.

No night there! no night there! No night there!
no night there! No night there! no night there!
No night there! no night there! fadeless, fadeless

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Only to Know.

Allie Starbright. Ira D. Sankey.

1. On - ly to know that the path I tread Is the path marked out for me;
2. On - ly to know when the day is passed, And the eve - ning shad-ows come,
3. On - ly to know that the cross I see, Is the cross of Cal - va - ry,
4. On - ly to know His peace with - in— My... will to His re - signed;

That the way, tho' thorn - y, rough, and steep, Will lead me nearer to Thee!
That its tri-als and cares have proved, in - deed, A "day's march near-er home!"
On.... which the world's Re - deem - er died, To pur - chase life for me!
Oh,... fill.. me with Thy full - ness, Lord, And make me whol - ly Thine!

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Refrain.

Near-er to Thee! near-er to Thee! Bless-ed Re - deem-er, to Thee!
Near-er my home! near-er my home! Near - er my beau - ti - ful home!
Purchas'd for me! purchas'd for me! Life Thou hast purchas'd for me!
Whol - ly Thine! whol - ly Thine! Now and for - ev - er Thine!

On - ly to know that the path I tread Is bringing me near-er to Thee!
On - ly to know that each fast-fleeting day Is bring - ing me near-er home!
On - ly to know that Thy death on the cross Brings light and life.. to me!
Fill me with love and.. peace di - vine, And make me whol - ly Thine!

Farther On.

FLORA KIRKLAND. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Far-ther on,..... what joys a - wait us, In the pal - ace of our King!
2. Hopes may fail,... and joys e - lude us, Treasures van - ish from our hold;
3. Thro' the dark - est night of sor - row, If the soul on Christ be stayed;
4. Thro' the win - try storms of trou - ble, Faith discerns that coun-try blest;

Look-ing up,... with hearts ex-pect - ant, Of the fu - ture we may sing.
Far - ther on.... where faith is point-ing, Lies the land... of bliss un - told.
Shines a fair... and bright to - mor - row, Where the light.. shall nev-er fade.
Where a - bides.. e - ter - nal Spring-time, Love and joy... and peace and rest.

REFRAIN.

Far - ther on,..... the way grows bright - er: Far - ther
far - ther on,

on,..... the light grows clear;—..... We shall see,.....
far - ther on the light, the light grows clear;— shall see,

with per - fect vi - sion, What is dim - (ly, dim-) ly mir - rored here.

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My Lord and I.

Mrs. L. Shorey. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me;
2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry; He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys;
4. I have His yoke up - on me, And eas - y 'tis to bear;

He loves me with such per - fect love, He loves so faith - ful - ly!
And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek.
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys.
In bur - dens which He car - ries, I glad - ly take a share;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh;
He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath the sun - ny sky;
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
For 'tis my high - est hap - pi - ness To have Him al - ways nigh;

Refrain.

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
We bear the yoke to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,

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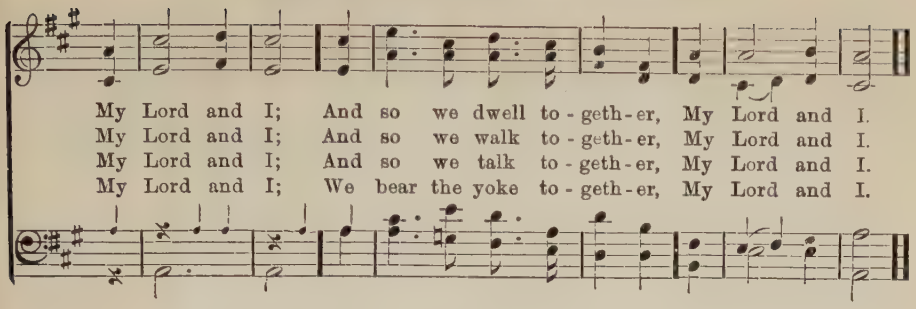
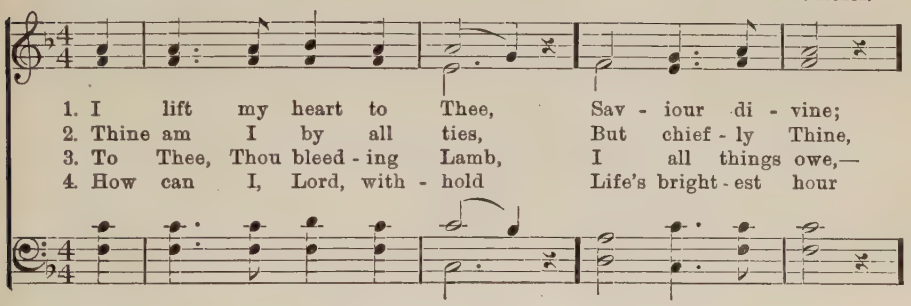
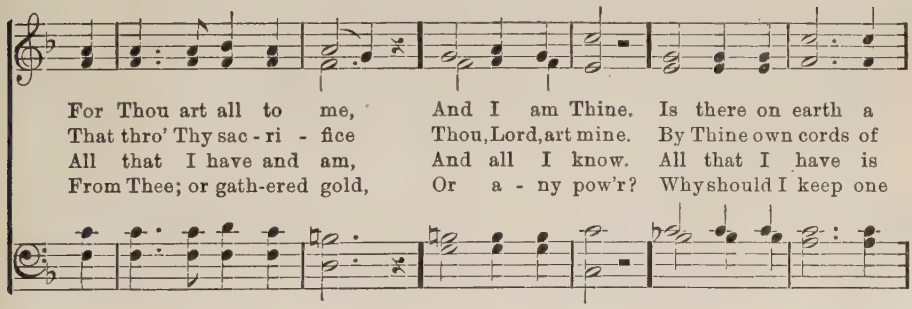
My Lord and I.—Concluded.

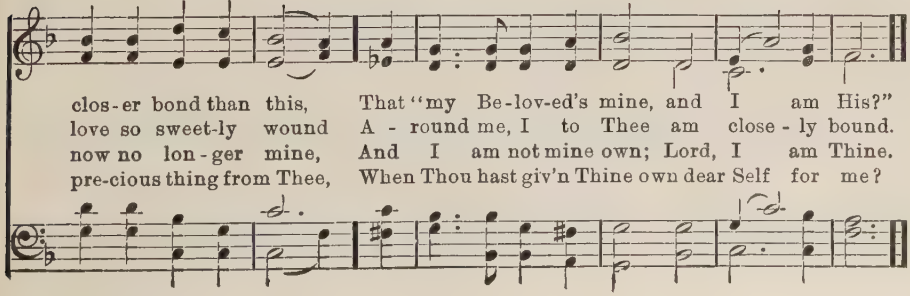


19 I Lift my Heart to Thee.

CHARLES E. MUDIE. THOMAS M. MUDIE.







The Son of God goes forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the chos-en few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my,—men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve val-iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain;
Like Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
They climb'd the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil, and pain:

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,— He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

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"No More."

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the tri-umph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac - es, No forms bowed with dis-ease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn - ing: The Lord is draw-ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re - plac - es His Par - a - dise of Peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morn-ing When night shall dis - ap - pear.
No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more.

Copyright, 1894, by M. Whittle Moody.

Chorus.

"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor - row nor cry - ing;
There shall be no more pain, Nei - ther dark - ness nor dy - ing;
And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."

Blue Galilee.

Eliza M. Sherman. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. When pearl - y moon-(When pearl - y beams) beams si - lent - ly (all si - lent - ly)
2. Up - on thy waves (Up - on thy waves), blue Gal - i - lee (blue Gal - i - lee),
3. Lord, when our hearts (Lord, when our hearts) are bowed with woe (are bowed with woe),

Are fall - ing on (Are fall - ing on) the sil - ver sea (the sil - ver sea),
I see a barque (I see a barque) toss rest - less - ly (toss rest - less - ly),
May faith blot out (May faith blot out) our ev - ery ill (our ev - ery ill),

'Tis then in dreams ('Tis then in dreams), O Lord, with Thee (O Lord, with Thee),
And hear that voice (And hear that voice) up - on the sea (up - on the sea),
And clos - er may (And clos - er may) we come to Thee (we come to Thee),

I walk up - on (I walk up - on) blue Gal - i - lee (blue Gal - i - lee).
That calms thy waves (That calms thy waves), oh, Gal - i - lee (oh, Gal - i - lee).
And hear Thy voice (And hear Thy voice) say, "Peace be still" (say, "Peace be still").

Refrain.

Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee! Thy waves bring back His voice to me;
bring back His

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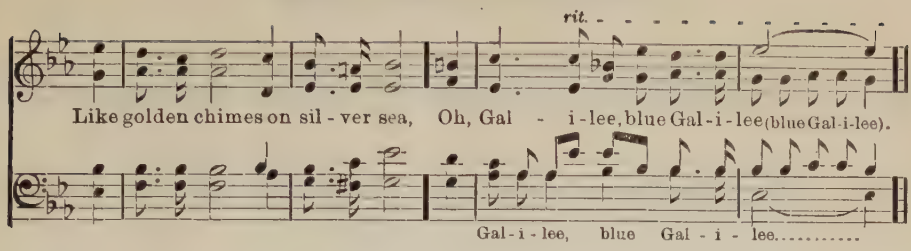
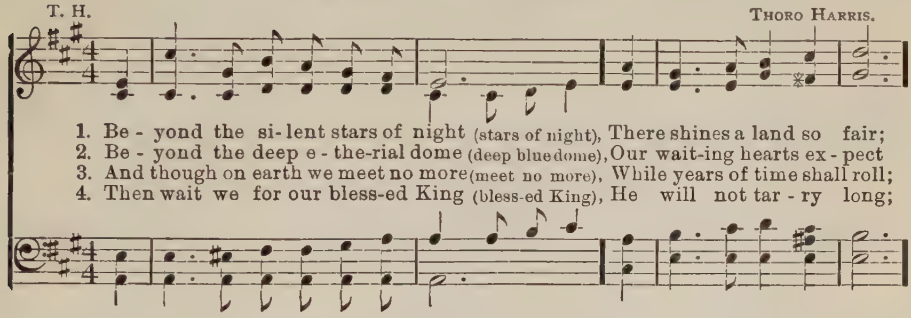
Blue Galilee.—Concluded.

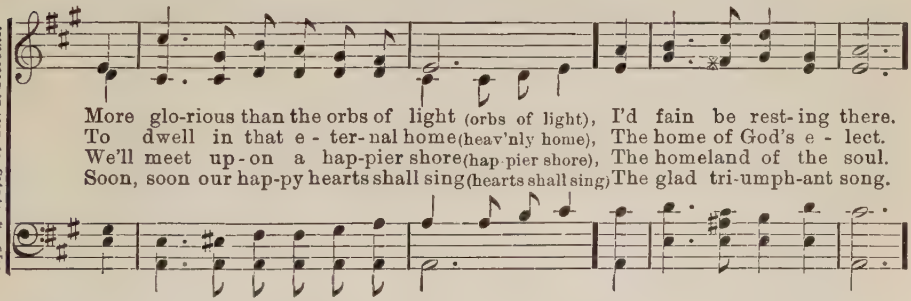


23 Beyond the Stars.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.





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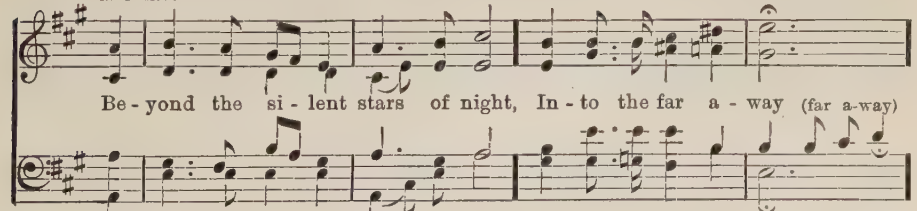
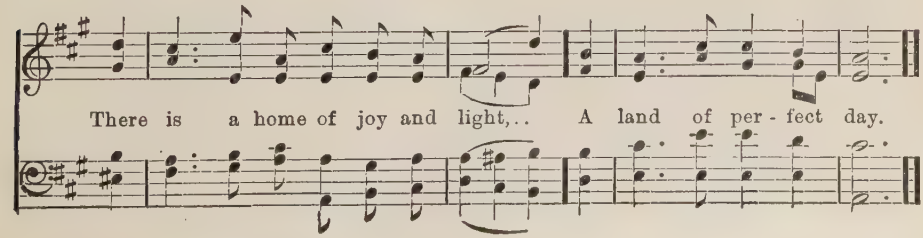
REFRAIN.





Only a River Between Us.

Fanny J. Crosby. I Allan Sankey.

1. On - ly a riv - er be-tween us, Part - ing our dear ones a - while;
2. On - ly a place that is va - cant, When to our Sav - iour we bend;
3. Tho' 'neath the clods of the val - ley, Forms that we cher - ish may sleep;
4. On - ly a mo - ment of an - guish, When at the Jor - dan we part;

On - ly a vail that di - vides us,— Hid - ing the light of their smile:
On - ly a strain that is miss - ing, When our de - vo - tions we blend:
God has commissioned His an - gels, Watch o'er our loved ones to keep.
On - ly a sil - ver cord bro - ken, Hush - ing each throb of the heart:

On - ly a sigh and a strug - gle, On - ly a mo - ment of pain;
On - ly a voice, and a foot - step, On - ly a clasp of the hand,
On - ly the leaves of the vine - tree, With-er and languish and die;
Aft - er the storm, 'twill be sun - shine, Aft - er our la - bor, re - pose;

Then, mid the splendors of E - den, We shall be - hold them a - gain.
Draw - ing us on - ward and up - ward, Home to the bright promised land.
God hath transplant-ed its branch - es, Gar - nered its fruits in the sky.
Then we shall meet where the morn - ing, Nev - er, no nev - er will close.

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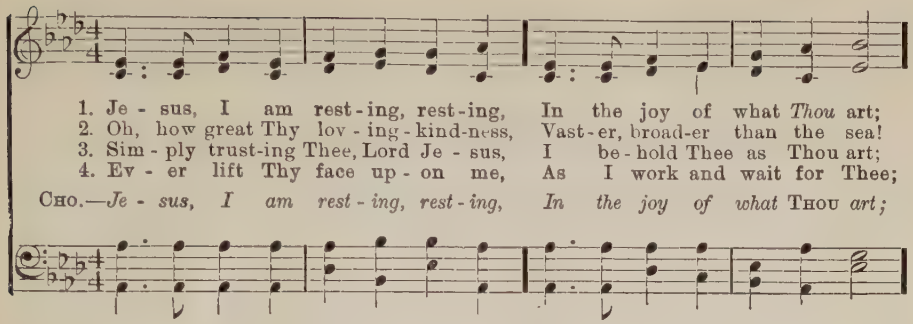
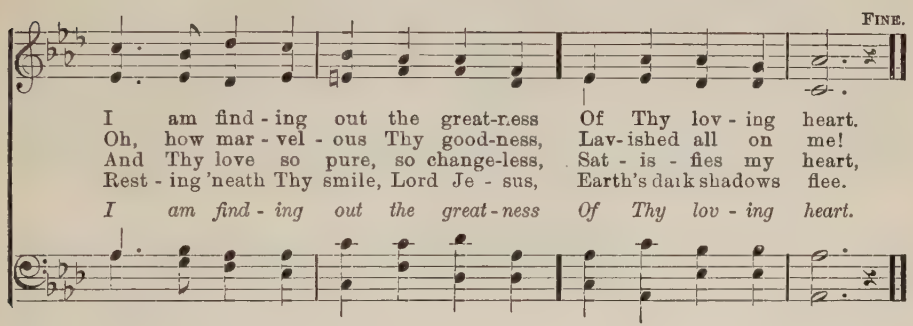
Jesus, I am Resting.

JEAN S. PIGOTT. J. MOUNTAIN.

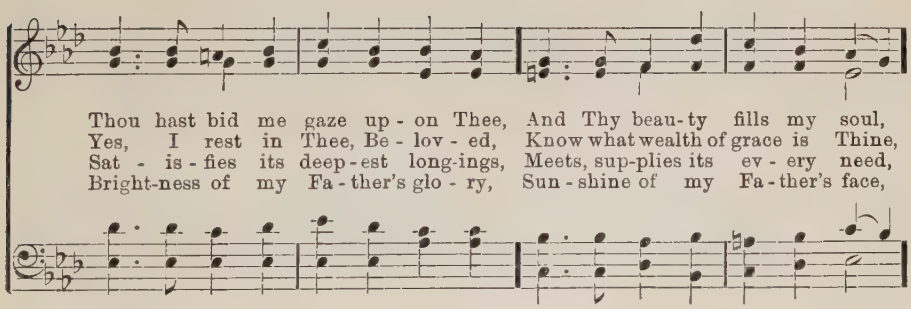


1. Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what *Thou* art;
2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing - kind-ness, Vast - er, broad-er than the sea!
3. Sim - ply trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art;
4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;

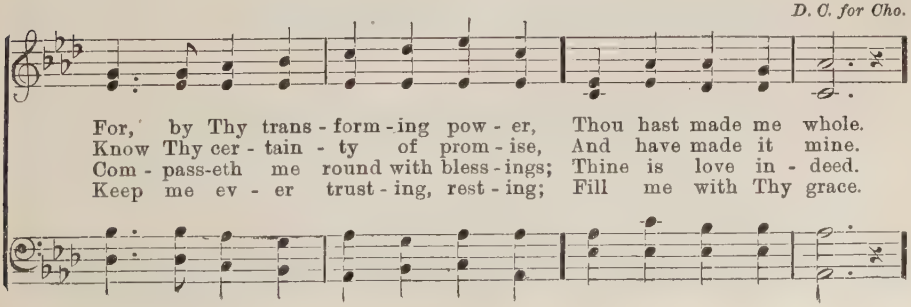
CHO.—*Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what* THOU *art;*



I am find - ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
Oh, how mar - vel - ous Thy good-ness, Lav-ished all on me!
And Thy love so pure, so change-less, Sat - is - fies my heart,
Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shadows flee.
I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.



Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau-ty fills my soul,
Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Sat - is - fies its deep - est long-ings, Meets, sup-plies its ev - ery need,
Bright-ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,



For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
Com - pass-eth me round with bless - ings; Thine is love in - deed.
Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing; Fill me with Thy grace.

O House of many Mansions.

E. Norman Gunnison. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. O house of ma - ny man - sions, Thy doors are o - pen wide,
2. O house of ma - ny man - sions, My wea - ry spir - it waits
3. O house of ma - ny man - sions, O house not made with hands,

And dear are all the fac - es Up - on the oth - er side. Thy por - tals they are
And longs to join the ran-som'd Within thy pearl-y gates; Who en - ter thro' thy
I sigh for thee while waiting Within these bor-der lands. I know that but in

gold - en, And those who en - ter in Shall know no more of
por - tals, The man - sions of the blest; Who come to thee a -
dy - ing, The thresh - old is crossed o'er; There shall be no more

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Refrain.

sor - row, Of wea - ri - ness and sin.
wea - ry, And find in thee their rest.
sor - row In thy for ev - er - more.
} O house of ma - ny man-sions, Thy

doors are o - pen wide, And dear are all the fac - es Up - on the oth-er side.

Let the Blessed Saviour in.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D SANKEY.

1. Let the bless-ed Sav-iour in (O let Him in), He will cleanse from ev - ery sin (from ev - ery sin); He is wait - ing at thy door (yes, at thy door),
2. Still His mer-cy pleads with thee (yes, pleads with thee), Come and find re - demp-tion free (re - demp - tion free); Weak and help - less tho' thou art (yes, tho' thou art),
3. Still in pit - y, lo, He stands (in pit - y stands), Reaching forth His wound-ed hands (His wound-ed hands); Grieve His pa - tient love no more (His love no more),

CHORUS.

Hear Him call - ing o'er and o'er.
He will bind thy bro - ken heart.
O - pen now the bolt - ed door.
} Let Him in (O let Him in), let Him in (O let Him in), Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in (let Him in);

Do not keep Him lon - ger wait-ing, Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in.

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Will there be Light for Me?

E. S. Roberts. H. P. Danks.

Moderato. *mf*

1. Will there be light at e - ven - tide, When my bark un - moors for sea?
2. When I draw near the oth - er shore, Will there be a shin - ing band
3. On yon - der shore are the gold - en gates, That lead to the cit - y fair,

Will faith's bright ray il - lume the way, O will there be light for me?.....
Of those I knew and loved on earth, A-wait-ing me on the strand?...
Where Je - sus stands, with outstretch'd hands, To bid me wel-come there.....

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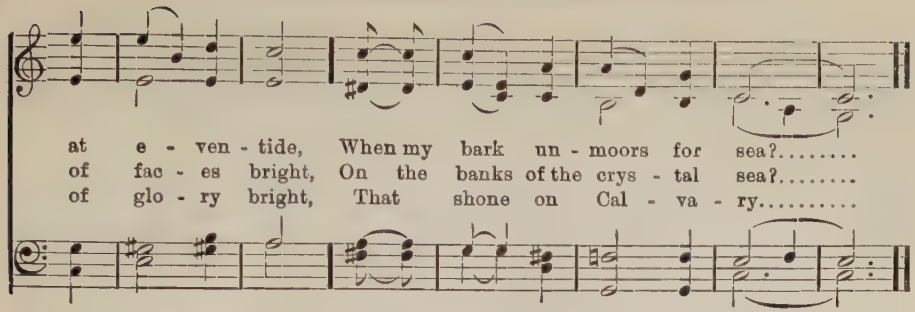
Chorus.

Will there be light?..... O will there be light?.....
Will there be light?..... O will there be light?.....
There will be light,..... O there will be light,.....
Will there be light? Will there be light?

For 3rd verse.—There will be light, There will be light,

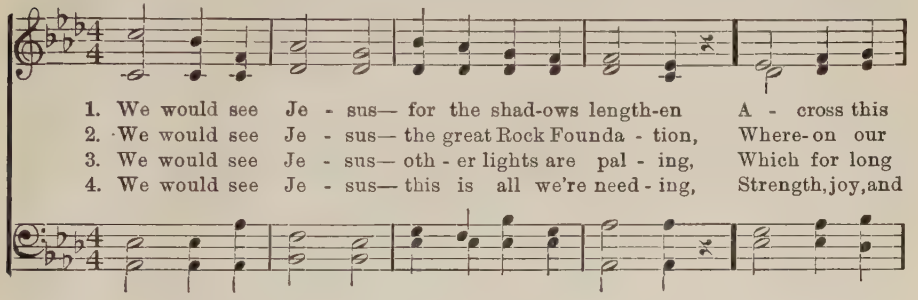
O will there be light for me, for me?.... Will there be light
O will there be light for me, for me?.... Will there be light
O there will be light for me, for me,..... He is the Light

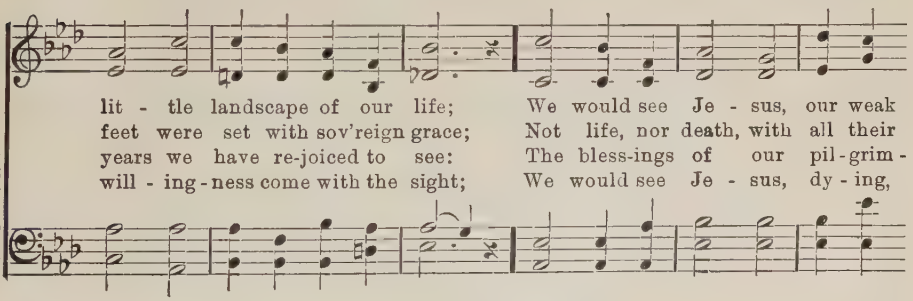
Will there be Light for Me?—Concluded.



29 We would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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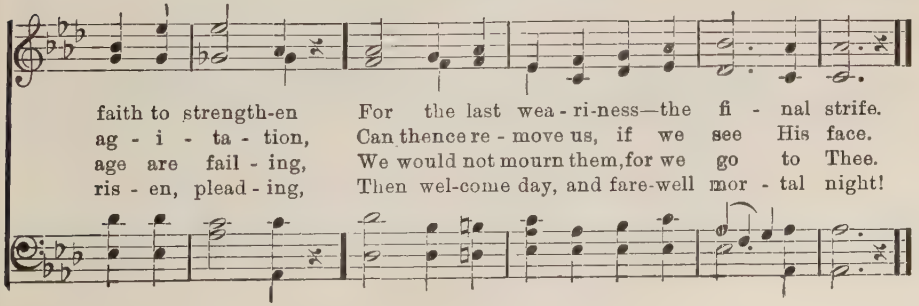
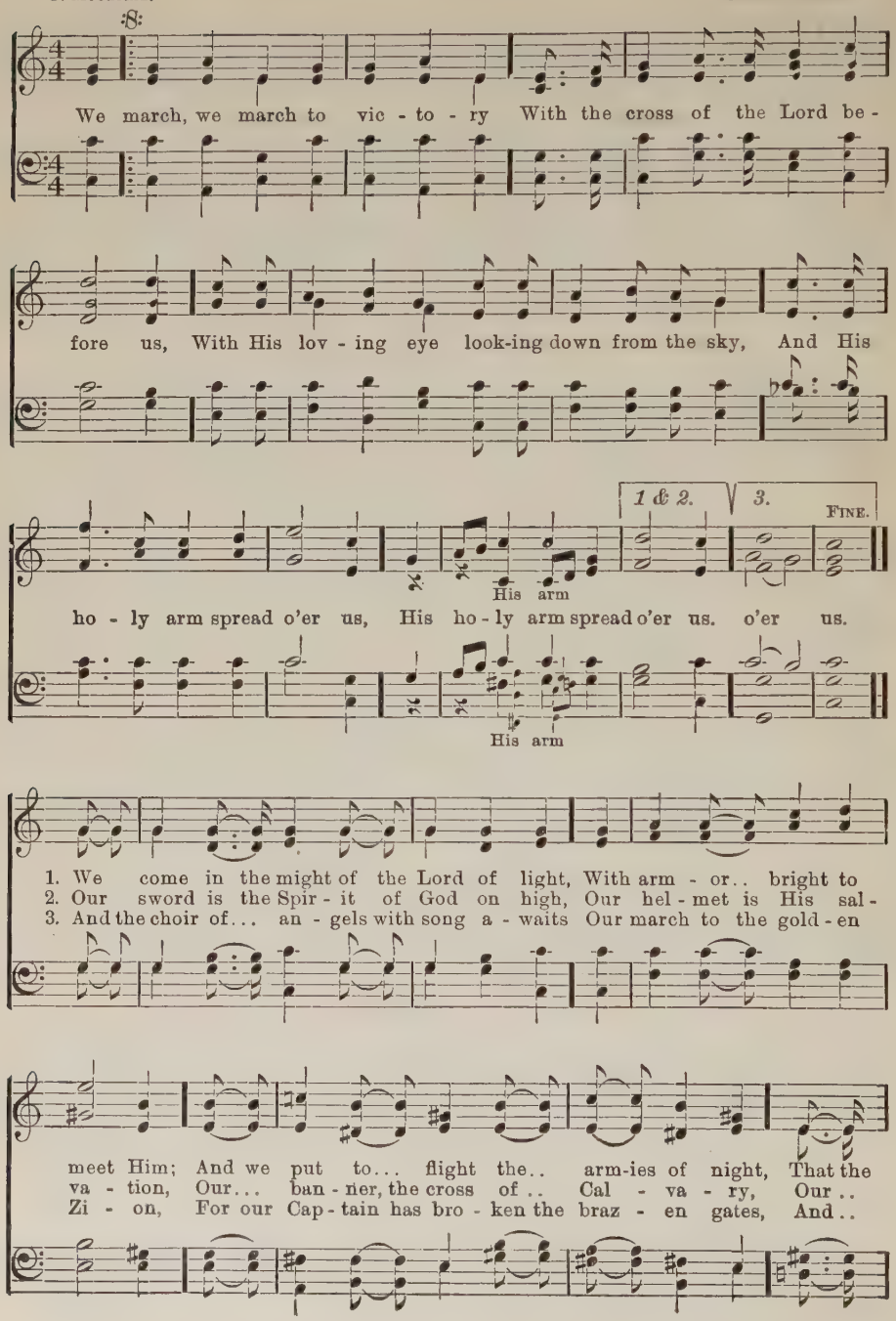
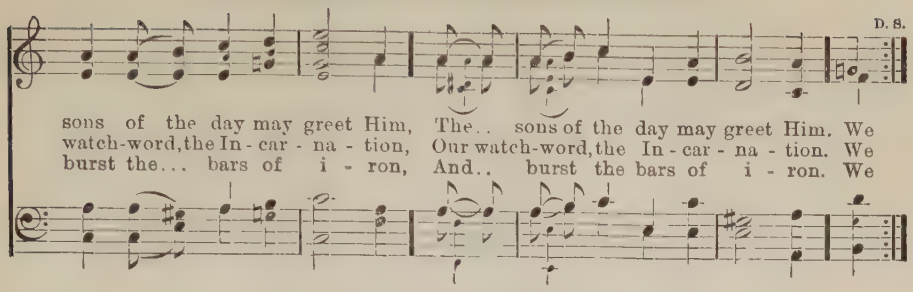


We March to Victory.

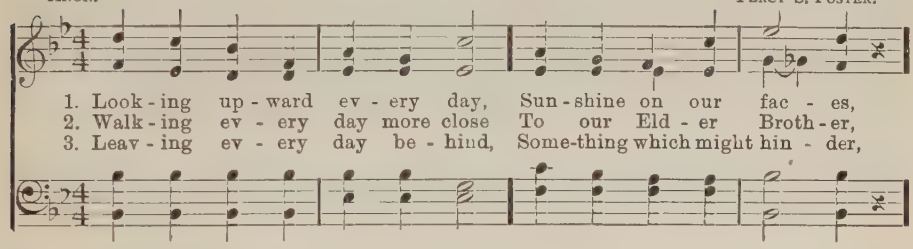
G. Moultrie. Joseph Barnby.

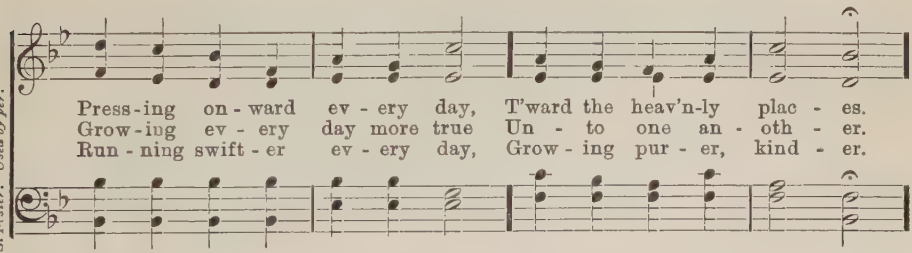




31 Looking Upward.

ANON. PERCY S. FOSTER.





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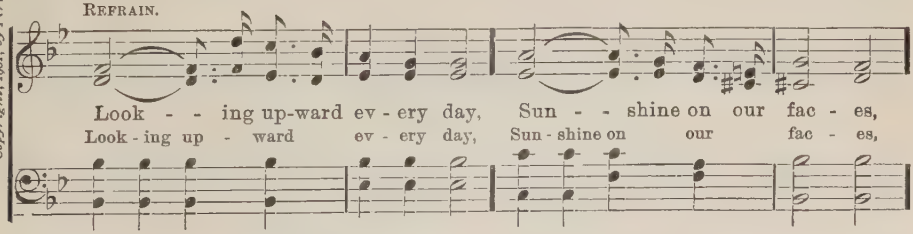

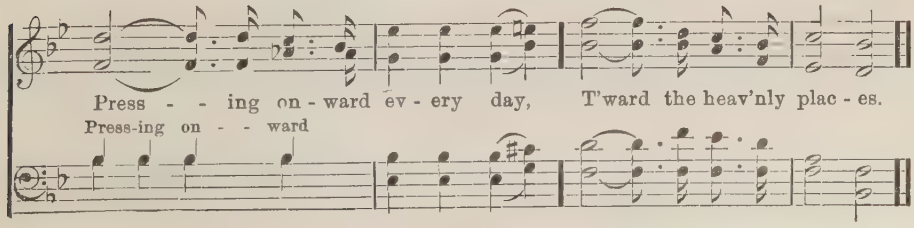

Beyond Our Sight.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Be - yond our sight a cit - y four-square li - eth, A - bove the
2. Se - cure and strong, this heav'n-ly cit - y build - ed By Christ the
3. There, on the throne, the Lamb, once slain, is seat - ed, The Shepherd's
4. O sor-'wing souls, be - neath earth's bur - dens bend - ing, Lift up your

clouds, the fogs and mists of earth; And none but souls that Je - sus
Lamb for all the blood-wash'd throng, Gleams fair and bright, with gold - en
joy up - on His ho - ly face; While countless hosts, their war - fare
eyes to yon - der cit - y fair; And thro' your tears let praise be

pu - ri - fi - eth, Can see its walls, or hear its ho - ly mirth.
glo - ry gild - ed, For ev - er thrill - ing with tri - umph - ant song.
all com - plet - ed, In cir-cling bands lift ceace-less songs of praise.
still as - cend - ing, For rest, and home, and loved ones wait - ing there.

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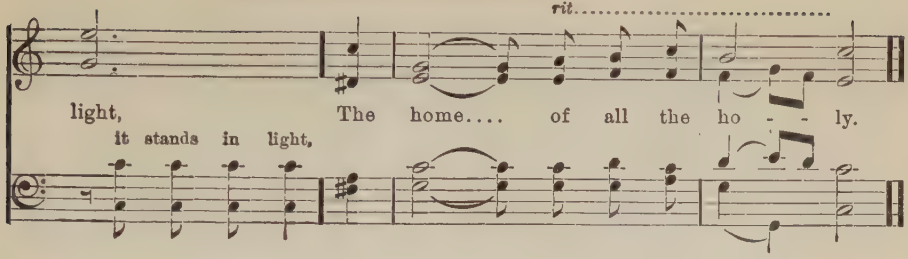
Chorus.

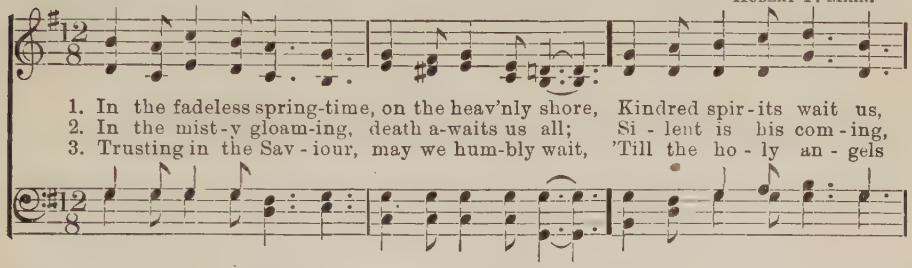
Be - yond our sight,..... be - yond our night, Be -
Be - yond our sight, be - yond our night,

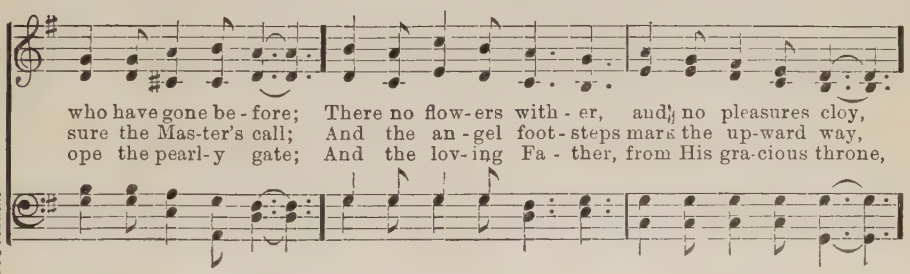
yond this world's sad sto - ry; That cit - y bright,..... it stands in
That cit - y bright,

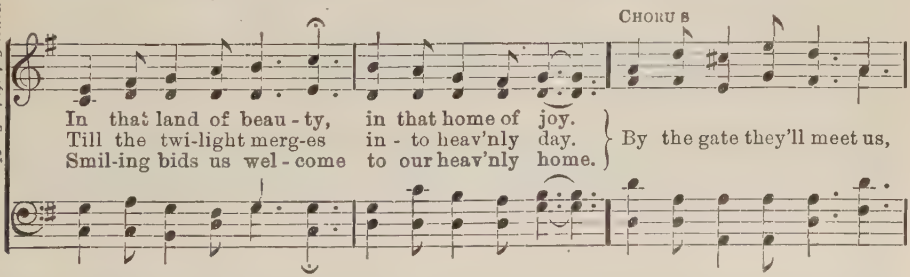


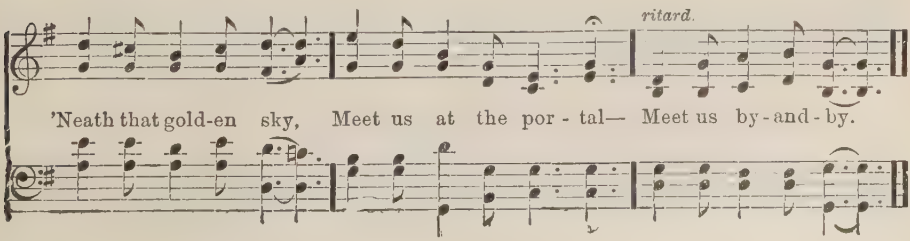
33 In the Fadeless Spring-time.

Mrs. Lydia C. Baxter. Hubert P. Main.









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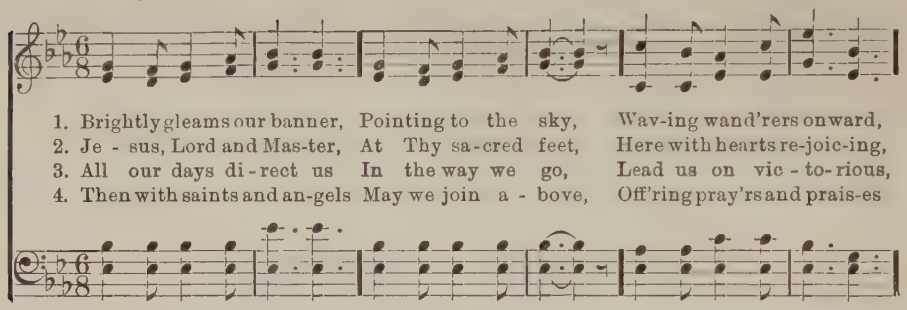
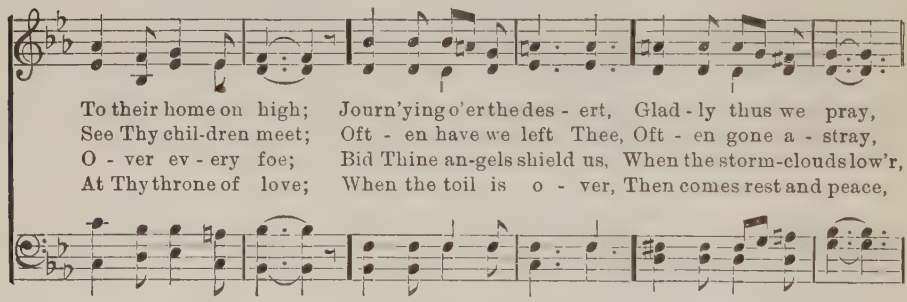
Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

Rev. Thos. J. Potter. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

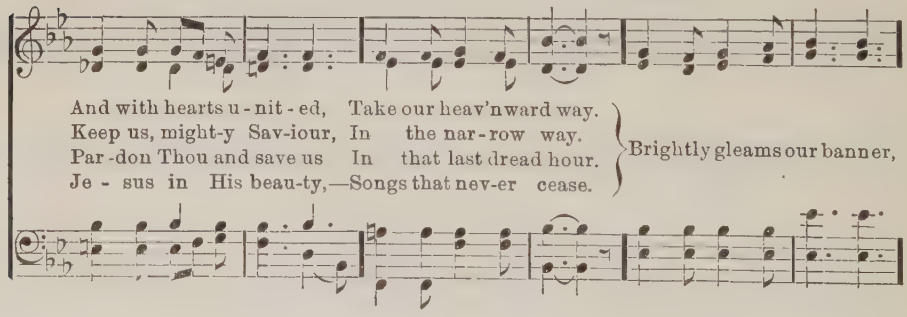


1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers onward,
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing,
3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to-rious,
4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring pray'rs and prais-es

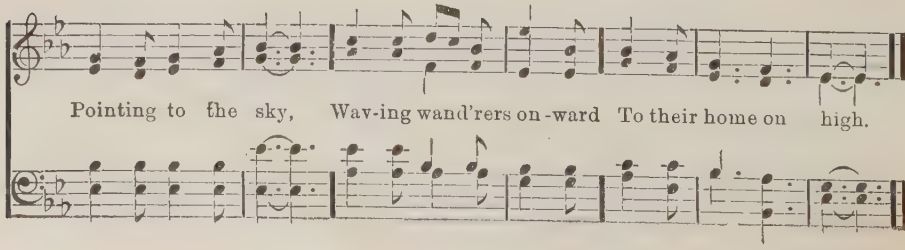


To their home on high; Journ'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil-dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,
O - ver ev - ery foe; Bid Thine an-gels shield us, When the storm-clouds low'r,
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,

Chorus.



And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
Keep us, might-y Sav-iour, In the nar-row way.
Par-don Thou and save us In that last dread hour.
Je - sus in His beau-ty,—Songs that nev-er cease.
} Brightly gleams our banner,



Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.

Open Wide the Door.

W. Kitching, arr. by S. J. H. Burke.

1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wea - ry one, O come to me;"
2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
4. Je - sus knocks; the mo - ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh;

He can save, and on - ly He;
He hath tri-umph'd o'er the grave;
He with joy thy heart can fill;
Ere the Sav - iour pass - eth by,
} O - - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

Chorus.

O - - - pen wide the door,
O - pen o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,

O - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door;

on - ly He;— O - - pen wide the door.
o - pen wide the door.
O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

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Moment by Moment.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1 Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
2 Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
3 Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev-er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
4 Nev - er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that

new life di - vine; Look-ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
He can-not heal; Mo - ment by mo-ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

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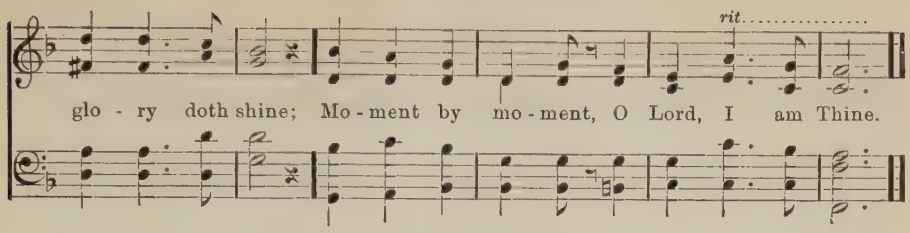
Chorus.

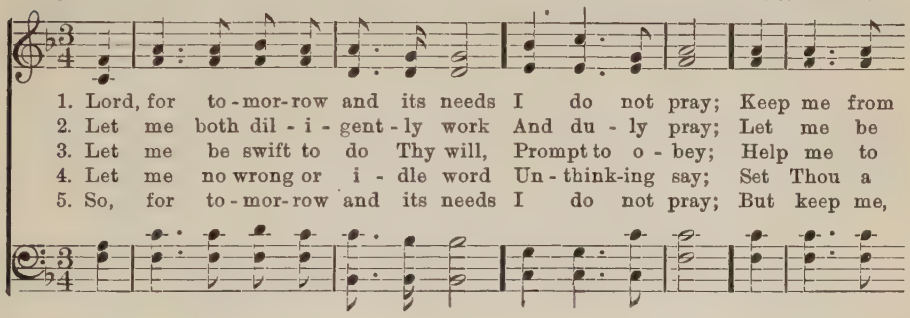
mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
mo - ment I'm un - der His care.
mo - ment He thinks of His own.
Sav - iour, a-bides with me still.
} Mo-ment by moment I'm kept in His love;

Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till



37 Just for To-day.

Bp. E. R. Wilberforce. Geo. C. Stebbins.



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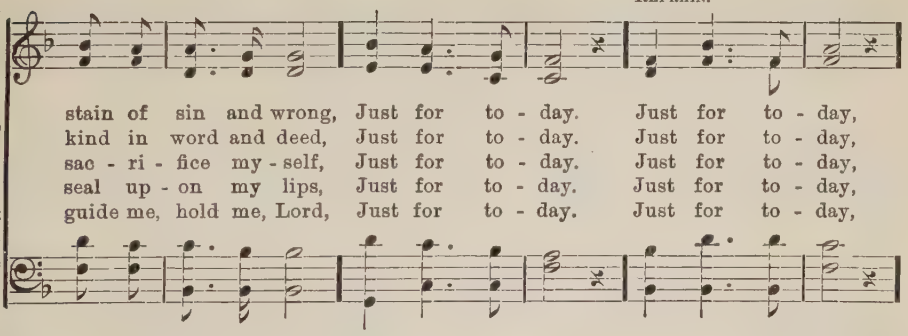

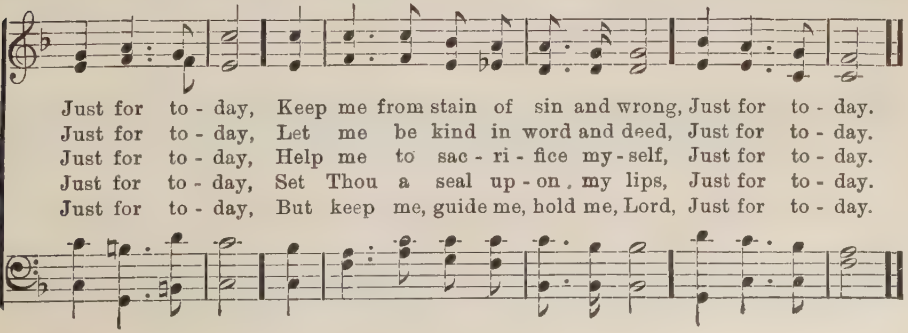

Rejoice, my Soul, Rejoice.

R. Anderson. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Re - joice, my soul, re - joice (re - joice), Thy sins are all for - giv'n;
2. For thee His blood was shed (was shed), On Him thy sins were laid;
3. Re - joice in peace made sure (made sure), No judg-ment now for thee;
4. Thy Sav - iour is the Lord (the Lord), Who died to set thee free;
5. Re - joice in joys to come (to come), The hope of glo - ry near;

The blood of Christ hath made thee whole, For thee His life was giv'n.
To bear thy guilt He bowed His head, And now thy peace is made.
Thy conscience purg'd, thy life se - cure, More safe thou can'st not be.
Thy trust is in His faith - ful word; He liv - eth now for thee.
He'll soon re - turn to take thee home, No cause for thee to fear!

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Chorus.

Re - joice, re - joice, Thy sins are all for - given;
Re - joice, re - joice,

The blood of Christ hath made thee whole, For thee His life was given.

Prayer is the Key.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. How sweet to hide our-selves a - way Where on - ly God is near,
2. There's not a wound that sor - row gives,—There's not a pain we feel,—
3. How oft in pray'r a sud - den light, Breaks forth thro' cloud-ed skies,
4. In pray'r we find a calm re - lief, From ev - ery throb of pain;

And breathe our in - most, se - cret tho'ts Where on - ly He can hear.
But if we go to God in pray'r, His love will gen - tly heal.
And on its beams, to Him we love, Our long - ing souls a - rise.
And they who trust in Christ, our Lord, Shall nev - er trust in vain.

CHORUS.

Pray'r is the key, the on - ly key, To heav'n's un - fail - ing store;

Faith is the hand that guides our own, But pray'r un - locks the door.

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A Song of Heaven and Homeland.

EBEN E REXFORD. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Some-times I hear strange mu - sic, Like none e'er heard be - fore,
2. Now soft, and low, and rest - ful It floods my soul with peace,
3. This mu - sic haunts me ev - er Like some - thing heard in dreams,

Come float - ing soft - ly earth - ward As thro' Heav'n's o - pen door;
As if God's ben - e - dic - tion Bade all earth's trou-bles cease.
It seems to catch the ca - dence Of heav'n - ly winds and streams.

It seems like an - gel voic - es, In strains of joy and love
Then grand - er than the voic - es Of wind, and wave, and sea,
My heart is filled with rap - ture, To think, some day to come,

That swell the might - y cho - rus, A - round the throne a - bove.
It fills the dome of Heav - en With glo - rious har - mo - ny.
I'll sing it with the an - gels,— The song of Heav'n and home.

CHORUS.

O sweet, un - earth - ly mu - sic, Heard from a land a - far—

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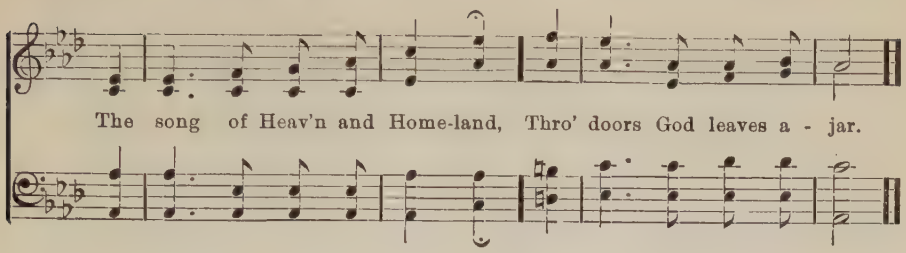
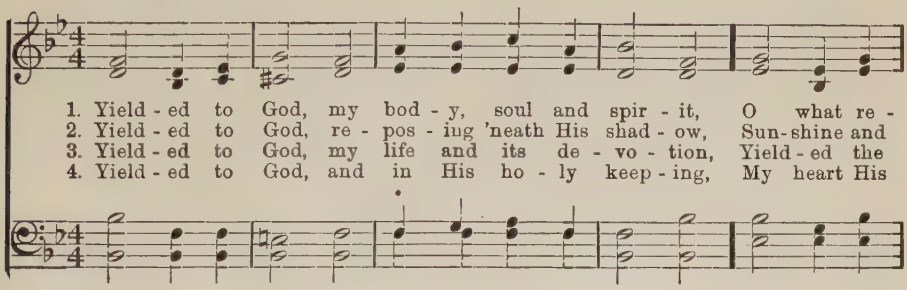
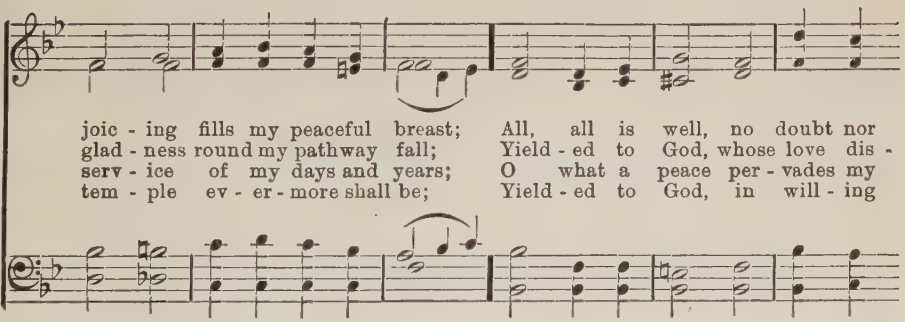
A Song of Heaven and Homeland.—Concluded.



41 Yielded to God.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





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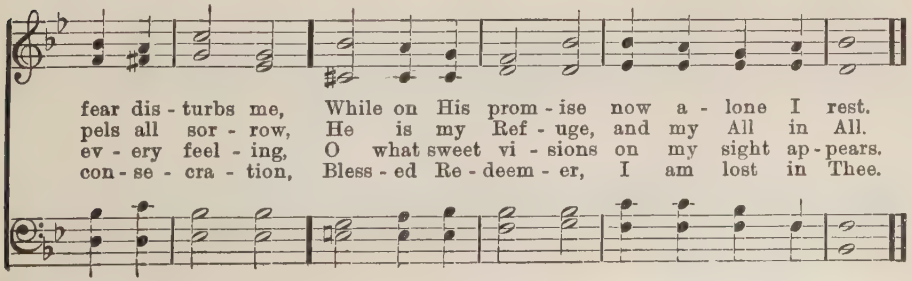

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deemer liv - eth, And on the earth..... a-gain shall stand; I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth, That grace and power..... are in His hand.
2. I know His promise nev-er fail - eth, The word He speaks,.... it can-not die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall see..... Him by and by.
3. I know my mansion He pre - par - eth, That where He is ..... there I may be; O won-drous tho't, for me He car - eth, And He at last..... will come for me.

And on the earth

again shall stand;

CHORUS.

I know, I know..... that Je-sus liv - eth, And on the earth..... a - gain shall stand; I know, I know..... that life He giv - eth, That grace and power..... are in His hand.

I know, I know

And on the earth

I know, I know

That grace and power

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"To-day."

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. [Heb. 3:13.] May Whittle Moody.

1. "'To - day'! O bless-ed word of hope, And laden still with Heaven's own breath;
2. Light falls a - round the ru - ined soul, The Wind of God blows with new lust!
3. Then day shall nev - er end in night, But night be merg'd in per - fect day;
4. But if thou hard-en still thy heart, To - day will van - ish in - to night;
5. Oh, bless - ed Mas-ter of 'To - day,' To Thee I yield my stub-born will.

The night is past—and has not come, Be - tween the shades life con-quers death.
Fling back the shutters! Swing the door! An-swer God's breath up - on thy dust.
And all the forc - es of God's life Con - trol thy life with might-y sway.
The Wind of God no lon - ger blow, Life close in dark e - clipse of light.
Thou Sun of health, re - new my life; And with Thy-self my be - ing fill!"

Refrain. *ff* *pp*

"To - day, if ye will hear His voice, to - day, if

ff *pp*

ye will hear His voice, Hard - en not your heart, hard - en not your heart."

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Kept by His Power.

Charlotte Murray. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. "Kept by His pow'r"—no hu-man arm up-hold-ing, No hu-man hand out-
2. "Kept by His pow'r"—when sun is brightly shin-ing And glo-ry crowns thy
3. "Kept" when the world for Thee its smile is wreathing, When skies are fair, and
4. His pow'r to keep is strong and true as ev-er, No length of years can

stretch'd to point the way; But God's great love, His fee-ble child en-fold-ing,
path-way with its light; "Kept by His pow'r"—when daylight is de-clin-ing,
life with ros-es spread; "Kept" when its frown to Thee it is be-queathing
e'er its force a-bate; His will to keep can nev-er fail—no, nev-er;

Refrain.

Is all-suf-fi-cient for thy need each day.
And length'ning shadows tell of com-ing night.
And clouds are massing dark-ly o-ver head.
While Mercy stands at heav'n's wide-o-pen gate.
} Kept.. by the pow'r of

Kept, kept

God un-to sal-va-tion, Read-y to be re-vealed, re-vealed in the

lat-ter day.

lat-ter day..... Kept.... by the pow'r of God un-to sal-

kept, kept

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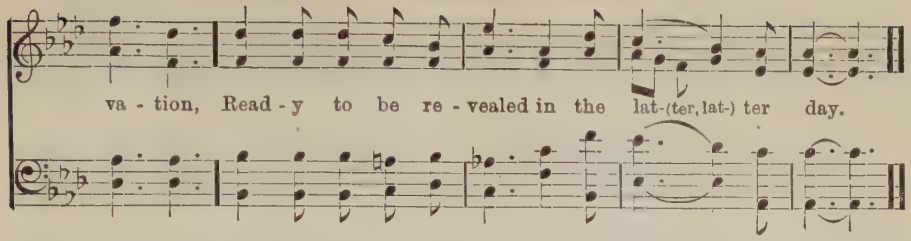
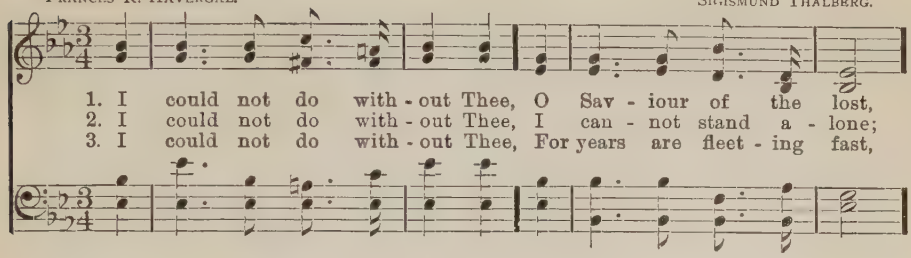
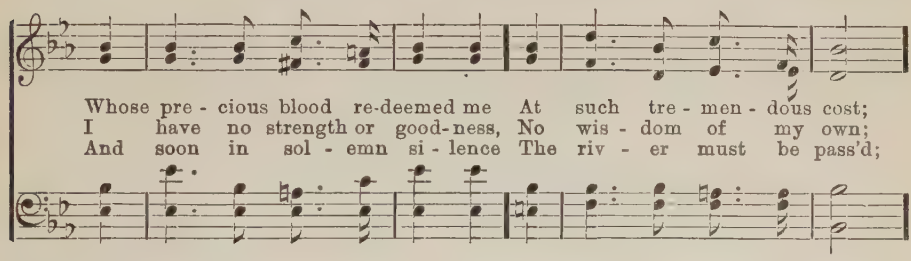
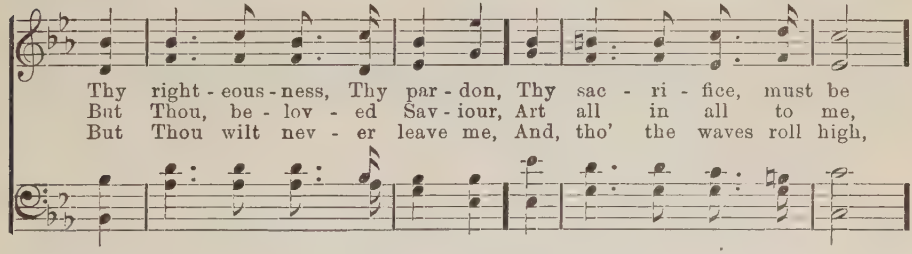


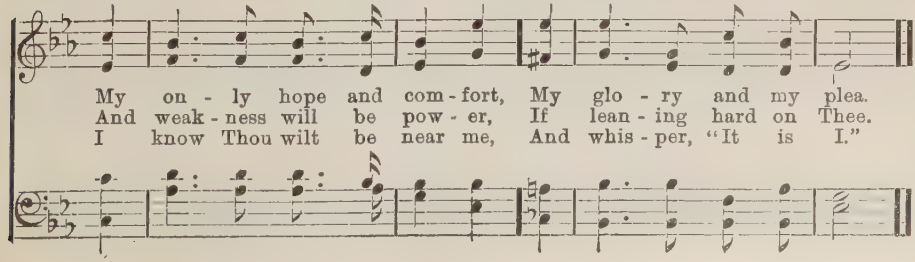
45 I Could not Do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. SIGISMUND THALBERG.









Man the Life-Boat!

M. Woolsey Stryker, D.D. — Hubert P. Main.

1. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Strong and short a-bove the roar, Sounds the
2. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Fog and night and cru-el sea, All the
3. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Cour-age, fel-low men! 'Tis He, Guid-ing
4. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Think how once on break-ing deck *Thou* didst

or-der to the watchers On the tempest-beat-en shore, Hark! a-gain the guns ap-
odds of death a-gainst them, And e-ter-nal jeo-pard-y. Thou, who bidd'st us dare the
us to your de-liv'rance, Once that trod the Gal-i-lee! Lo, the Church that carrieth
stand a-ghast, till Je-sus Brought thee from the lurching wreck. To the oars then! O Re-

peal-ing! Sig-nals burn for swift re-lief; There are men and wives and chil-dren,
surg-es, Stay us at the struggling oar! Nay! go with us to the res-cue!
Je-sus, Not death's flood-gates shall o'erwhelm; Scourging storms but urge us shoreward,
deem-er Let Thy heart throb thro' our hand, Till the souls in mor-tal dan-ger,

f Chorus.

Fac-ing death, on yon-der reef!
Shall they sink in sight of shore?
Life and Love are at the helm!
Find thro' Thee the sol-id land.
} Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Help, for

ff

Christ's sake, them that drown! In the per-il of great wa-ters, Let them not go down!

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Trusting in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus, my Shep-herd and Sav - iour di - vine, Trust - ing in Thee,
2. What tho' a - round me the bil - lows may roll? Trust - ing in Thee,
3. What if the shad - ows en - com - pass my way? Trust - ing in Thee,
4. Je - sus, my Shep-herd, Re - deem - er and Friend, Trust - ing in Thee,

trust - ing in Thee; O what a fore - taste of glo - ry is mine
trust - ing in Thee; Firm on the Rock I have an - chored my soul;
trust - ing in Thee; Lord, Thou hast promised Thy strength as my day,
trust - ing in Thee; Thou wilt de - liv - er and Thou wilt de - fend,

CHORUS.

While I am trust - ing in Thee!
Lord, I am trust - ing in Thee.
While I am trust - ing in Thee.
While I am trust - ing in Thee.

Trust - ing, trust - ing,
Trust-ing, trust-ing, I am trust-ing,

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, in Thee (in Thee); O what a fore - taste of

glo - ry is mine, While I am trust - ing in Thee!

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Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B. PETER P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide), And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re - frain), I
debt by His death was all paid (all paid), No
heart with this peace did a - bound (a - bound), In
as I keep close to His side (His side), There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun - da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich bless-ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

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CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove (a - bove),

Rit.

Oh, won - der - ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Why Will Ye Die?

Rev. Edward Husband. F. M. Lamb.

1. A great Rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shadows fall on the parched sand.
2. A great Well lies in a wea - ry land, And its waters call over life's rough strand,
3. A wide Fold stands in a wea - ry land, And the sheep are call'd on ev-ery hand;
4. A rough Cross stands near a cit - y wall, Where the Saviour dies out of love for all;

And it calls to the trav-'ler pass-ing by, "I will shel-ter thee here con -
That the great Well is deep, with wa - ters rife Springing up in - to ev - er -
And the Shepherd no wan-d'rer turns a - way, But He changes his dark-ness
Where the an - gels still tell the mes-sage blest, That the way now is plain to

tin - ual - ly." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the
last - ing life. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the
in - to day. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the
end - less rest. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the

Rit.

shel-t'ring Rock is stand-ing by, Oh! why! oh! why will ye die?
great deep Well is stand-ing by, Oh! why! etc.
great wide Fold is stand-ing by, Oh! why! etc.
blood-stain'd Cross is stand-ing by, Why! oh! why will ye, why will ye die?

Copyright, 1887, by F. M. Lamb.

The Redeemed of the Lord.

FRANCES V. HUBBARD. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn To Zi - on with mu - sic and
2. The re deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn From lands where, as cap-tives, they
3. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn With sing - ing for Zi - on's bright

song; And dai - ly sweet les - sons of mer - cy will learn, As they
sighed; With love and de - vo - tion their spir - its shall burn, As they
day; Far, far on the hill - tops their glad eyes dis - cern, And..

CHORUS.

jour - ney the path - way a - long.
sing of the Once Cru - ci - fied.
sor - row and fear flee a - way.
} With joy and with sing-ing,

With joy

Thanks-giv - - ing and praise, Their sweet voic - es ring - ing
Thanks-giv - ing and with praise, Their sweet

In tri - umph-ant lays; His mer - cy and good-ness Shall still
mer-cy, mer-cy Shall still

Copyright, 1901, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

be their song, As home - ward to Zi - on they jour-ney a - long.
homeward, homeward a-long.

51 The Life of Joy.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

Not too fast.

1. I've found the life of tru - est joy, My heart is o - ver - flow - ing;
2. Once self - ish joy I vain - ly tried, And sought the world for pleas - ure;
3. But now the truth that makes me free Is like a well up-spring-ing;

By day and night my glad em-ploy, This se - cret to be show-ing.
Now self with Christ is cru - ci - fied, And He is all my treas-ure.
The ris - en Christ now lives in me, And fills my soul with sing-ing.

Copyright, 1900, by May Whittle Moody.

Refrain.

Oh, the joy of lov - ing Je - sus, Oh, the glad-ness that is giv'n;

When we know the Fa - ther sees us One with Je - sus there in Heav'n.

Fill Me, Holy Spirit, Fill Me.

L. S. Chafer. Mrs. Lewis S. Chafer.

1. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, As Thy liv - ing wit-ness here;
2. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, To be work-ing one with Thee;
3. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, To pre - vail - ing pow'r in pray'r;
4. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, To a Vic - tor's ho - ly life;

On - ly by Thy life with - in me Can I a - ny wit - ness bear.
On - ly by Thy life with - in me Can there a - ny serv - ice be.
On - ly by Thy life with - in me I Thy in - ter - ces - sion share.
On - ly by Thy life with - in me Is there con-quest in the strife.

Copyright, 1903, by Mrs. L. S. Chafer.

Chorus.

Fill me, Ho - ly Spir - it, fill me. More than full - ness I would know;

I am small - est of Thy ves - sels, Yet I much can o - ver-flow.

The Shepherd True.

F. W. Faber. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea - ry, When the Sav-iour came un - to me;
2. At... first I would not heark-en, But.... put off till the mor-row,
3. At... last I stopped to list - en— *His*.... voice could ne'er de-ceive me—
4. I.... thought His love would weak-en As..... more and more He knew me,

For the paths of sin were drear - y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
Till... life be - gan to dark - en, And . I grew sick with sor - row;
I..... saw His kind eye glist - en, So.... anx-ious to re - lieve me;
But it burn-eth like a bea - con, And its light and heat go thro' me;

And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a - long His way,—

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Refrain.

Wand'ring souls, O *do* come near Me; My sheep should nev - er fear Me;

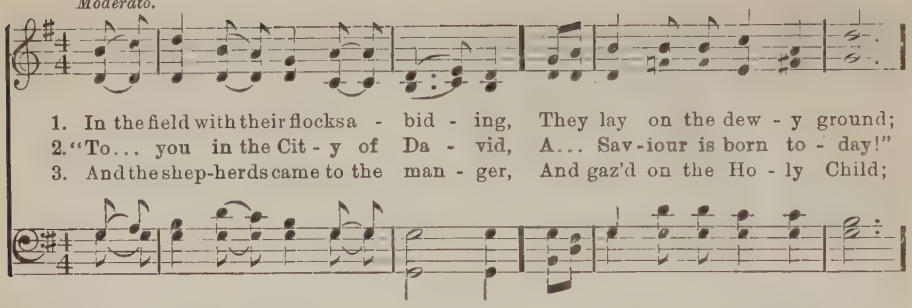
Ritard.

I am the Shep-herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

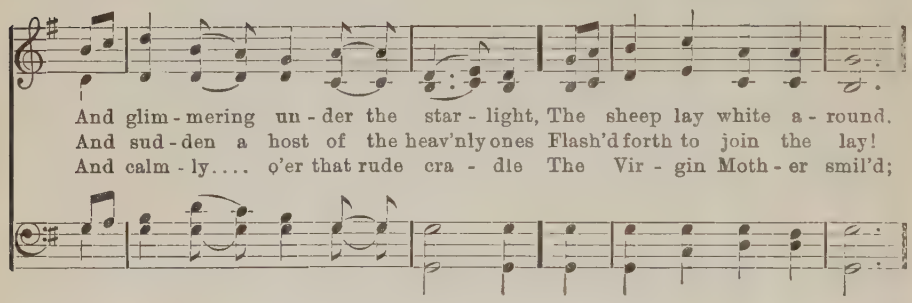
In the Field with Their Flocks.

F. W. Farrar. J. Farmer.

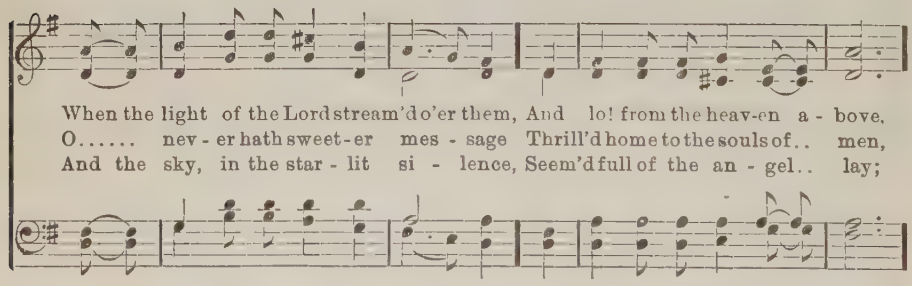
Moderato.



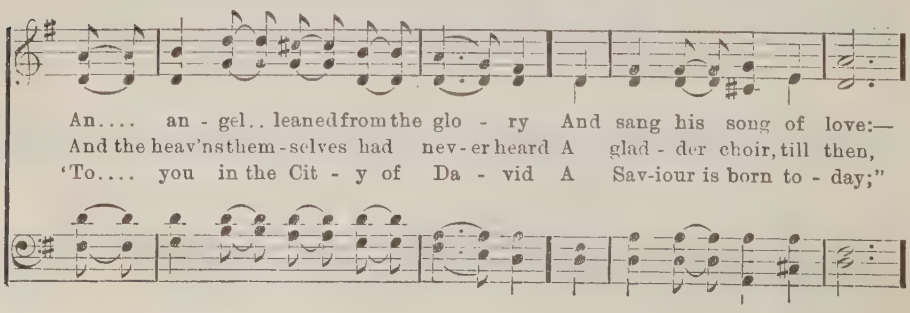
1. In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground;
2. "To... you in the Cit - y of Da - vid, A... Sav - iour is born to - day!"
3. And the shep-herds came to the man - ger, And gaz'd on the Ho - ly Child;



And glim - mering un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a - round.
And sud - den a host of the heav'nly ones Flash'd forth to join the lay!
And calm - ly.... o'er that rude cra - dle The Vir - gin Moth - er smil'd;

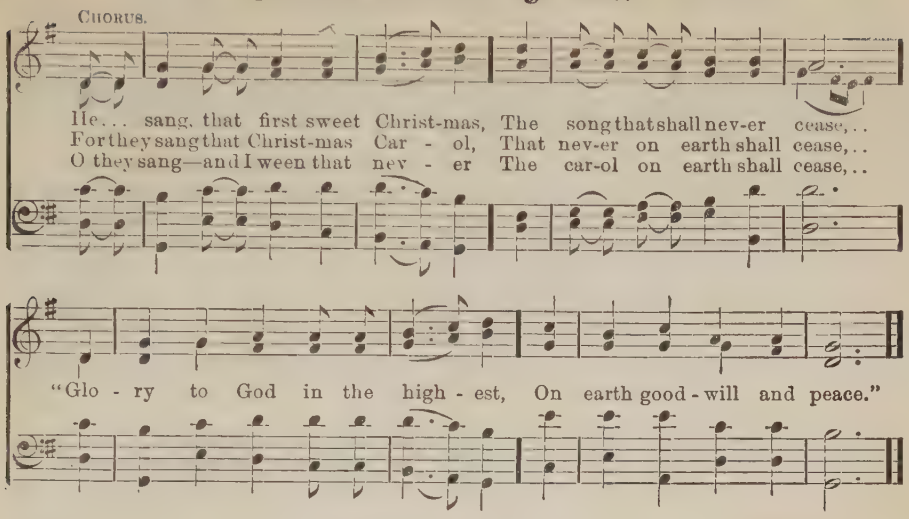


When the light of the Lord stream'd o'er them, And lo! from the heav-en a - bove,
O..... nev - er hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrill'd home to the souls of.. men,
And the sky, in the star - lit si - lence, Seem'd full of the an - gel.. lay;

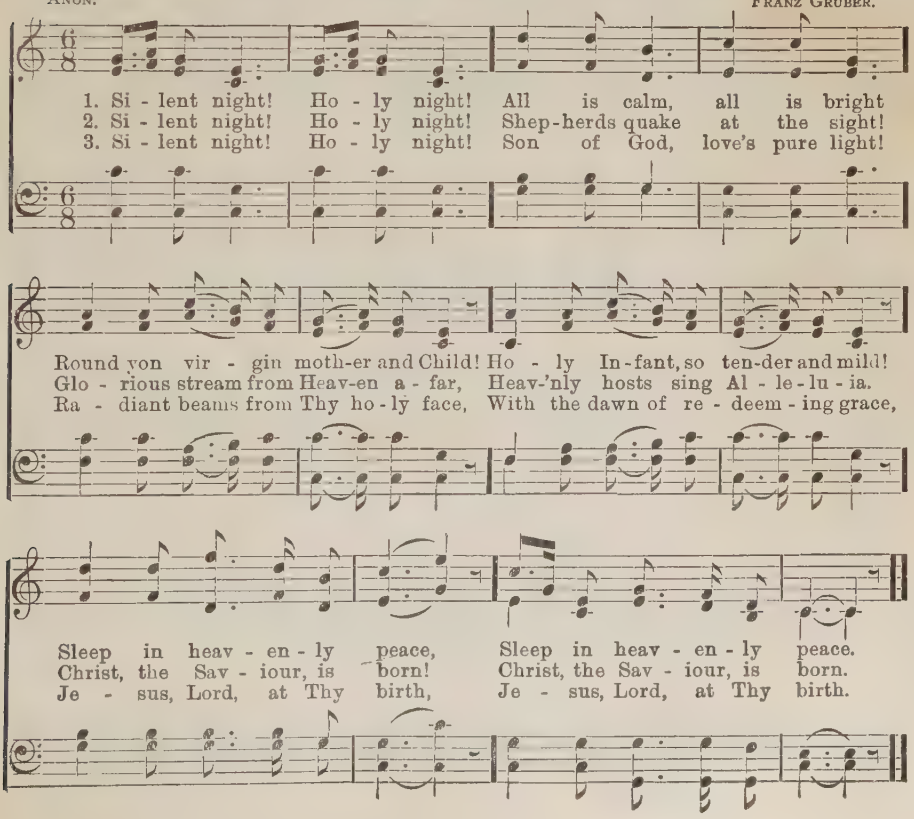


An.... an - gel.. leaned from the glo - ry And sang his song of love:—
And the heav'ns them - selves had nev - er heard A glad - der choir, till then,
'To.... you in the Cit - y of Da - vid A Sav-iour is born to - day;"

In the Field with their Flocks.—Concluded.



55 Silent Night.



Ride on in Majesty.

H. H. Milman. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fierc - est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;

O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road, With palms and scat-tered garments strew'd.
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see th' ap-proach-ing sac - ri - fice.
The Fa - ther on His sapphire throne A - waits His own a - noint - ed Son.
Bow Thy meek head to mor - tal pain, Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

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Chorus.

* Ride on, ride on in maj - - es - ty;

Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty, in maj - es - ty;

In low - - ly pomp, ride on to die.

In low - ly pomp, in low - ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

* Chorus in unison, if preferred.

Able to Deliver.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O trou-bled heart, be thou not a - fraid, In the Lord thy God, let thy
2. O trou-bled heart, tho' thy foes u - nite, Let thy faith be strong and thy
3. O trou-bled heart, when thy way is drear, He will res - cue thee and dis -

hope be stayed; He will hear thy cry and will give thee aid, What -
arm - or bright; Thou shalt o - ver - come thro' His pow'r and might, And
pel thy fear; In thy great - est need He is al - way near,— To

CHORUS.

e'er thy cross may be.
more than con-queror be.
Him all glo - ry be.
} He is a - ble still to de - liv - er thee,

And His own right - hand thy de - fence shall be: He is

a - ble still to de - liv - er thee, Then be thou not a - fraid.

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Facing the Foe.

COLIN STERNE. H. E. NICHOL, arr.

1. What is the noise of bat - tle? What are the loud a - larms? Borne a-
2. They are the Mas - ter's sol - diers, Ev - er a - lert and strong, They will
3. Will you not come and join them? They are in need of you; You can
4. So shall you fight and con - quer, So shall the foe be slain, So the

long is the shout of men, The clash of arms! See where the flag is fly - ing!
nev - er give way to sin, Or yield to wrong; They are the knights of sto - ry,
en - ter the might - y ranks Of brave and true; Boys, with your heart of courage,
king - dom of Je - sus Christ Shall come a - gain! So when your life is o - ver,

See where the swords are bright! Hark to the song of the war - ri - ors brave,
Ban - ners of Christ they bear, On - ward they go in the might of the Lord
Girls, with your hearts of love, En - ter and join in the work of the Lord
End - ed the grief and pain, Ye who were comrades of bat - tle on earth

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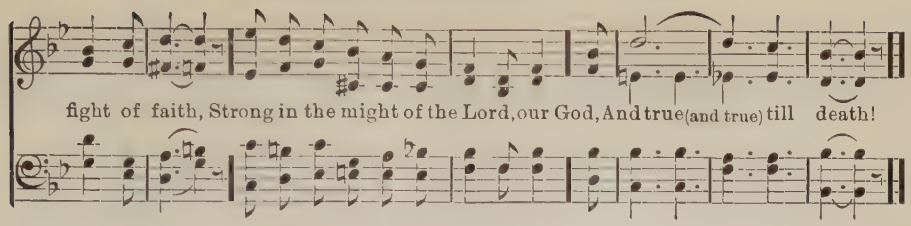
CHORUS.

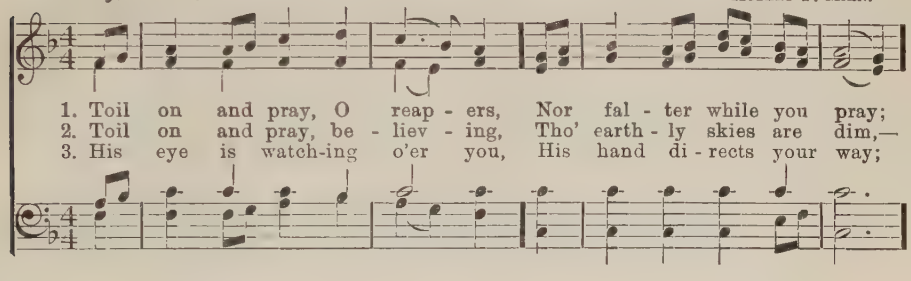
Of truth and right!
To do and dare!
Who reigns a - bove!
In heav'n shall reign!
} Facing the foe to - geth - er, Fighting the fight of faith, Strong in

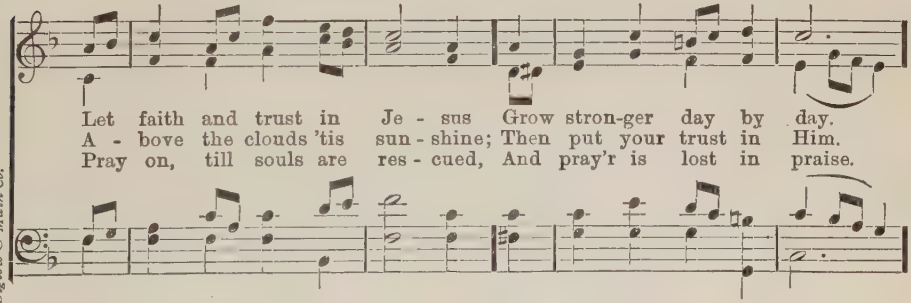
Him who leads us on, And true till death! Facing the foe to - geth - er, Fighting the



59 Toil on and Pray, O Reapers.

GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.





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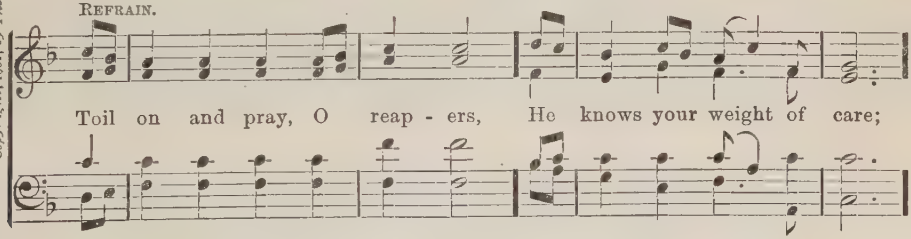

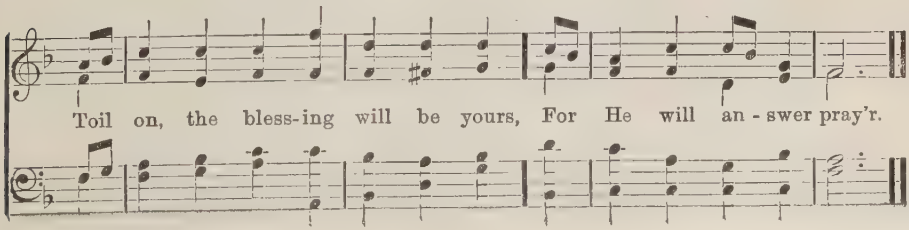

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Oh, to be over Yonder!

Miss Florence C. Armstrong. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn - ing heart grows fond - er
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voic - es, swell - ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,

Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle, And the an - gel harp - ers ring;
Of..... look - ing to the east, to See the bless - ed day - star bring
Why.... clings my poor, weak, sin - ful Heart to a - ny earth - ly thing:
In tri-umph-ant hal - le - lu - jahs, Make the vault - ed heav - ens ring?
Yearn-ing for the wel-come sum - mer— Long-ing for the bird's fleet wing;

To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anx - ious, dread to - mor - row,
Some.. ti - dings of the wak - ing, The.... cloud-less, pure day break-ing,
Each.. tie of earth must sev - er, And.... pass a - way for - ev - er;
Where the pearl - y gates are gleam-ing, And the morn - ing star is beam-ing?
The... mid-night may be drea - ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,

To.... rest in light and sun-shine In the pres-ence of.. the King.
My.... heart is yearn - ing—yearn-ing For the com - ing of.. the King.
But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion In the pres-ence of.. the King.
Oh,... when shall I be yon - der In the pres-ence of.. the King.
But there's no more shad - ow yon - der In the pres-ence of.. the King.

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Oh, to be over Yonder!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh,..... to be o - ver yon - der! In..... that land of won - der,
Oh, to be o - - ver yon-der, yon-der! In that land, that land of won-der,

There..... to be for - ev - er In the pres - ence of.. the King.
There to be for - - ev - er

61 No Shadows Yonder!

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. No shadows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der, And say, How long
2. No weeping yon-der! All fled a - way! While here I wan-der, Each wea-ry day,
3. No parting yon-der! No space or time Hearts e'er shall sunder, In that fair clime,
4. None wanting yon-der! Bought by the Lamb, All gathered un - der The shelt'ring palm:

ritard.....

Shall time me sunder From that dear throng? Shall time me sunder From that dear throng?
I sigh and ponder My long, long stay; I sigh and ponder My long, long stay.
Dear - er and fonder—Friendships sub-lime, Dear-er and fonder—Friendships sublime.
Loud as night's thunder Swells the glad psalm; Loud as night's thunder Swells the glad psalm.

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If He Abide with Me.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Duet.

1. My days with sun-shine shall be fraught, My sor - row, joy shall be,
2. No e - vil ev - er shall be - fall, No bur - dens heav - y be,
3. If shad - ows make my path-way dim, I shall not need to see;
4. My storms are calm at His be - hest, Who spoke to Gal - i - lee,
5. No pow'rs of life or death can harm, All griefs and dan - gers flee,

And thorn - y ways shall seem as naught, If Christ a - bide with me.
For Christ will glad - ly take them all If He a - bide with me.
But sweet - ly trust my way with Him Who will a - bide with me.
And fears shall nev - er rob my rest, If Christ a - bide with me.
If I but trust in Christ's strong arm, When He a - bides with me.

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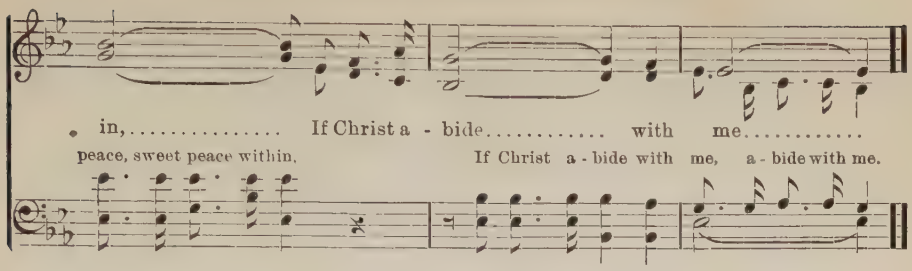
Chorus.

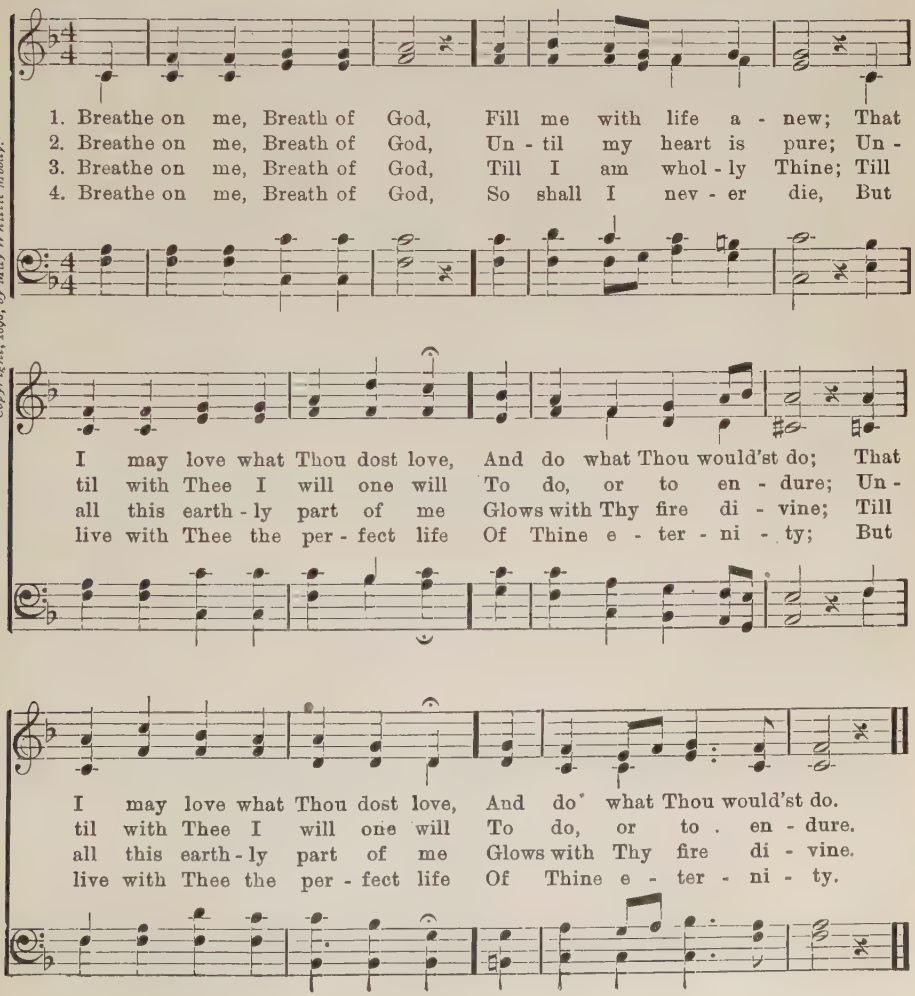
I shall be safe - - ly kept from sin,..... My life be
I shall be safe - ly, safe - ly kept from sin,

glad..... and free;..... For I shall have ..... sweet peace with
Each mo-ment glad and free; yes, glad and free; For I shall have sweet



63 Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

EDWIN HATCH. MISS MARY WHITTLE.



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He is Near.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I know not when the Lord will come, Or at what hour He may ap-pear,
2. I know not what of time re-mains, To run its course in this low sphere,
3. I know not what is yet to run Of spring or sum-mer, green or sere,
4. The cen-tu-ries have come and gone, Dark cen-tu-ries of ab-sence drear;
5. I do not think it can be long, 'Till in His glo-ry He ap-pear;

Whether at mid-night or at morn, Or at what sea-son of the year.
Or what a-waits of calm or storm, Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.
Of death or life, of pain or peace, Of shade or shine, of song or tear.
I dare not chide the long de-lay, Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.
And yet I dare not name the day, Nor fix the sol-emn ad-vent year.

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REFRAIN.

I on-ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear;

I on-ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear.

My All in All.

Fanny J. Crosby. I. Allan Sankey.

1. I have a Friend, a lov - ing Friend, Who gave His life for me:
2. I have a Friend, a con-stant Friend, Whose name I breathe in prayer;
3. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, Who calms my ev - ery fear;
4. I have a Friend, a change-less Friend, Who loves me not a - lone;

I lean up - on His sa - cred word, And there my trust shall be.
He bids me come when ere I will, And cast on Him my care.
What can I wish or ask be - side, When He, my Lord, is near.
I hear His voice and feel His pow'r, While wait - ing at His throne;

In joy or grief, in bliss or pain, What - e'er my steps be - fall;..
And though I pass thro' wa - ters deep, His mer - cy hears my call;..
And though the dear - est hopes of earth, Like with - ered leaves may fall;..
His watch - ful eye is o'er me still, Like dew His bless-ings fall;..

How sweet to know my life is hid With Christ, my All in All.
How sweet to know my heart is staid On Christ, my All in All.
How sweet to know there's per - fect rest In Christ, my All in All.
My heart, my soul, my life, I give, To Christ, my All in All.

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Without Money and Without Price.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. Ho! ev - ery one that thirsteth, Come drink a full sup - ply, From cool and
2. Why spend your time and la - bor On things that fade and die? Why cast a -
3. O, come your ear in - clin - ing, Hear, and your soul shall live: For - sake the

crys - tal wa - ters, Whose springs are nev - er dry; Come ye that have no
way a treas-ure That wealth can nev - er buy? Now seek the Lord in
path of sin - ners, Re - turn and He'll for - give. To all who tru - ly

mon - ey, The gos - pel feast par - take: Where God, the Ho - ly Spir - it, The
ear - nest, With hum - ble, ho - ly fear, And haste to call up - on Him While
love Him, His mer - cy He will show, And His a - bundant par - don, He

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CHORUS.

Bread of Life will break.
yet He lin - gers near.
free - ly will be - stow.
} Ho! ev - ery one that thirst - eth, Come drink a

full sup - ply, From cool and crystal wa - ters, Whose springs are nev - er dry.

There is Rapture To-night.

FLORA KIRKLAND. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is rap - ture to - night in yon cit - y so fair, Where the
2. We can fan - cy we hear the sweet an - them of joy, That the
3. They must watch us with pit - y - ing love in their eyes, As in
4. For the Mas - ter hath lift - ed the veil from our eyes, And our

riv - er of life flow - eth free; And a touch of the joy that is
an - gels are sing - ing to - night; For we know that the low - lands of
sin and in sor - row we stray; For we know there is rap - tu - rous
faith-strengthen'd vi - sion dis - cerns How the heav - en - ly cit - y is

CHORUS.

ring - ing up there, Fall - eth soft - ly on you and on me.
earth have a place, In the thoughts of the dwellers in light.
joy in the skies, When a lost one re - turns to the Way.
thrill - ing with joy, O - ver one who re - pents and re - turns.
} There is joy in

the presence of an - gels to - night, Their is rap - ture to mor - tals un - told (un - told); For the

Fa - ther and Shepherd in heaven re - joice, O - ver one who returns to the fold.

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Grand is the Song.

ANNA D. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Grand is the song of the Eas-ter morn, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!
2. Grand was the scene when the stone was roll'd, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!
3. Grand was the word that the women brought, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!
4. Grand is the truth, O... saints, for you, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!

Far o'er the hills with the light 'tis borne, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!
Off from the sep-ul-chre dark and cold, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!
Min-gled with won-ders, with glo-ries fraught, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!
Yours is the joy and the bless-ing, too, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!

Chas-ing the shades of night a-way, Bring-ing the light of glo-rious day,
An-gels a-lone could view that sight, Man could not bear the vi-sion bright;
"Seek not the living," the an-gels said, "Seek not the living a-mong the dead;"
Since Je-sus took from death His key, He from the tomb will set us free;

Tak-ing from Death his strength and sway, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.
Forth came the Con-qu'ror armed with might, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.
Sor-row is past and night is fled, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.
And through all time and e-ter-ni-ty, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.

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* Small notes for 2d verse.

Go Forward, Christian Soldier.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT. J. FARMER.

1. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true:
2. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe;
3. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace - ful rest,
4. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the gath - 'ring night;

The Lord Him - self thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
Far more are o'er thee watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know.
Till Sa - tan's host is van - quished, And heav'n is all pos - sessed;
The Lord has been thy shel - ter, The Lord will be thy light;

His love fore - tells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour - ly need;
Trust on - ly Christ, thy cap - tain, Cease not to watch and pray;
Till Christ Him - self shall call thee, To lay thine arm - or by,
When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past;

He can, with bread of heav - en, Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
Heed not the treach - 'rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
And wear, in end - less glo - ry, The crown of vic - to - ry.
Oh, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last.

Peaceful Be.

Tr. from K. R. Hagenback.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Since thy Fa - ther's arm sus - tains thee, Peace - ful be (peace - ful be),
2. With - out mur - mur, un - com - plain - ing, In His hand (in His hand)
3. Fear - est some-times that Thy Fa - ther Hath for - got (hath for - got)?
4. To His own the Sav - iour giv - eth Dai - ly strength (dai - ly strength),

When a chastening hand re - strains thee, It is He (it is He),
Leave what - ev - er things thou canst not Un - der - stand (un - der - stand),
When the clouds a - round thee gath - er, Doubt Him not (doubt Him not);
To each trou - bled soul that liv - eth, Peace at length (peace at length);

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Know His love in full com-pleteness Fills the meas-ure of thy weak-ness,
Tho' the world thy fol - ly spurn-eth, From thy faith in pit - y turn - eth,
Al - ways hath the day-light bro - ken, Al - ways hath He com-fort spok - en,
Weak - est lambs have larg-est shar - ing Of the ten - der shepherd's car - ing,

rit.

If He wound thy spir - it sore, Trust Him more (trust Him more).
Peace thy in - most soul shall fill, Ly - ing still (ly - ing still).
Bet - ter hath He been for years, Than thy fears (than thy fears).
Ask Him not then, when or how, On - ly bow (on - ly bow).

No Night There.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square," It shall
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four-square," All the
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square," There life's
4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "that cit - y four-square," For the

nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

mf CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no... pain, nor fears;

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years,.. For there is "no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

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Up! for Jesus Stand.

J. H. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Sol - diers of th' e - ter - nal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it
2. La - bel it on ev - ery door, Place it high the pul - pit o'er, Let it
3. Place it on the chis-eled stone, Where the mourners weep a - lone; 'Grave it

thro' the churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the tem-ple's spire,
stand for ev - er - more! Up! for Je - sus stand. Bla - zon it in man-sion halls,
on the monarch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might

Ut - ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for
Pen - cil it on pris - on walls; Do and dare, as du - ty calls; Up! for
Roll for rea - son and for right, Flash it on the na-tion's sight; Up! for

Je - sus stand; Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus, Jesus stand.
Je - sus stand; Do and dare, as du - ty calls, Up! for Je - sus, Jesus stand.
Je - sus stand; Flash it on the na-tion's sight; Up! for Je - sus, Jesus stand.

CHORUS.

Up! for Je - sus stand, Up! for Je - sus stand;
Je - sus stand, Je - sus stand;

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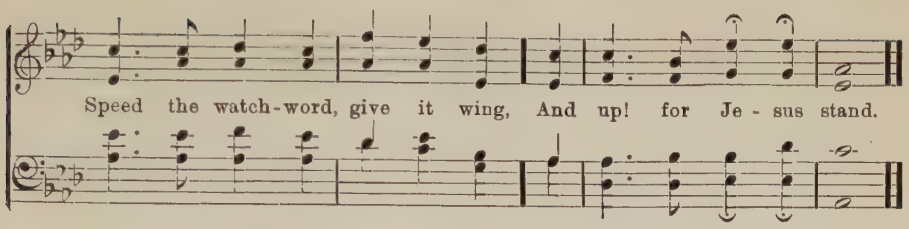
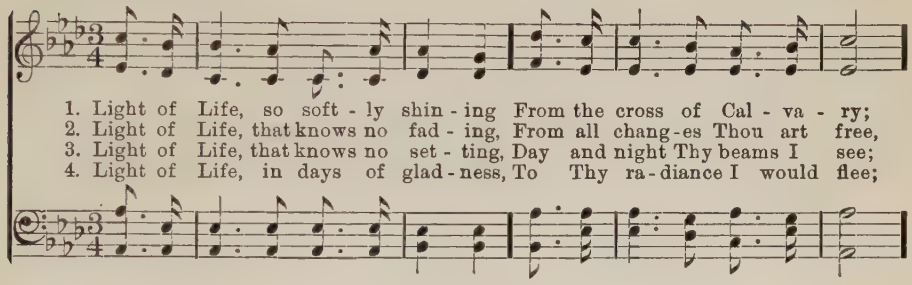
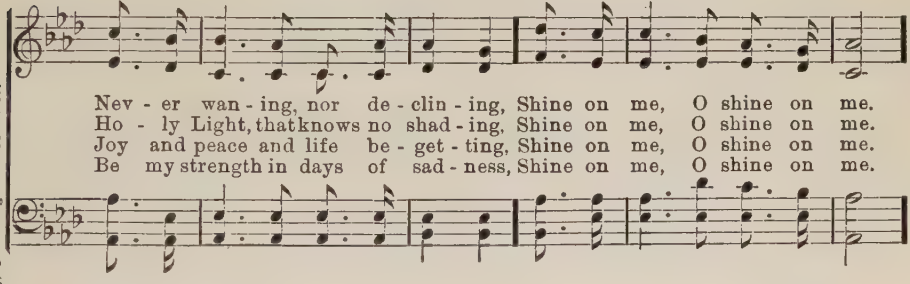
Up! for Jesus Stand.—Concluded.



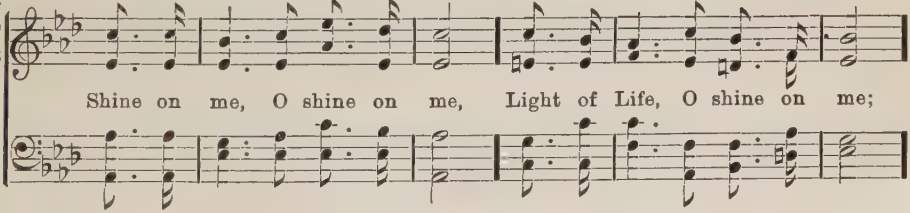
73 Light of Life.

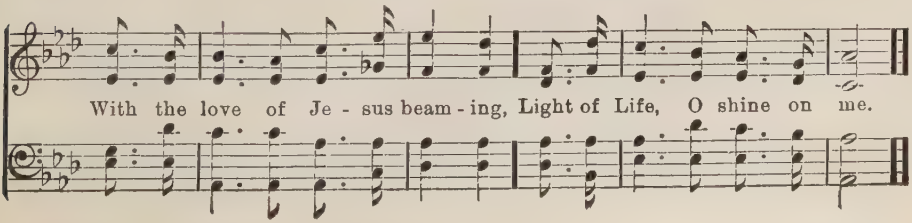
HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.





CHORUS.





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The Hope of the Coming of the Lord.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor-row; A great glad hope which
2. A star in the sky, a bea-con bright to guide us; An anch-or sure to
3. A call of command, like trum-pet clear-ly sound-ing, To make us bold when
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear-est, A part-ing word to

faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the pass-ing day with the glo-ry of the mor-row,
hold when storms be tide us; A ref-uge for the soul, wherein qui-et we may hide us,
e-vil is surrounding; To stir the sluggish heart and to keep in good a-bounding,
make Him aye the near-est; Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,

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Chorus. *Tempo.*

Is the hope of the coming of the Lord. Blessed hope,.... blessed hope,....
Blessed hope, blessed hope,

Bless-ed hope of the coming of the Lord; How the ach-ing heart it cheers,

How it glist-ens thro' our tears, Bless-ed hope of the coming of the Lord.

Come unto Me, ye Weary.

WILLIAM C. DIX. F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. "Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un - to me, dear chil - dren, And I will give you light."
3. "Come un - to me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out."

Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest;
Oh, lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night:
Oh, peace - ful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife:
Oh, pa - tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt:

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
Which calls us,—ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy though we be

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.
But morn - ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break... of day.
But Thou hast made us might - y, And stron - ger than.... the strong.
Of love, so free and bound - less,—To come, dear Lord,... to Thee.

There is Never a Day so Dreary.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is nev-er a day so drear-y, But... God can make it bright;
2. There is nev-er a cross so heav-y, But the nail-scar'd hands are there,
3. There is nev-er a life so dark-en'd, So.... hope-less and un-blest,

And un-to the soul.. that trusts Him, He giv-eth songs in the night.
Out-stretched in ten-der com-pas-sion, The bur-den to help us bear.
But may.. be fill'd with the light of God, And en-ter His prom-ised rest.

There is nev-er a path so hid-den, But.... God will lead the way,
There is nev-er a heart so bro-ken, But the lov-ing Lord can heal;
There is nev-er a sin or sor-row, There is nev-er a care or loss,

If we seek for the Spir-it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray;
For the heart that was pierc'd on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel;
But.. that we may bring to Je-sus, And leave at the foot of the cross;

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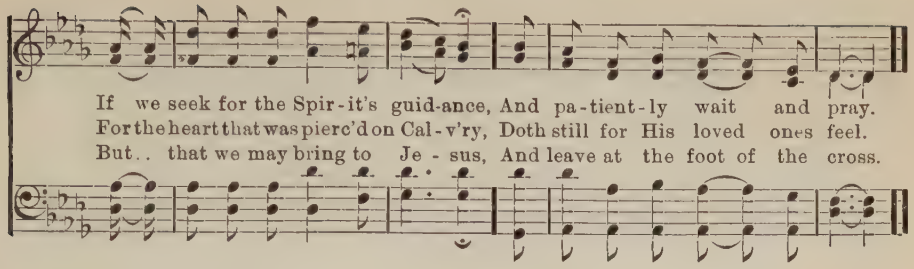
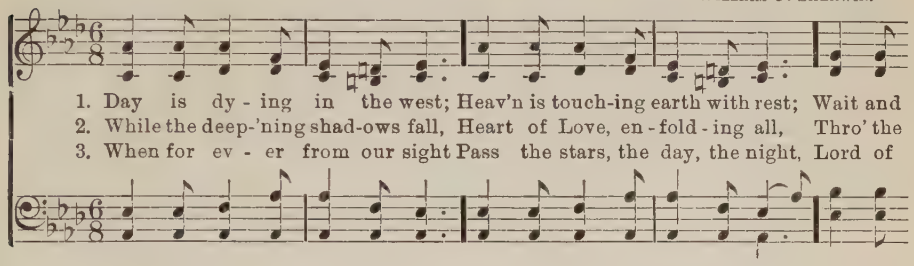
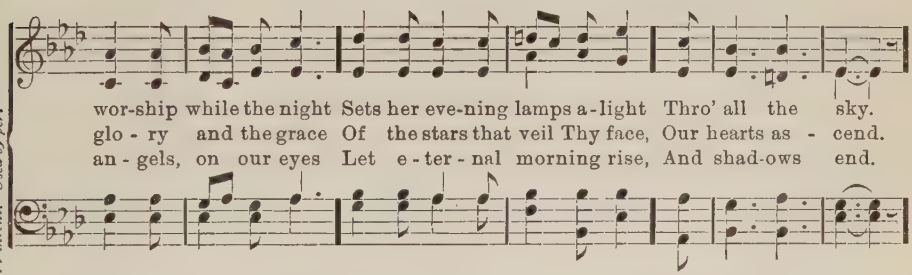
There is Never a Day.—Concluded.

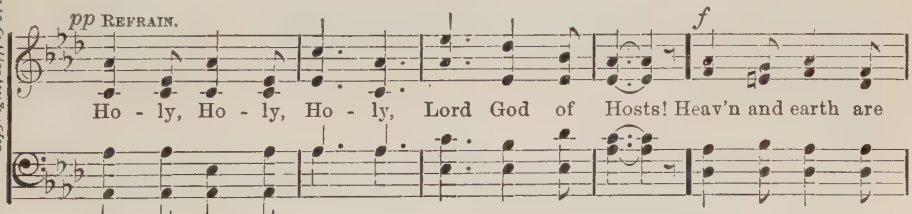


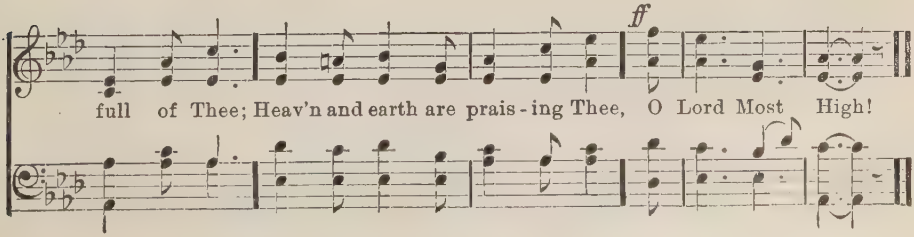
77 Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.









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The Lord's Prayer.

Anon. Arr. Lewis S. Chafer.

1. Our Fa - ther who in heav - en art, All hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, Our tres - pass - es for - give,
3. In - to temp - ta - tion lead us not, From e - vil us de - fend,

Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done, Throughout this earth - ly frame.
As we for - give our fel - low - men For in - ju - ries re - ceived.
For Thine's the king - dom and the pow'r, And glo - ry with - out end.

Refrain.

Come, my Sav - iour, oh! my Sav - iour, Come and bless Thy peo-ple now;

rit.

While at Thy feet we hum - bly bow,— Oh! come and bless us now.

Then will we sing Thy suf-f'rings o'er, And praise Thee ev - er - more.

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Light of the World.

Jno. S. B. Monsell. Thoro Harris.

1. Blest Light of the world, we hail Thee Now flush-ing the east-ern skies;
2. Fair Light of the world, Thy beau-ty Shall steal in-to ev-ery heart;
3. Mild Light of the world, be-fore Thee In hom-age we hum-bly fall;
4. Clear Light of the world, il-lu-mine This sin-dark-ened world of Thine

Nor ev-er shall dark-ness vail Thee A-gain from our mor-tal eyes.
It sweet-ly a-dorns with du-ty Life's poor-est and low-liest part;
We wor-ship, we mag-ni-fy Thee, Lord Je-sus, the life of all,
Un-til ev-ery-thing that's hu-man Is filled with a light di-vine,

A-las! far too long with-hold-en, Now spread from shore to shore;
Thou rob-est in match-less splen-dor The sim-ple ways of men,
With whom there is no for-get-ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
Un-til ev-ery tongue and na-tion From sin's do-min-ion free,

Thy ra-diance, so glad, so gold-en, Shall set on the earth no more.
And help-est them all to ren-der That light back to Thee a-gain.
Whose ris-ing shall have no set-ting, Whose sun-shine shall have no shade.
A-rise in the new cre-a-tion That spring-eth from love and Thee.

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Thou art My Rock.

Mrs. C. E. Breck. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Thou art my Rock, O bless-ed Re - deem - er, Thou art my Ref - uge
2. Thou art my Rock when sin is in - vit - ing, Thou art my Rock when
3. Thou art my Rock, temp - ta - tions de - fy - ing, Thou art my Friend un -
4. Thou art my Rock; when kingdom and na - tion, Rul - er and crown, have

where I may hide; Thou art my Rock to shel - ter and bless me; Ev - er in
tri - al is near; Thou art my Rock when sor - row is smit - ing, Thou art my
chang - ing and sure; Whol - ly on Thee my soul is re - ly - ing, Ev - er to
crum - bled to dust, Thou shalt re - main my Rock of sal - va - tion, Rock ev - er -

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Chorus.

Thee I safe - ly a - bide.
Rock; why then should I fear?
keep me faith - ful and pure.
last - ing; Thee will I trust.

Thou art my Rock, ... O bless-ed Re-

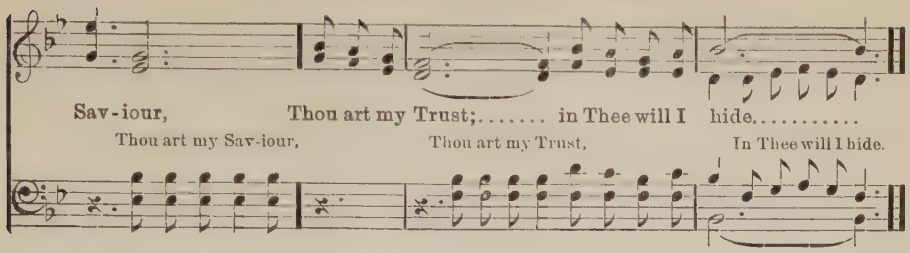
Thou art my Rock,

deem - er, Thou art my Friend, ... And Thou art my

bless - ed Re - deem - er, Thou art my Friend,

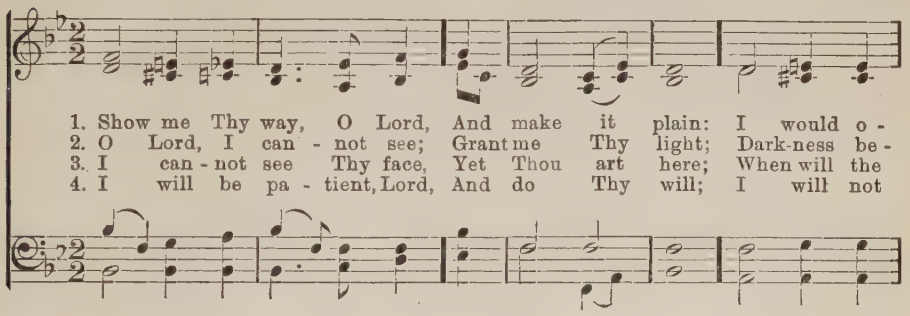
Guide; . . . . . Thou art my Hope, ... And Thou art my

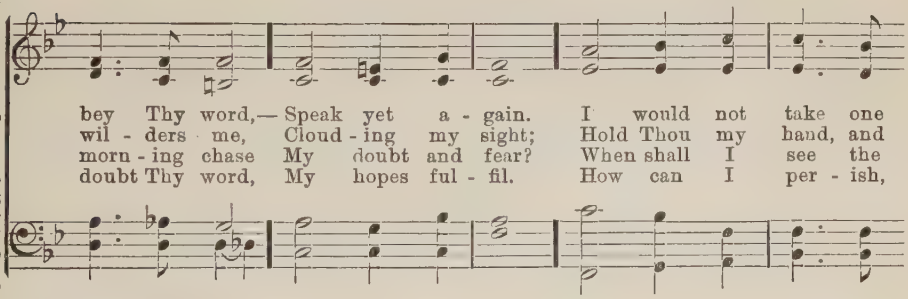
Thou art my Guide; Thou art my Hope,



81 Show Me Thy Way.

ANON. ARR. F. J. C. I. ALLAN SANKEY.





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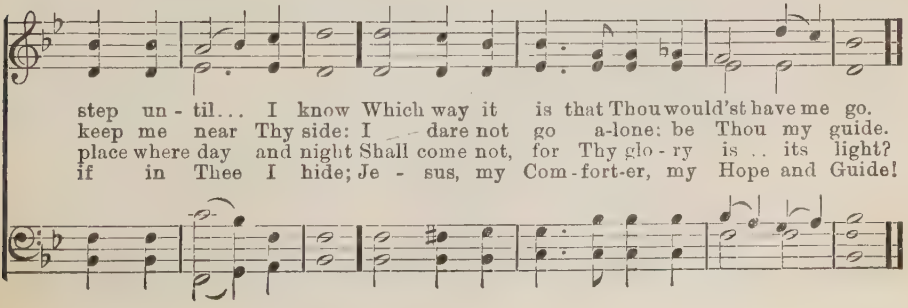

Out of the Shadow-Land.

I. D. S.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Out of the shad-ow-land, in - to the sun - shine, Cloudless, e - ter - nal, that
2. Out of the shad-ow-land, wea - ry and changeful, Out of the val - ley of
3. Out of the shad-ow-land, o - ver life's o - cean, In - to the rap - ture and

fades not a - way; Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus hath called {him / her}
sor - row and night, In - to the rest of the life ev - er - last - ing,
joy of the Lord, Safe in the Fa - ther's house, welcom'd by an - gels,

CHORUS.

Home, where the ransom'd are gath-'ring to - day.
In - to the sum-mer of end - less de - light.
{His / Her's}, the bright crown and e - ter - nal re - ward.
} Si - lent - ly, peace - ful - ly,

an-gels have borne {him / her}, In - to the beau-ti-ful man-sions a - bove; There shall {he / she}

rest from earth's toil-ing for ev - er, Safe in the arms of God's in - fi - nite love.

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Life in the Loom.

Mary A. Lathbury, by per. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, What are you
2. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Light - en the
3. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Look at your

weav - ing? la - bor and sor - row? Look to your loom a - gain,
la - bor and sweet - en the sor - row; Now while the shut - tles fly
fab - ric of la - bor and sor - row; Seam - y and dark with de -

fast - er and fast - er Fly the great shut-tles pre-pared by the Mas - ter.
fast - er and fast - er, Up and be do - ing the work with the Mas - ter.
spair and dis - as - ter, Turn it and lo, the de - sign of the Mas - ter!

Refrain.

There's life (There's life) in the loom!.... Room.... for it, room!
He stands (He stands) at the loom!.... Room.... for Him, room!
The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom!.... Room.... for Him, room!

There's life (There's life) in the loom! Room (room) for it, room!...
He stands (He stands) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!...
The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!...

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Show Me Thy Face.

ANON. ENGLISH AIR.

1. Show me Thy face— one tran-sient gleam Of love - li - ness di - vine,
2. Show me Thy face— my faith and love Shall henceforth fix - ed be,
3. Show me Thy face— I shall for - get The wea - ry days of yore,
4. Show me Thy face— the heav-iest cross Will then seem light to bear,

And I shall nev - er think or dream Of oth - er love save Thine:
And noth-ing here have power to move My soul's se - ren - i - ty.
The fret-ting ghosts of vain re - gret Shall haunt my soul no more.
There will be gain in ev - ery loss, And peace with ev - ery care.

All less - er light will dark - en quite, All low - er glo - ries wane,
My life shall seem a trance, a dream, And all I feel and see,
All doubts and fears for fu - ture years, In qui - et trust sub - side,
With such light feet the years will fleet, Life seem as brief as blest,

The beau-ti - ful of earth will scarce Seem beau - ti - ful a - gain.
Il - lu-sive, vi - sion - a - ry,—Thou, The one re - al - i - ty!
And nought but blest con - tent and calm With - in my breast a - bide.
Till I have laid my bur - den down, And en - tered in - to rest.

Victory Through Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Rul-er of all,

Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scep-ters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-iour and Mon-arch di-vine,
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,

FINE.

Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal, Rest when their warfare is past.

D.S.—*Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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In the Secret of His Presence.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se - cret of the Lord?

Slowly.

Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly
There is cool and pleas-ant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my
Oh, how pa-tient - ly He list - ens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide be-neath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when

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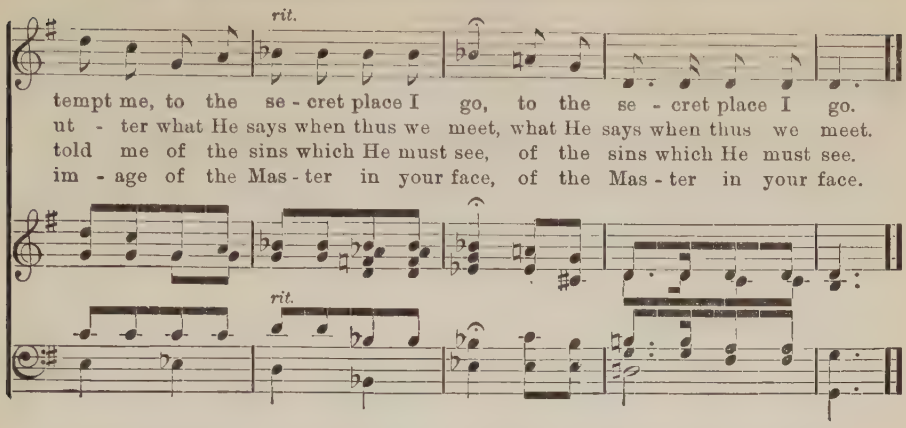
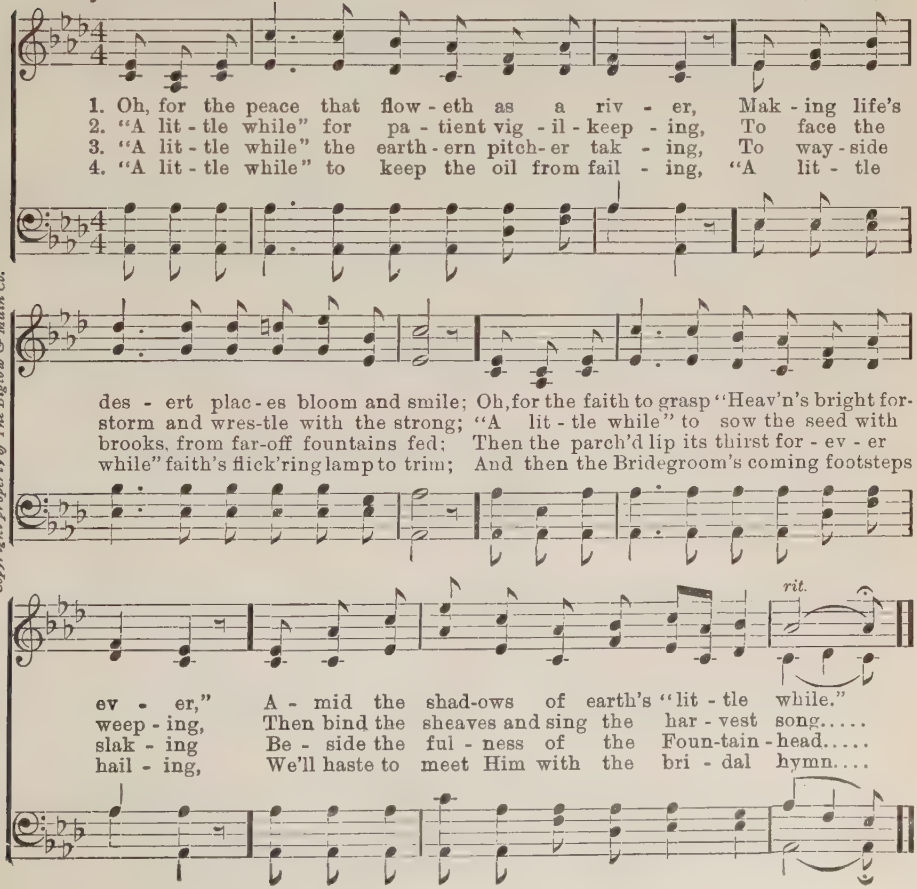
cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri - als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Sav-iour rests be-side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
e'er you leave the si-lence of that hap-py meet-ing place, You must mind and bear the

In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.



87 Oh, for the Peace.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson. Ira D. Sankey.



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The Voice on the Sea.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. Life once was a mys - ter - y aw - ful to me, Fear - ful and
2. O sweet was the voice that came call - ing to me; Fair was the
3. O life is no lon - ger a mys - t'ry to me; Je - sus I
4. Christ now is my life, and 'tis joy - ous to be Sail - ing with

strange as a dark bound-less sea; And I tho't of my - self as a
form of my Sav - iour to see; As..... thro' the deep wa - ters and
take as my Pi - lot to be; In the chart of His word all my
Him, safe - ly on o'er the sea; With the calm of His pres-ence my

soul on the deep, Ev - er cry - ing, "Ah, who shall my frail ves - sel keep?"
tem-pests He came, To.... save the lost soul that had called on His name.
course is made clear, And with Him at the helm.. no dan - ger I fear.
spir - it is filled, The... winds are all hush'd, and the wa - ters are still'd.

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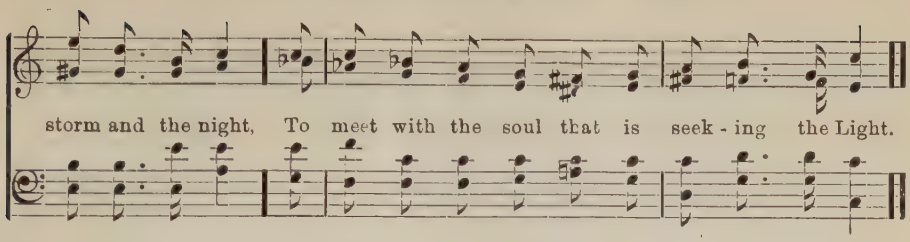
Chorus.

Oh, sweet was the voice sound-ing o - ver the sea, The Light of the
World thy Pi - lot shall be; I am come o'er the wave through the



89 Face to Face.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
2. On - ly faint - ly now, I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween,
3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O! bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

Chorus.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;...

Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

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Pass It On.

HENRY BURTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not giv'n for
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word— Pass it on; Like the sing-ing
3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile— Pass it on; Stay-ing but a
4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop-ing
5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up-on thy

thee a-lone, Pass it on; Let it trav-el down the years, Let it
of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu-sic live and grow, Let it
lit-tle while! Pass it on; A-pril beam, the lit-tle thing, Still it
in the night, Day-light gone; Hold thy light-ed lamp on high, Be a
brother's need, Pass it on; Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

wipe an-oth-er's tears, Till in heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on.
cheer an-oth-er's woe, You have reap'd what others sow, Pass it on.
wakes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the si-lent birds to sing—Pass it on.
star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on.
Christ, you live a-gain; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

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Christ, my All.

Grace J. Frances. Hubert P. Main.

1. I would ev - er fol - low Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
2. In Thy word is my de - light, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
3. Thou didst give Thy - self for me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

Thou art more than life to me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
'Tis my com - fort day and night, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
Help me now to live for Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

As a child I would be - lieve, And Thy gift of grace re - ceive;
Where Thou lead - est, I will go, Tho' the way I may not know;
Time is fly - ing fast a - way, Soon will close life's fleet - ing day;

Let me ne'er Thy Spir - it grieve, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
Thou the path of peace wilt show, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
Let me la - bor while I may, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.

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O, Fear Not the Future!

A. E. Abel — Lewis S. Chafer.

1. O, fear not the fu-ture! 'Tis hid-den in love, But known to thy Sav-iour Who
2. O, fear not the fu-ture! Thou art not a-lone; He who died for His sheep ne'er for-
3. O, fear not the fu-ture! What hast thou to fear? Thy foes are all vanquished, thy
4. O, fear not the fu-ture! The tri-als that come Are sent to pre-pare thee for

reign-eth a-bove; The path for thy steps He Him-self doth pre-pare, And the
sak-eth His own; E'en thro' the dark val-ley no ill can be-tide, For Je-
Cap-tain is near; His grace is suf-fi-cient; His prom-is-es sure; And the
ser-vice and home; Rich gains are thy loss-es, swift wings are thy sighs, And thy

Chorus.

light of His presence shall go with thee there.
ho-vah will be thy Com-panion and Guide.
arms un-der-neath thee for aye shall en-dure.
tears shall bring vis-ions of joy to thine eyes.
} O, fear not the fu-ture! Thy

crown waiteth there! The glories before thee no tongue can declare; Go for-ward with

Je-sus; He knoweth the way To mansions prepared for the Children of Day.

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The Sands of Time are Sinking.

Mrs. Anne R. Cousin. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn, a - wakes.
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
And aye the dews of sor - row Were lus - tred by His love:
I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of Grace—

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the hand that planned,
Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand—

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
When thron'd where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

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The Story Must be Told.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O the pre-cious gos-pel sto-ry, How it tells of love to all,
2. O the bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry, Of His meek and low-ly birth,—
3. O the won-drous gos-pel sto-ry, There is life in ev-ery word;

How the Sav-iour in com-pas-sion, Died to save us from the fall;
And the wel-come of the an-gels When they sang good-will to earth;—
There is hope and con-so-la-tion, Where the mes-sage sweet is heard;

How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—
Of the cross, on which He suf-fered,—As by proph-ets seen of old,—
Let us tell it to the wea-ry, And its beau-ties all un-fold;

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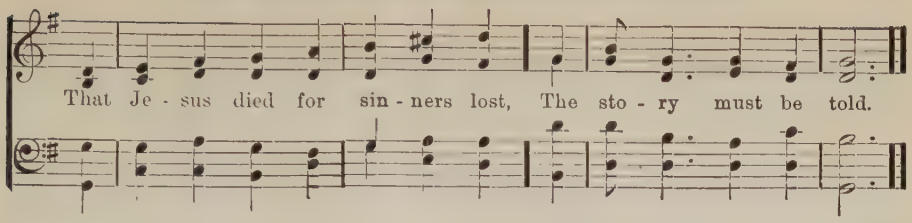
Let us hast-en to pro-claim it, For the sto-ry *must* be told.
Of His death and res-ur-rec-tion, Let the sto-ry *now* be told.
'Tis the on-ly guide to heav-en, And the sto-ry *must* be told.

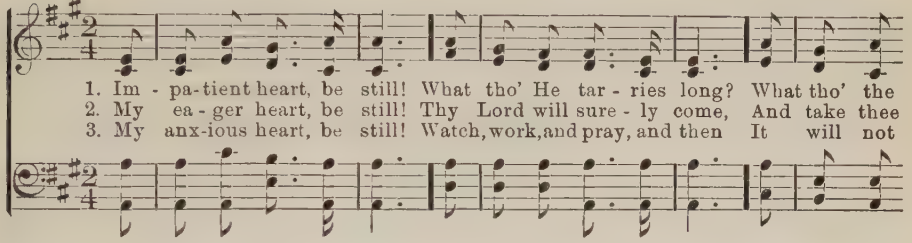
Chorus.

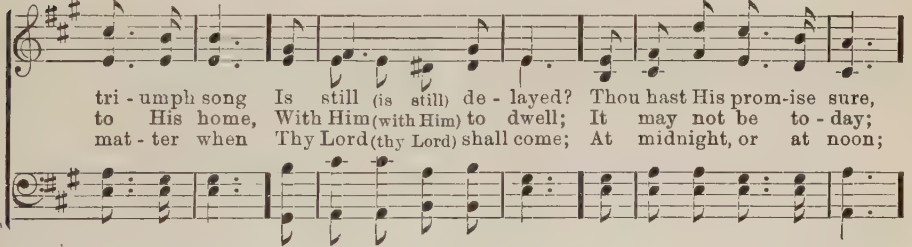
The sto-ry must be told (be told), The sto-ry must be told,

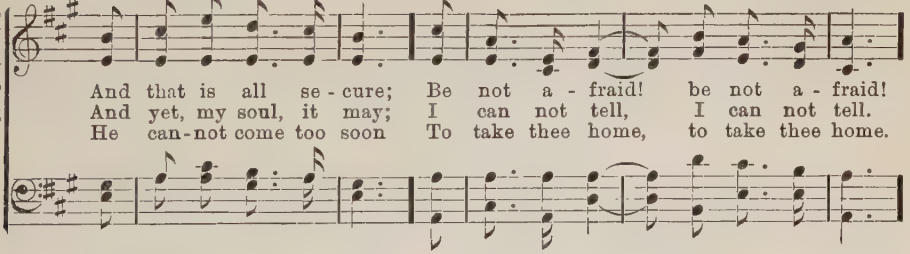


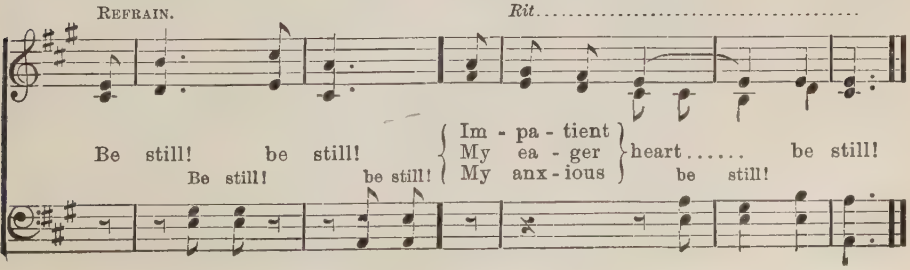
95 Impatient Heart, be Still!

Geo. A. Warburton. Geo. C. Stebbins.









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I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak—
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

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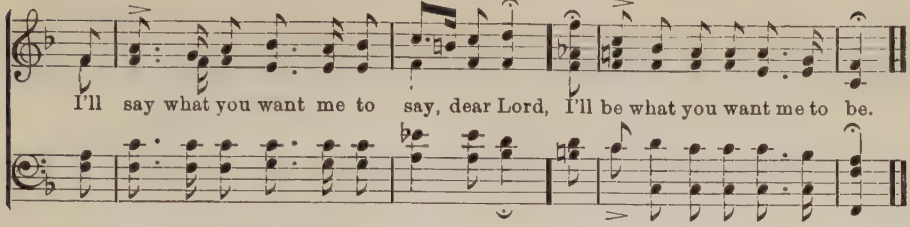
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

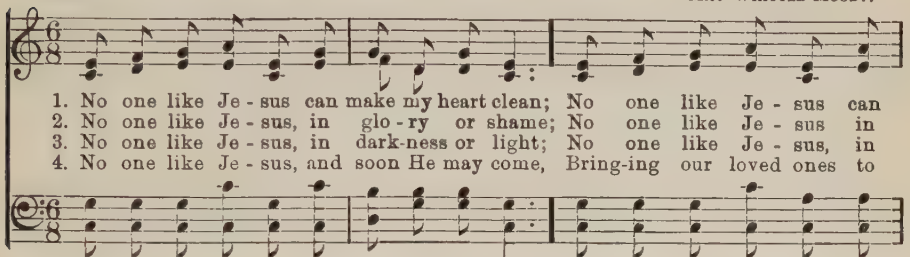
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

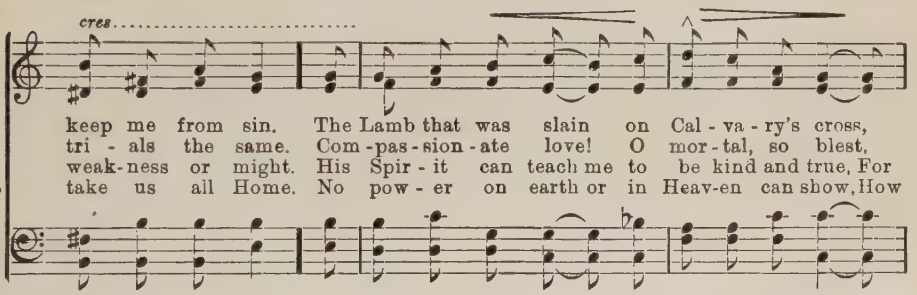
I'll Go Where You Want Me.—Concluded.



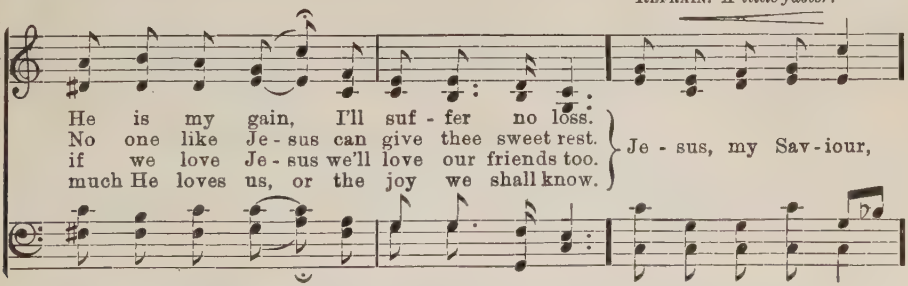
97 No One Like Jesus.

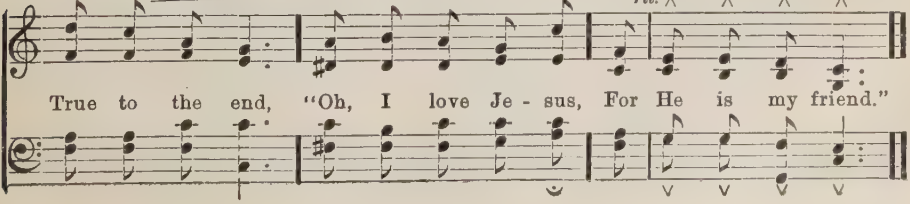
ANON. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.





REFRAIN. *A little faster.*





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O Wanderer, come Home.

Hattie A. Pierson. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out in the dark-ness and gloom of night, Wea - ry and faint and cold;
2. Thus came the Sav-iour from heav'n to earth, Lone-ly the path He trod,
3. Out on the mountains of doubt and sin, Dark is the night and cold;

The Shepherd is seek-ing the lost, a - stray Far from the shel-t'ring fold.
To res - cue His sheep that had gone a - stray, Far from the fold of God.
But bright-ly a light that will ne'er grow dim, Shines from the heav'nly fold.

O - ver the mountains thro' des - erts wild, Thro' tor-rents that rush and roar.
Lone-ly He traversed the des - ert wild, Seek-ing the lost to save;
Shel-ter and com-fort and rest are there— Rest in a home of love;

He car-ries it gen - tly with lov - ing arms, Back to the fold once more.
To ran-som the world from the pow'r of sin, Tru - ly His life He gave.
The Sav-iour is wait-ing to wel-come you In - to the fold a - bove.

Refrain.

O wan - -d'rer, come home,.... O come and no lon - ger roam;
O wan-d'rer, come home,

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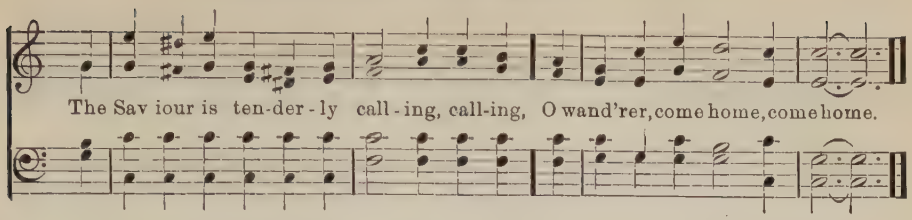
O Wanderer, come Home.—Concluded.



99 When Thou Wakest.

G. M Taylor. Mrs. Lewis S. Chafer.

1. When thou wak-est in the morn-ing, Ere thou tread the un-tried way,
2. In the calm of sweet com-mun-ion, Let thy dai-ly work be done;
3. And if wea-ri-ness creep o'er thee As the day wears to its close,

Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com-ing bu-sy day.
In the peace of soul out-pour-ing, Care be ban-ished, pa-tience won.
Or if sud-den, fierce temp-ta-tion Bring thee face to face with foes;

Wheth-er sun-beams promise brightness, Wheth-er dim for-bodings fall.
And if earth, with its enchantments, Seek thy spir-it to en-thrall,
In thy weak-ness, in thy per-il, Raise to heav'n a truth-ful call,

Be thy dawn-ing glad or gloom-y, Go to Je-sus, tell Him all.
Ere thou list-en, ere thou an-swer, Go to Je-sus, tell Him all.
Strength and calm for ev-ery cri-sis, Come, in tell-ing Je-sus all.

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Never Give Up.

Fanny J. Crosby. I. Allan Sankey.

1. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be-lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;

Grace, for the du-ties be-fore thee, Ask of thy God and re-ceive.
Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.

Chorus

Nev - - er give up, ... Nev - - er give up, ...
Nev-er give up, nev-er give up, Nev-er give up, nev-er give up,

Nev-er give up to thy sor-rows, Je-sus will bid them de-part;

Trust..... in the Lord, ... Trust..... in the
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

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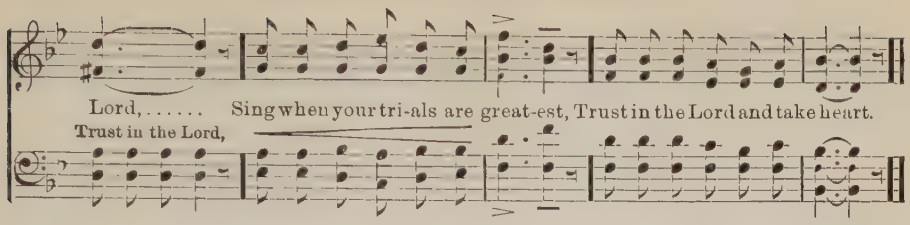
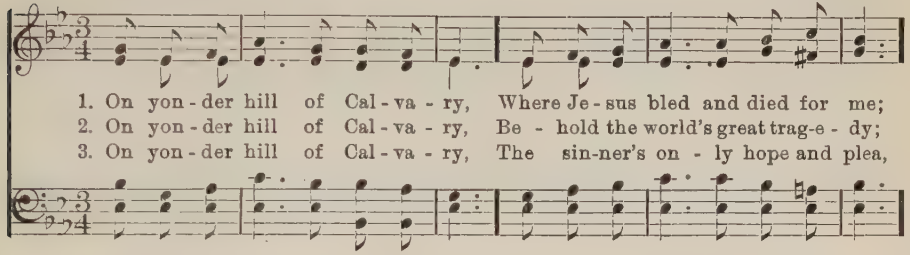
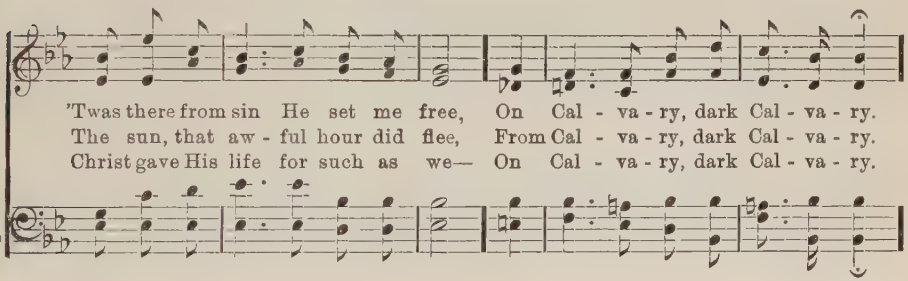


101 On Yonder Hill of Calvary.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS, arr. H. P. DANKS.





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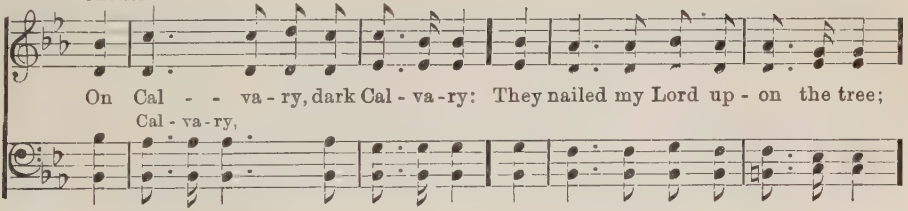

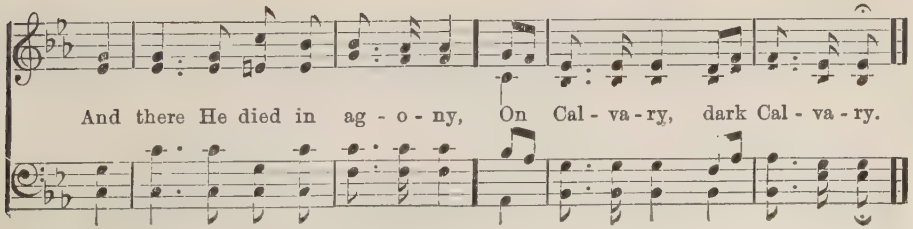

There's Room for All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Res - cue the souls that per - ish, Seek for the lost that stray; Pa - tient - ly
2. Out of the vale of sor - row,—Out of the star-less night, In - to the
3. Go with a lov - ing spir - it— Go in the Mas-ter's name; Life and a

guide their footsteps In - to the nar-row way; O - ver them kind-ly bend-ing,
gold - en sun-shine, Peaceful, and pure, and bright; Gath-er them now to Je - sus—
full sal - va - tion Now to the world pro-claim; Haste while the day-beams linger—

Whis-per the Sav-iour's call;
Whis-per a - gain the call,
Haste ere the shad-ows fall,
} Tell them the feast is read - y— Tell them there's

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REFRAIN.

room for all. Room..... for all, Room..... for
Room, there's room for all, for all, Room, there's room for

all; Tell them the feast is read - y— Tell them there's room for all.
all, for all;

Is it Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it noth-ing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this world of woe,.. That He suf-fered and bled, and.. rose from the dead,
2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el.... death's dark vale,.. Where Jor-dan's waves the.. path-way.. laves,
3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day, In the heav-en-ly land so fair,.. You may join.. the song that the ran-somed throng

REFRAIN.

That e-ter-nal life you might know?
And... all but Christ doth.. fail?
Are for-ev-er sing-ing... there?
} Is it noth-ing to you that grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it nothing to you?

Rit.

Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

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When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

1 When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2 On that bright and cloudless morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3 Let me la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
Let me talk of all His won - drous love and care, Then, when

saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and my work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
} When the roll..... is called up
When the roll is called up

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When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.

yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

roll. ..... is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

105 Light after Darkness.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 Light aft-er dark-ness, Gain aft-er loss, Strength after weakness, Crown aft-er cross;
2 Sheaves after sow-ing, Sun aft-er rain, Sight aft-er mys-tery, Peace aft-er pain;
3 Near aft-er dis-tant, Gleam after gloom, Love aft-er loneliness, Life aft-er tomb;

Sweet after bit - ter, Hope aft-er fears, Home aft-er wandering, Praise af-ter tears.
Joy aft-er sor - row, Calm aft-er blast, Rest aft-er weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Aft-er long ag-o-ny Rap-ture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

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There is Joy in My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. I will not be wea - ry, tho' tri - als may come, And trou-bles be - fore me I see,.... But count them as noth-ing cam-pared with the love
2. I can- not be wea - ry when He is my rest; What-e'er my tempt- a - tions may be,..... I'll trust in His prom-ise be - cause He has said:
3. There's joy that no language or thought can ex - press, It comes from His pres-ence di - vine;... And when in His likeness at last I a - wake,

CHORUS.

Of Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to me.....
"My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."..
Its full-ness I know will be mine!..
I'll sing of His love, of His won - der - ful love, Tho' bil - lows like mountains may roll;... I fear not the tem-pest, I dread not the storm, For O, there is joy in my soul.

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A Homeless Stranger.

ANON. MAY WHITTLE MOODY

1. A home - less Stranger a - mongst us came, To this land.. of
2. And then from this sad... and sor - row - ful land, This... land.. of
3. And I must a - bide.. where He.... a - bode, And... fol - low His

sin.... and mourning; He.. walked in a path of.. sor - row and shame,
tears He de - part - ed; But the light of His eyes, and the touch of His hand
steps.. for - ev - er; His.. peo - ple, my peo - ple; His God, my God,

Thro' in - sult, and hate, and scorn - ing: A.... Man of sor-rows, of
Had left... me bro - ken - heart - ed: And I clave to Him as He
In the land.. be - yond the riv - er: And.. where He died would I

toils, of tears, An out - cast.. man and lone - ly, But He looked on
turn'd His face From the land that was mine no lon - ger, The.. land I'd
al - so die;.. Far dear - er a grave be - side Him Than a king - ly

me, and thro' end - less years,..... Him must I serve, Him on - ly.
loved in the gold - en days, ere I knew the love that was stron - ger.
crown a - mong liv - ing men,... The place that they de - nied Him.

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Eye hath Not Seen.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1 They tell me of a land so fair, Un - seen by mor - tal eyes,
2 They tell me of a land so fair, Where all is light and song,
3 No ra - diant beams from sun or moon A - dorn that land so fair,
4 O land of light and love and joy, Where comes no night of care,

Where spring in fade-less beau - ty blooms, Be - neath un - cloud - ed skies.
Where an - gel choirs their an-thems join With yon - der blood-washed throng.
For He who sits up - on the throne Shines forth re - splen - dent there.
What will our song of tri-umph be When we shall en - ter there!

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Refrain.

"Eye..... hath not seen,..... ear..... hath not
"Eye hath not seen, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

heard,..... Nei - ther hath it en - tered in - to the
ear hath not heard, Nei - ther hath en - tered, en - tered in - to the

heart.... of man,..... The things..... which
heart, the heart of man, of man, The things, the things which

Eye hath Not Seen.—Concluded.

God..... hath pre - pared for them,..... pre -
God hath pre - pared, which God hath pre - pared for them, for them, pre -

pared for them..... that love.. ..... Him."...
pared, pre - pared for them, for them that love Him,..... that love Him."

that love Him, that love Him."....

109 When shall We Meet Again.

A. A. Watts & S. F. Smith. H. P. Danks.

p Andante.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon shall peace

wreathe her chain, Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose,
friend - ship glow Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill,
wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts will then re - pose

Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er — no, nev - er!
Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill Nev - er — no, nev - er!
Se - cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev - er — no, nev - er!

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The Story that Never Grows Old.

JAMES M. GRAY, D.D. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry of
2. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the
3. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the
4. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the

One whom the proph - ets fore - told; The Horn of sal - va - tion, the
an - gel at Beth - le - hem told; The Babe in the man - ger, of
Gos - pels re - peat man - i - fold; The love and com - pas - sion in
a - ges to come will un - fold; The kind - ness of God in re -

Scep - tre and Star, The Light in the dark - ness they saw from a - far.
low - li - est birth, The high - est arch - an - gel ex - cel - ling in worth.
Je - sus we trace, The pow - er and pa - tience, the glo - ry and grace.
deeming the lost, The death of our Sav - iour in pay - ing the cost.

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CHORUS.

It nev - er grows old, It nev - er grows old,

The sto - ry of Je - sus Will nev - er grow old!

"We Can Do It, If We Will."

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. Broth-ers, by the Spir-it band-ed, O'er the earth of Christ to tell,
2. 'Round the world the lost are plead-ing For the light from Zi-on's hill;
3. By the grace of God that sought us, By the Spir-it, here, to dwell,
4. All to Christ most free-ly giv-ing, Self-de-nied, that He may fill;

By the Son of God com-mand-ed, "We can do it, if we will."
We can give what they are need-ing, "We can do it, if we will."
By the precious blood that bought us, "We can do it, if we will."
In the Ho-ly Spir-it liv-ing, "We can do it, if we will."

Chorus.—*With Spirit.*

"We can do it, if we will, We can do it, if we will,"

Cres.

O'er the earth make proc-la-ma-tion Of our Christ and His sal-va-tion.

Send the light to ev-ery na-tion; "We can do it, if we will."

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By Grace are Ye Saved.

Fanny J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. 'Tis not by works that we have done, Our souls re - deem'd shall be;
2. 'Tis not by works that we can do, Our right-eous - ness is vain;
3. 'Tis not by works of ours, that we Can know our sins for - giv'n;
4. 'Tis not our works, but Christ's a - lone, Then rest thy anx - ious soul;

But by the blood of God's dear Son, Who died on Cal - va - ry.
But by what Christ Himself hath done, E - ter - nal life we gain.
But by the liv - ing word of Him Who pleads for us in heav'n.
For safe thou art on Him thy Rock While end - less a - ges roll.

Chorus.

By Grace are ye saved, By Grace are ye saved thro' faith,
are ye saved, by.... Grace are ye saved,

And that..... not of your - selves,.... It is the gift of God.
and that your-selves,

By Grace are ye saved, By Grace are ye saved thro' faith,
are ye saved, by.... Grace are ye saved,

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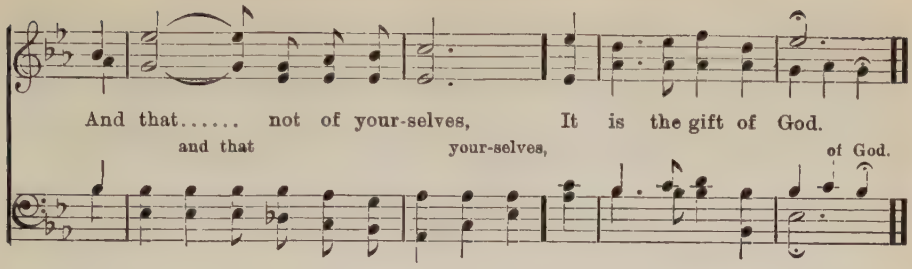
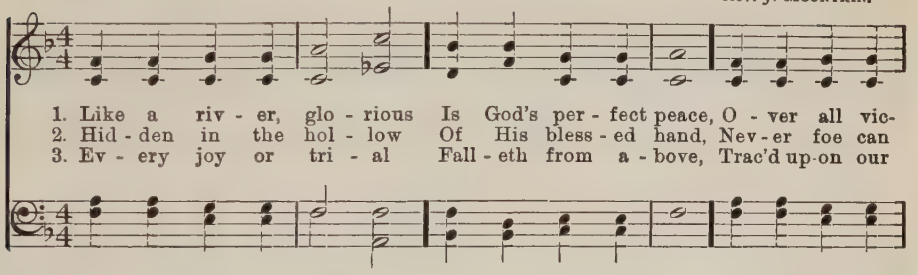
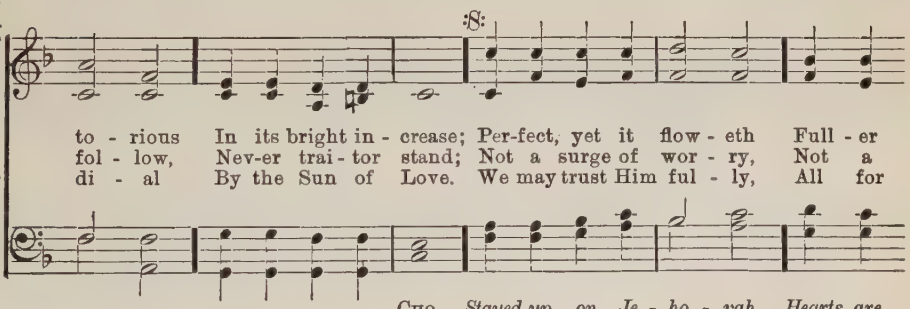
By Grace are Ye Saved.—Concluded.



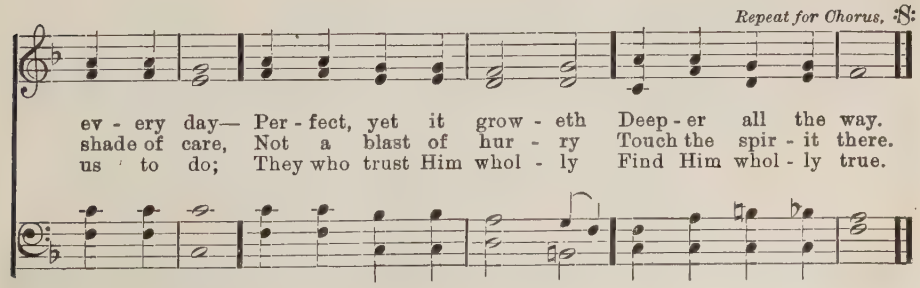
113 Like a River, Glorious.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.





CHO.—*Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are*



ful - ly blest; Find - ing as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

From "Keswick Hymn Book." Used by per.

Lead me, O my Saviour.

Fanny J. Crosby. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Clos - er would I cling to Thee,
2. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Keep my heart from ev - ery snare;
3. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Till at last, my jour - ney o'er,

Ere the shad-ows gath-er round me And my way I can - not see.
Fierce tempta-tions oft as - sail me And I need Thy con-stant care.
I shall see, a - dore and praise Thee With the ransomed ev - er - more.

Chorus.

Lead me, lead me, Grant Thy strength and grace di-
Lead me, O my Sav - iour, lead me, O my Sav - iour, Grant, O grant Thy

vine;..... Let my thoughts on Thee be
strength and grace di - vine; Let my thoughts on

cen - tered And my will be lost in Thine.....
Thee be cen - tered lost in Thine.

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The Homeland!

Rev. R. H. Haweis. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1 The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free - born! There's no night
2 My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's no sin
3 My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where nei-ther

in the Home-land, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for the Home-land,
in the Home-land, And no temp-ta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Home-land,
death nor sor - row In - vades their ho-ly home; O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try!

My heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm
Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are
O rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re -

draw-ing near; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
filled with tears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears.
deem-ing love; Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re - deem-ing love!

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Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O gold-en day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall un - fold,
2. Life's upward way, a nar - row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling - place,
3. I dim - ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guid-eth me.

pp

When He who knows the path I take, Shall ope for me the gates of gold.
Where, safe from sin, and storm and wrath, They live who trust redeem-ing grace.
I fol - low Him, that wondrous Friend Whose matchless love is full and free.

rall.

Earth's lit-tle while will soon be past, My pil - grim song will soon be o'er,
Sing, sing, my heart a - long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide,
And when with Him I en - ter in, And all the way look back to trace,

a tempo.

The grace that saves, shall time out - last, And be my theme on yon - der shore.
Till breaks the glo - rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon - der side.
The conqueror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ, and His redeeming grace.

CHORUS.

Then I shall know, as I am known, And stand com-plete be - fore the throne;

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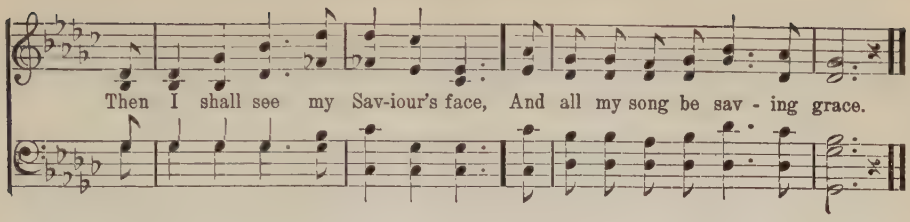
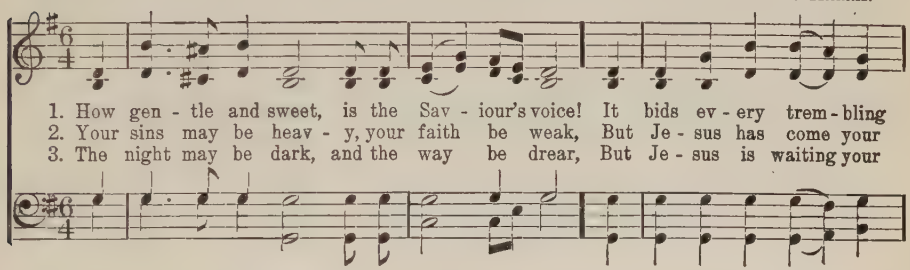
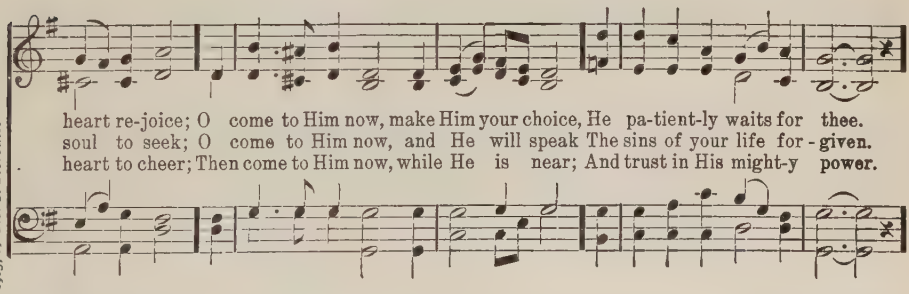


117 Come to Him Now.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.





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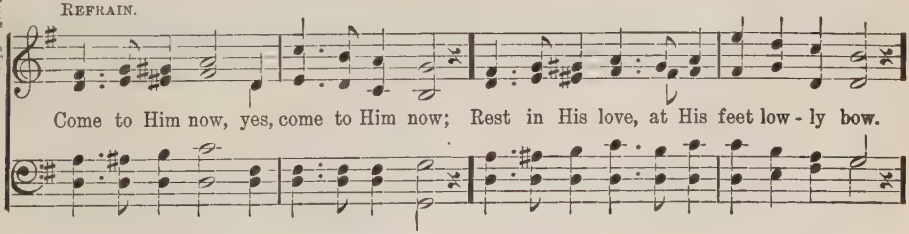

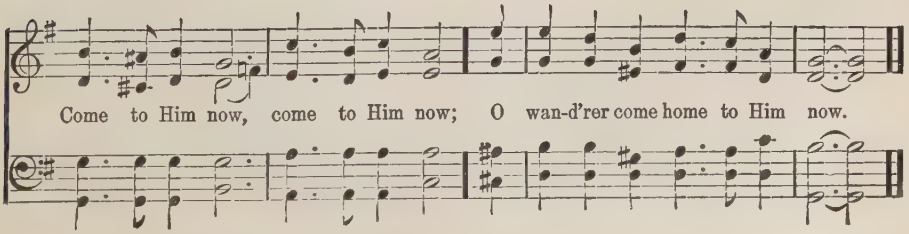

The Bird with a Broken Wing.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. F. M. LAMB.

1. I.... walked thro' the woodland mead-ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing;
2. I.... found a young life bro - ken By.... sin's se - ductive art;
3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Kept an-oth - er from the snare;
4. But the soul.. that comes to Je - sus Is.... saved from ev-ery sin,

And.. found on a bed of moss - es, A.... bird with a bro - ken wing.
And.. touched with a Christ-like pit - y I.... took him to my heart.
And the life that sin hath strick-en Raised an - oth - er from de - spair.
And the heart that ful - ly trusts Him Shall a crown of glo - ry win;

I heal - ed its wound, and each morning It... sang its old sweet strain;
He lived with a no - ble pur - pose, And strug - gled not in vain;
Each loss has its com - pen - sa - tion, There is healing for ev - ery pain;
Then come to the dear Re - deem - er, He'll cleanse you from ev-ery stain;

But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin hath strick-en Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soars as high a - gain.
By His won - der - ful love and mer - cy You shall sure - ly rise a - gain.

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4th verse by P. P. BILHORN.

I am the Vine.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. Much of my life, Lord, seems to me A striv-ing to be good and not re-
2. "Light from a-bove first dawned on thee When see-ing My com-plet-ed work on
3. "Have I not pow'r thy soul to keep? The Shepherd true is ev-er near to

al-i-ty;... My heart is burdened, Lord, re-veal, I pray, If
Cal-va-ry;... No oth-er light can now thy path-way guide, From
guard His sheep; For I,... the Christ, am truth and life and way, A-

Refrain.

there is not for me some bet-ter way.
hour to hour, My child, in Me a-bide!"
bide in Me for grace from day to day."
"I am the vine, ye are the

branch-es;.... He that a-bid-eth in Me and I in him The
branch-es, branches;

same bring-eth forth much fruit, For with-out Me ye can do noth-ing."

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A Little While.

George Paulin. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A lit - tle while, and we shall be Where sin shall nev - er dwell;
2. A lit - tle while, and we shall stand A - mid the blood-wash'd throng;
3. A lit - tle while, and we shall meet The loved ones gone be - fore;
4. A lit - tle while, and we shall hear The Sav - iour's whisper, "Come;"

A lit - tle while, and we shall live Where songs of tri-umph swell.
A lit - tle while, and we shall sing The ev - er - last - ing song.
And we shall clasp their hands a - gain On yon - der ra-diant shore.
And we shall ev - er dwell with Him In our e - ter - nal home.

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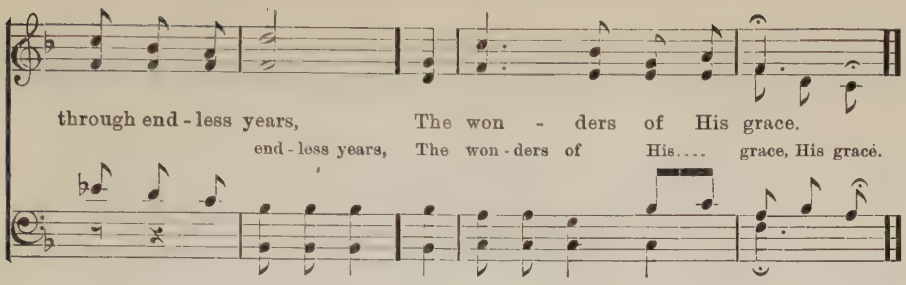
Chorus.

A lit - tle while, and we shall see Our
lit - tle while, we shall see, Shall

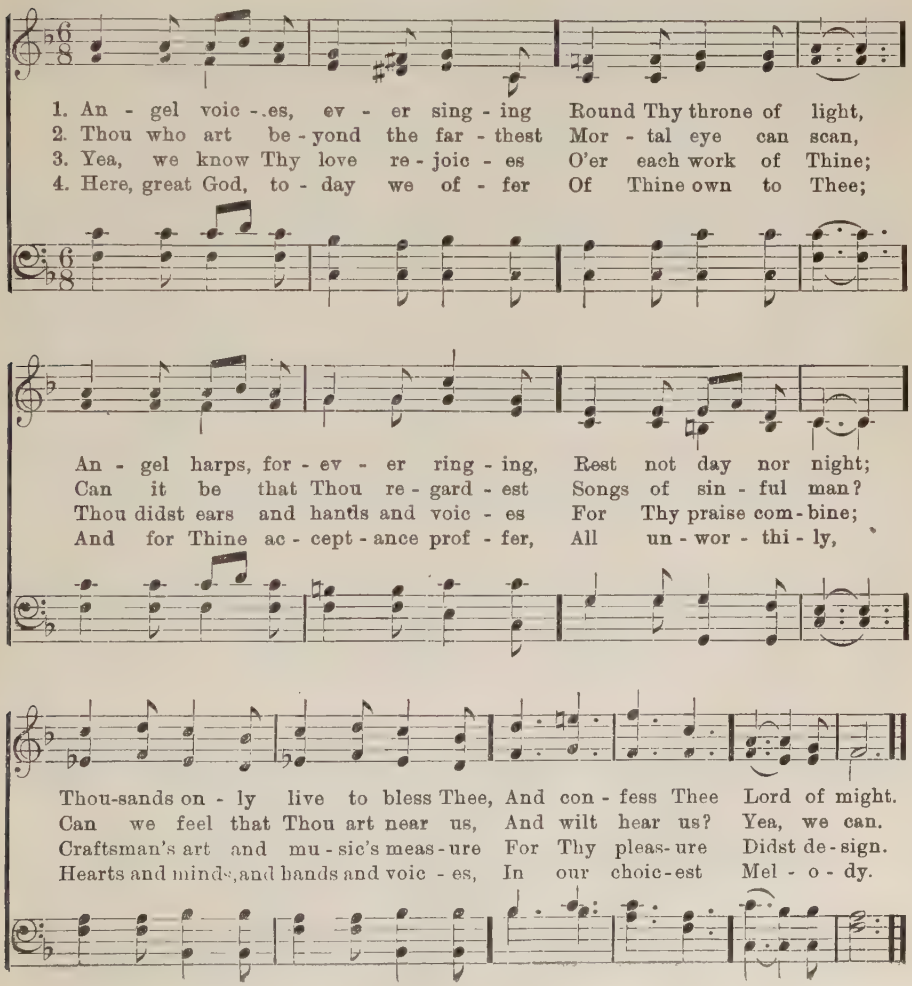
Sav - - iour, face to face, And we shall sing
see our Sav - iour, face to face, to face, we shall sing

A Little While.—Concluded.



121 Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

Rev. Francis Pott. Sir Arthur Sullivan.



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR. J. B. DYKES.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He hath made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my your - ney's done.

I am Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I am re - deemed, O praise the Lord; My soul, from bond-age free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Calvary's Cross A heal - ing fountain streamed;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His might - y pow'r,
4. All glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mor - tal ev - er dreamed,

Has found at last a rest - ing place In Him who died for me.
It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am re - deemed.
The blood that washed my sins a - way Still cleans-eth ev - ery hour.
For on my heart the Spir - it seals His pledge of love di - vine.
I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed."

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed, ... I am re - deemed, ... I'll sing it o'er and
I am redeemed, I am redeemed,

o'er; I am re - deemed, ... O praise the Lord; Redeemed for ev-er - more.
I am redeemed,

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Trust in the Lord.

Ida L. Reed. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Bless - ed is he that is trust - ing the Lord, For the help that he
2. Bless - ed is he that is trust - ing the Lord, Who doth fol - low the
3. Bless - ed is he whom the Fa - ther will aid, And the Sav - iour will
4. Bless - ed is he who will keep in the way That will up - ward and

dai - ly needs; He shall in - her - it the prom - ised re - ward; If he
heav'nly way— Keep-ing with pa-tience and hope in the path, All his
e'er be-friend; He shall not fear, and shall not be dis-mayed, For the
on - ward lead; Walk-ing by faith in His love ev - ery day, Who sup -

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Refrain.

fol - low where Je - sus leads.
steps shall He guard each day.
Lord will his soul de - fend.
pli - eth his dai - ly need.

Trust in the Lord with
Trust in the Lord, O..... trust in the Lord

all thine heart, And in all thy ways ac-knowl-edge
all thine heart, with all thine heart, ac - .

Trust in the Lord.—Concluded.

D.S.

Him, And He shall di-rect thy paths,
knowl-edge Him, di-rect thy paths,

2

All thy ways ac-knowl-edge Him, And He shall di-rect thy paths.
ac - - knowl-edge Him,

125 God of Eternity.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. God of e-ter-ni-ty, Sav-iour and King, Help us to
2. God of e-ter-ni-ty, An-cient of Days, Glo-rious in
3. God of e-ter-ni-ty, Love is Thy name, God of the

hon-or Thee, Help while we sing; Now may the clouds of night
maj-es-ty, Au-thor of Praise; Hear Thou our ear-nest call,
earth and sea, Thee we pro-claim; Love, thro' Thine on-ly Son,

Break in-to splendor bright, Je-sus, our life and light, Our Lord and King!
While at Thy feet we fall, Je-sus, our all in all, Our Lord and King!
Thy work of grace hath done; O bless-ed Three in One, Our Lord and King!

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126 The Story of Jesus can Never Grow Old.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun-light is old, Tho' its new ev - ery
3. For... what can we tell to the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal -
4. So with sor - row we turn from the wise of this world, To the wan - der - ers

preach something new; They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,
morn all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light,
va - tion from sin? And how can we com - fort the souls that de - part,
far from the fold; With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song,

Refrain.

For the wise of this world will not do.
Kindling far a - way stars by its flame.
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.

It can nev - er grow old, It can nev-er grow old, Tho' a mill-ion times o-ver the sto- ry is told; While sin lives un-

rit.

vanquished, And death rules the world, The sto - ry of Je - sus can nev-er grow old.

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Shining for Jesus.

Lilla M. Alexander. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing so clear and so bright,
2. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing in deed and in word?
3. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing for truth and for right,
4. Oh! shine out for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shine where He needs you the most;
5. Shine on - ly and al - ways for Je - sus, Then, when your toil-ing is o'er,

That the souls that are perishing round you May be guided to Him by your light?
Is your life, by its pu - ri - ty, show - ing The likeness of Je-sus your Lord?
Where bold un-be-lief and its min - ions Are pos-ing as an-gels of light?
And shine where the darkness hangs deepest O'er the path of the straying and lost.
In mansions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, You shall shine as the stars ev-er-more.

Chorus.

Shin - ing for Je - sus, Are you shining to - day? Shin - ing for
Shin-ing, shin - ing, Shin-ing, shin-ing,

Je - sus, Shin-ing all the way; Shin - ing for Je - sus In this
Shin - ing, shin-ing,

world of care; Shin - ing for Je - sus, Shin-ing ev - ery - where.
Shin-ing, shin-ing,

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The Bright Forever.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Break-ing thro' the clouds that gath - er O'er the Chris-tian's na - tal skies,
2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our jour-ney's end;
3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - bro - ken rest!

Dis - tant beams like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad sur - prise;
Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor, Ere the eve - ning shades de - scend;
In the gold - en fields of pleas - ure, In the re - gion of the blest;

And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
Then we'll lay us down to slum-ber, But the night will soon be o'er;
But, to see our dear Re - deem-er, And be - fore His throne to fall,

In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the sum-mer - land of song.
In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
There to hear His gra - cious wel-come— Will be sweet-er far than all.

CHORUS.

On the banks be - yond the riv - er We shall meet, no more to sev - er;

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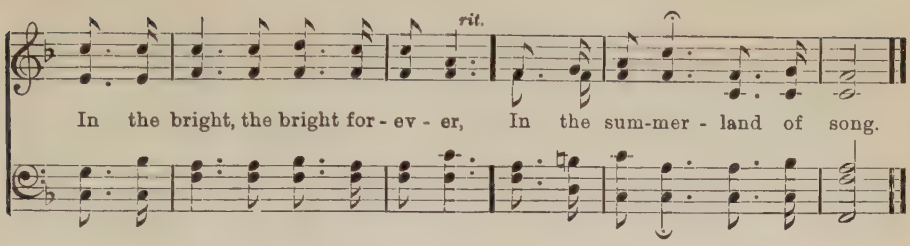
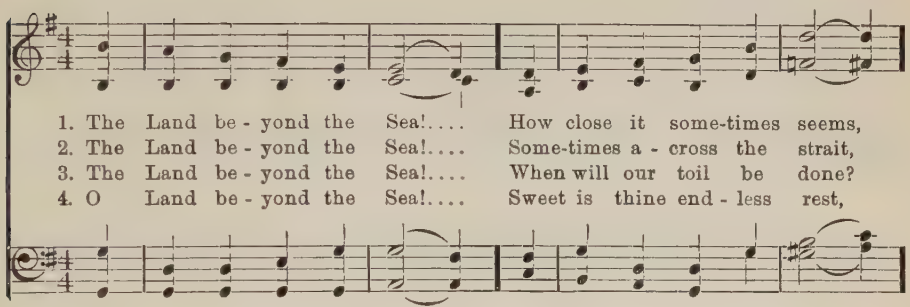
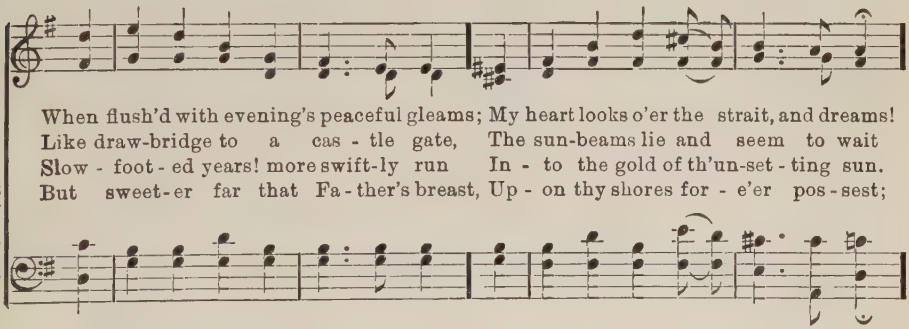
The Bright Forever.—Concluded.



129 The Land Beyond the Sea!

ANON. G. WARING STEBBINS.





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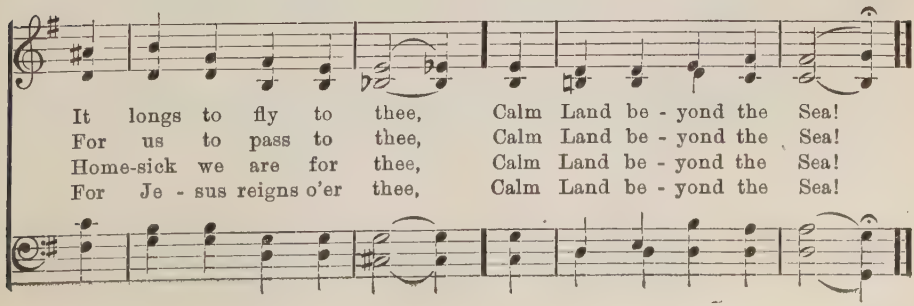

Soldiers of the King.

Maj. D. W. Whittle. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. We're sol - diers of the King, Re-deem'd and saved by blood, And now en - list - ed for the war, To fight for Christ the Lord, In per - il oft are we, But joy - ful - ly we sing, Our hearts made strong by Him who leads
2. We're sol - diers of the King, His Name we glad - ly bear, The Name once nail'd a - bove the Cross, When Christ, our King was there; We'll count our loss-es gain, And wel - come ev - ery sting, To hon - or our Lord Je - sus' Name,
3. We're sol - diers of the King, With Him we shall ap - pear, If we with Him shall suf - fer now, And His re - jec-tion share. Then lift His ban - ner high, For time is on the wing, The crown - ing day is hast - 'ning on,

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Chorus.

The sol - diers of the King.
As sol - diers of the King.
For sol - diers of the King.
} We're sol-diers of the King, His prais - es we will sing, And we will serve Him loy - al - ly, Our Great and Glorious King.

the King,

will sing,

There'll Be No Dark Valley.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 There'll be no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes, There'll be no dark
2 There'll be no more sor-row when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more
3 There'll be no more weep-ing when Je-sus comes, There'll be no more
4 There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je-sus comes, There'll be songs of

val-ley when Je-sus comes; There'll be no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes
sor-row when Je-sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when Je-sus comes
weeping when Je-sus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when Je-sus comes
greeting when Je-sus comes; And a joy-ful meet-ing when Je-sus comes

REFRAIN.

To gath-er His loved ones home. To gath-er His loved ones

home (safe home), To gath-er His loved ones home (safe home); There'll be

p *m*

no dark val-ley when Je-sus comes To gath-er His loved ones home.

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Blessed Jesus, Keep Me White.

P. P. B.

PETER P. BILHORN.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol - ly Thine;
2. I am safe with - in the fold, All my cares on Thee are rolled,
3. Pre-cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way,

Thou dost dwell with - in my heart, Make me clean in ev - ery part.
I en - joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean - ing on Thy breast.
Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - ery day my faith in - crease.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, ... Keep me
Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white,

walk - - - ing in the light, ... All I have ..... is
walk-ing, Keep me walk - ing in the light, All I have

whol - ly Thine, ... Bless - ed Je - - sus, Thou art mine.
is whol - ly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,

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I Will Sing of Thy Redemption.

FANNY J. CROSBY. VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. O Thou Rock of my sal - va - tion, Hope and ref - uge of my soul,
2. Thou who didst so kind-ly watch me, Ere my heart to Thee I gave,
3. Thou who art my staff and com - fort While this fleet - ing life shall last,

Thou wilt hide me when the tem - pest, And the storm - y bil - lows roll.
Thou whose love has paid my ran - som, Can I doubt Thy pow'r to save?
I will trust Thee for the fu - ture, And a - dore Thee for the past.

CHORUS.

I will sing..... of Thy re - demp - tion,.... And pro-
I will sing of Thy re-demp-tion,

claim..... the wondrous grace.. ..... That be - yond..... the vale and
And proclaim the wondrous grace That be-yond

shad - ow..... Has pre - pared..... for me a place.....
the vale and shadow Has prepared for me a place.

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Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
SOLO OR DUET.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2 Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3 Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4 Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heaven for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

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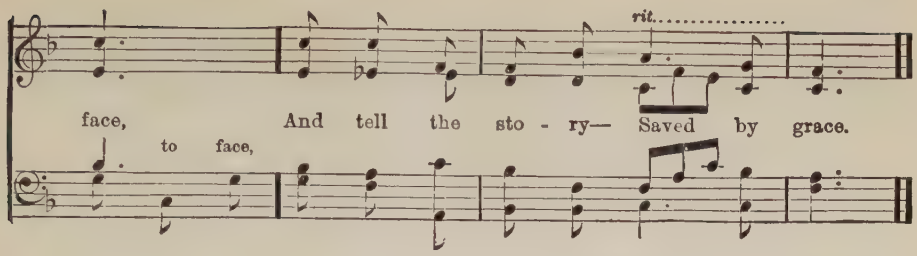
CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the

shall see to face,

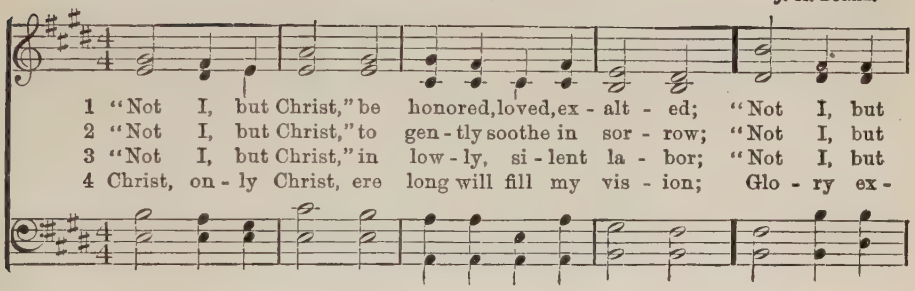
sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to

shall see



135 "Not I, but Christ."

A. A. F. J. H. Burke.



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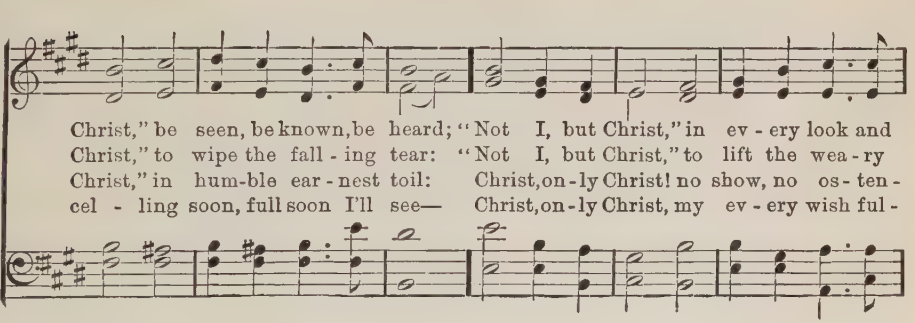

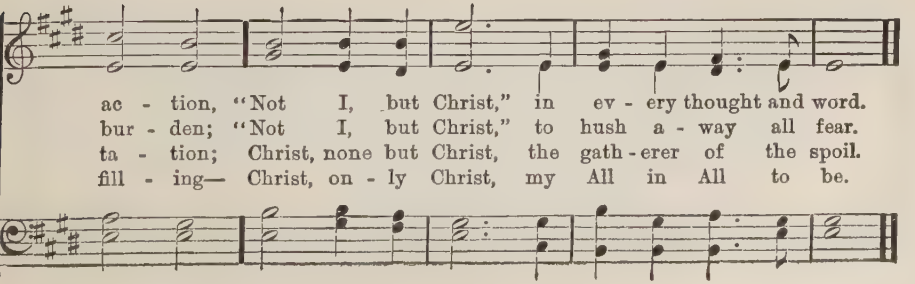

Be Still, my Heart.

Maj D. W. Whittle. Miss Mary Whittle.

1. Be still, my heart, thy Saviour knows full well The bur - den on thee laid;
2. No love but His can fill the va - cant place, And soothe the bit - ter pain:
3. And still He weeps with all His own who weep, Our great High-Priest a - bove;
4. O wel-come grief, if Christ be griev-ing too, And by my grief brought near;

And to thy side He comes, with love to heal The wound His love hath made.
No pow'r but His can send the need-ed grace, To count thy sor-rows gain:
And thro' their night of woe He still doth keep His si - lent watch of love.
And welcome pain, if He doth send the blow To make Him-self more dear.

Close by the sheep, in paths of dark-ness led, He walks, the Shepherd true;
No hand but His can wipe the fall - ing tear, For He on earth hath wept;
He feels each sigh, each throb of ach - ing head, And whis-pers soft and low,
He'll give me strength His path on earth to tread, And all my work to do;

"I will not leave you comfortless," He said, "I will come un - to you."
No voice but His can at the grave give cheer, For there He once hath slept.
"I will not leave you com-fort-less and sad," "I will come un - to you."
"I will not leave you comfortless," He said, "I will come un - to you."

Copyright, 1894, by Miss Mary Whittle.

Pilgrims of Night.

F. W. Faber. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come:" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee.
4. An - gels! sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag-ments of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shad-ows break in cloud-less love.

Refrain.

An-gels of Je - sus, An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night! Sing-ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!

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Forward, ye Soldiers of Jesus!

L. F. J. — Rev. Lyman F. Jackson.

1. We are sol - diers brave - ly bat-tling for the right; Christ, our might - y Cap - tain,
2. See our val - iant host now ral - ly 'round the cross, Cleans'd from sin and pu - ri -
3. When by grace the fight of faith is grand - ly won, And the shades of night pro -

leads us in the fight; We will win the day and put the foe to flight, For our
fied from earth-ly dross, Lift - ing high our ban - ner, ne'er to suf - fer loss; He who
claim that day is done, To that cit - y where they ne'er will need the sun, Christ will

Lead - er will fail us . . . nev - er. Je - sus leads us on a-gainst the hosts of sin;
died on the cross now be - holds us. For the love of Him who did our souls re-deem,
lead us in tri-umph su - per - nal. Then with shouts of joy we'll sing the vic-tor's song,

'Tis the fight of faith and by His grace we'll win; With a song of praise His
For the love of souls a - drift on sin's broad stream, We will shout-ing go, and
While the heav-'nly arch - es shall the strain pro-long, While the an - gels gaze up -

courts we'll en - ter in; There to dwell in His pres - ence for ev - er.
this shall be our theme—We must con - quer the wide world for Je - sus.
on the count-less throng, We will crown Him the King E - - ter - nal.

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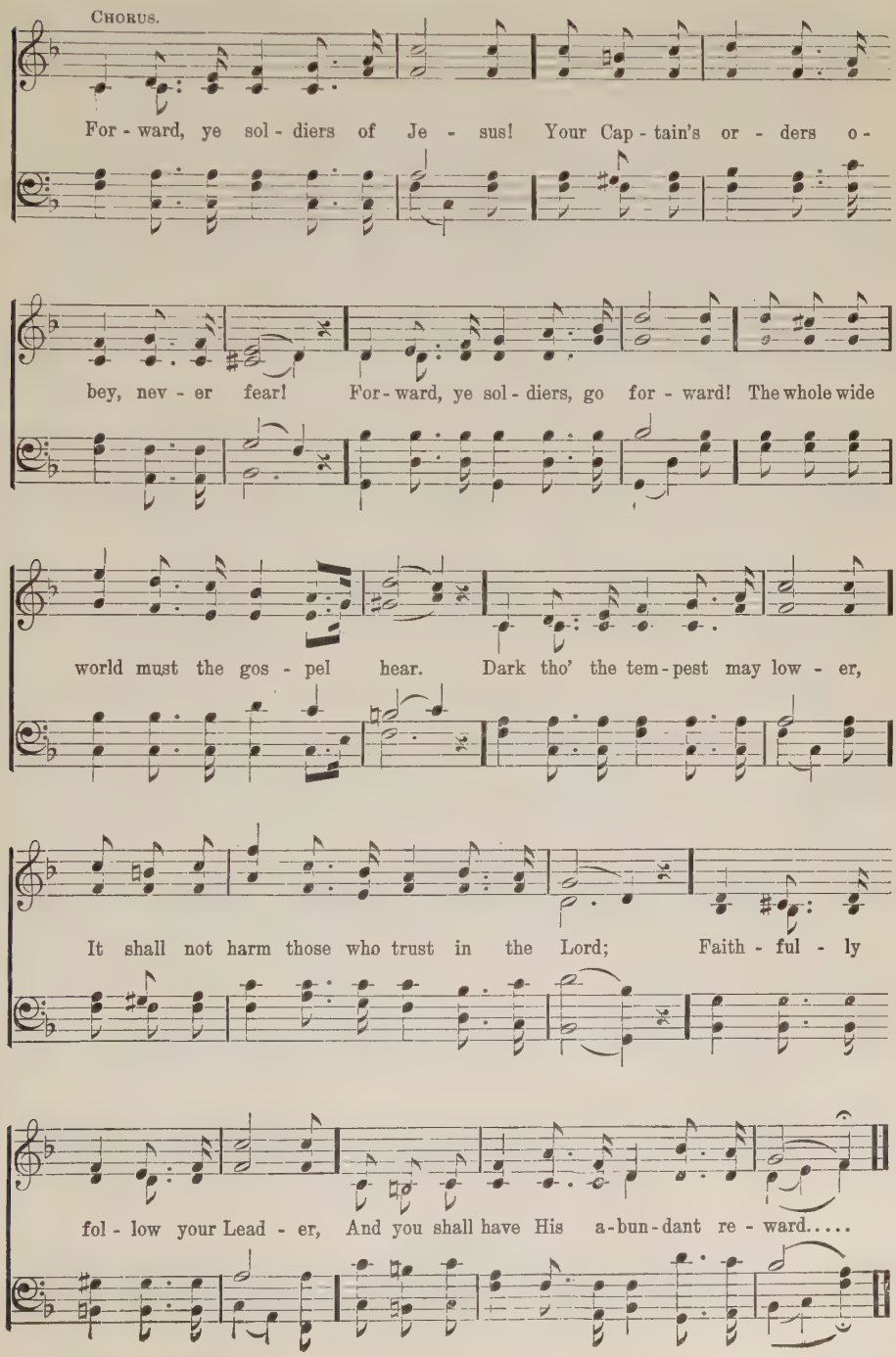
Forward, ye Soldiers of Jesus!—Concluded.



For You and Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. O Love di-vine, a - maz-ing Love! That brought to earth, from Heav'n a-bove,
2. For us the crown of thorns He bore; For us the robe of scorn He wore;
3. O wan-d'rer, come, on Him be-lieve, His of-fer'd grace by faith re-ceive;

The Son of God, for us to die, That we might dwell with Him on high.
He con-quer'd death, and rent the grave, And lives a - gain our souls to save.
A - wake, a - rise, and hear Him call, The feast is spread, there's room for all.

CHORUS.

He died for you,..... He died for me,..... And shed His
He died for you, He died for me,

blood..... to make us free;..... Up - on the
And shed His blood to make us free;

cross..... of Cal-va - ry,..... The Saviour died for you and me.
Up-on the cross of Cal-va-ry,

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In the Shadow of the Rock.

Ray Palmer, D.D. — Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest),
All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide (while I hide),

2. On the parch'd and des - ert way where I tread (where I tread),
Let me find a wel - come shade, cool and still (cool and still),

3. I in peace will rest me there till I see (till I see),
That the burn - ing heat is past, and the day (and the day),

When I feel the tem - pest's shock thrill my breast (thrill my breast),
And my tran - quil vig - il keep by Thy side (by Thy side).
With the scorch-ing noon - tide ray o'er my head (o'er my head),
And my wea - ry steps be stayed by Thy will (by Thy will).
That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me (o - ver me),
Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way (go his way).

Refrain.

Let me rest (let me rest), let me rest (let me rest), In the shadow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest); Let me rest (let me rest), let me rest (let me rest), In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest).

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Lend a Helping Hand.

Eben E. Rexford. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Lend a help-ing hand, my broth-er, To the wea-ry by the way,
2. Lend a help-ing hand, my broth-er, Some one needs your help each day,
3. In the march of life, my broth-er, Ma-ny fal-ter by the way,

Bow'd be-neath life's heav-y bur-dens 'Mid the toil and heat of day;
Al-ways some one need-ing com-fort You will find a-long the way.
Oft-en heart and cour-age fails them In the mo-ment of the fray.

Pass no com-rade by in si-lence, Cheerful words and smiles be-stow.
Al-ways hearts that hun-ger aft-er Words of love, and hope, and cheer—
Speak the word of cheer that's need-ed, Bid them ask God's help, and then,

Let them be as sun-shine scat-tered All a-long their path be-low.
Al-ways fac-es we may bright-en With the smile that dries the tear.
With a hand that's strong but gen-tle, Lift them to their feet a-gain.

Chorus.

Lend a help-ing hand, my broth-er, This shall have its own re-ward,

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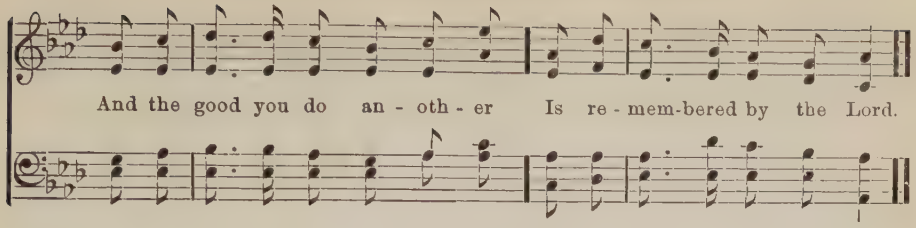
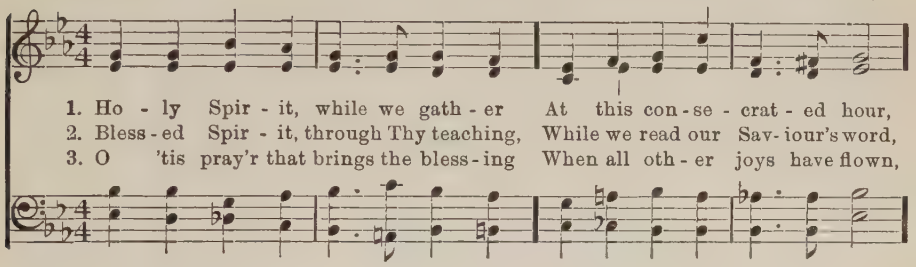
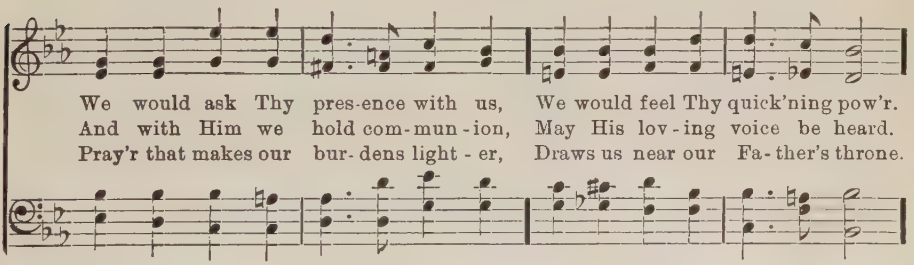


142 Holy Spirit.

Fanny J. Crosby. Victor H. Benke.





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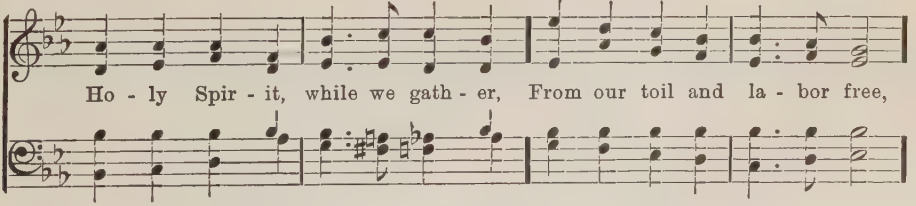
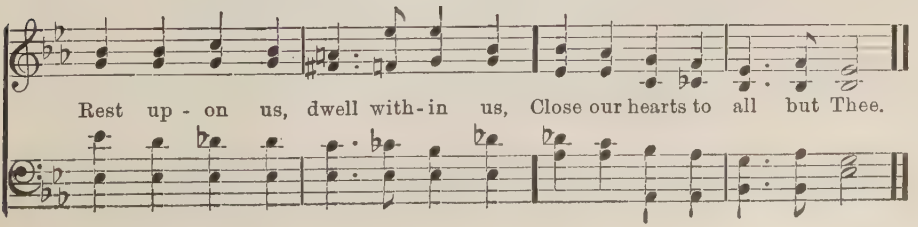
Chorus.





God is Love.

JOHN BOWRING. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. God..... is love;..... His mer - - cy bright - ens
2. Chance..... and change..... are bus - - y ev - er;
3. E'en ..... the hour..... that dark - - est seem - eth

1. God is love; yes, God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens, mer-cy bright-ens
2. Chance and change; yes, chance and change are bus-y ev - er, bus-y ev - er;
3. E'en the hour; yes, e'en the hour that dark-est seem - eth, dark-est seem - eth

All..... the path..... in which..... we rove;.....
Man ..... de - cays..... and a - - ges move;.....
Will ..... His change - - less good - - ness prove;.....

All the path; yes, all the path in which we rove, in which we rove;
Man de - cays; yes, man de - cays, and a - ges move, and a - ges move;
Will His changeless, will His change-less good-ness prove, His good-ness prove,

Bliss .... He wakes..... and woe..... He light - ens;
But..... His mer - - cy wan - - eth nev - er:
From ..... the gloom..... His bright - - ness stream - eth,

Bliss He wakes; yes, bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens, woe He light-ens;
But His mer - cy, but His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er, wan-eth nev - er:
From the gloom; yes, from the gloom His brightness streameth, brightness streameth;

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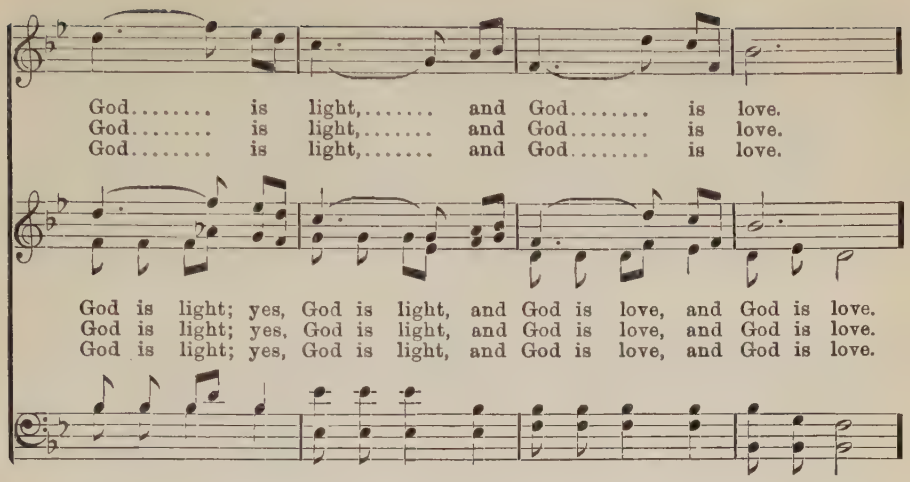
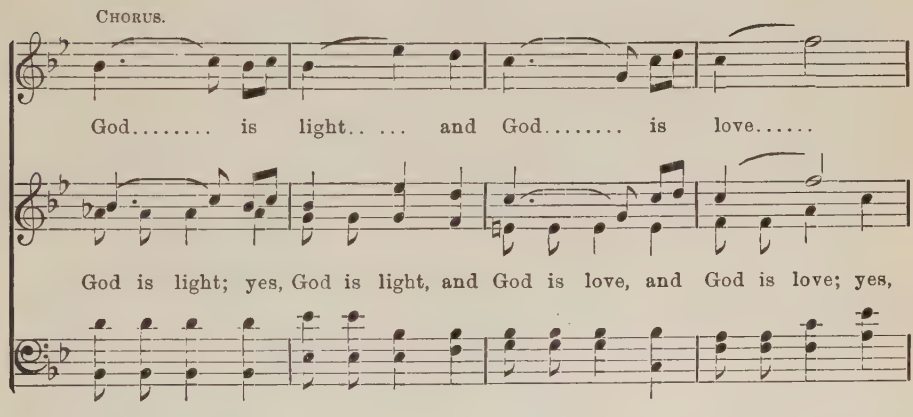
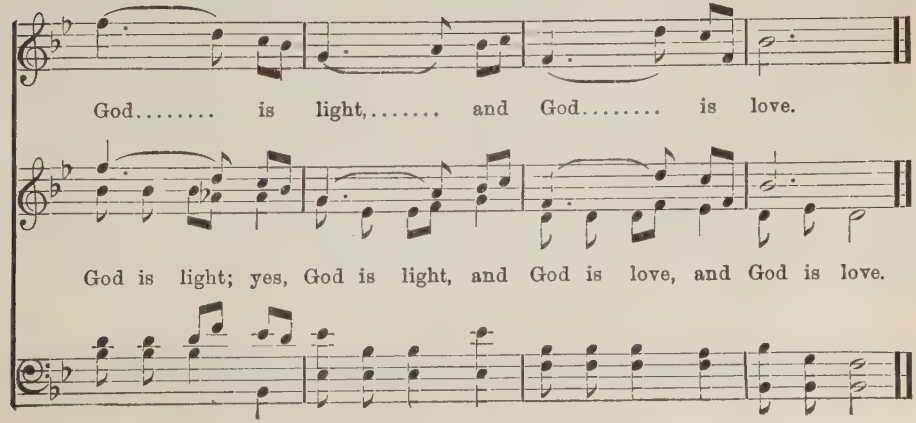
God is Love.—Concluded.







Bring Them In.

FRANCES HOPE. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Christians, wake, no lon - ger sleep: Shall we rest while oth - ers weep?
2. Do we love the Sav - iour's name? Can our faith His prom - ise claim?
3. Do we trust Him as we ought? Do we live as He has taught?
4. There's a cross that we must bear If the crown we hope to wear:

Shall we sit with fold - ed hands, When the Lord Him-self com-mands?
Have we pledged to Him our all? Shall we not o - bey His call?
Are we His, and His a - lone? Let our faith by works be shown.
On - ward then, with vig - or new; Time is short, the days are few.

CHORUS.

Go and work!..... this hour be - gin;.....
Go and work! this hour be - gin;

Go and seek..... the lost to win;.....
Go and seek the lost to win;

From the dark..... a - bodes of sin,.....
From the dark a - bodes of sin,

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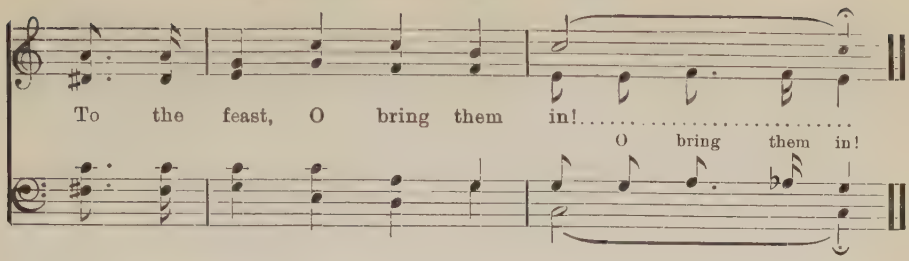
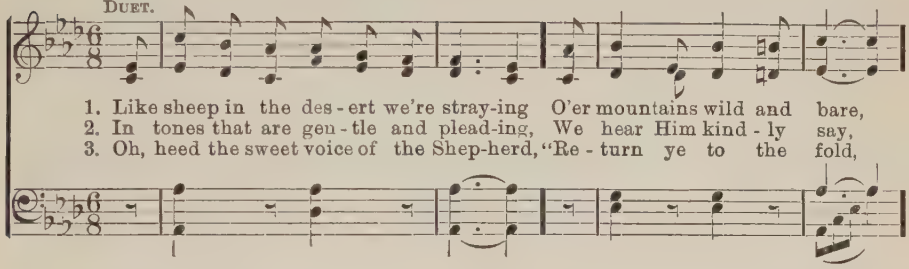
Bring Them In.—Concluded.

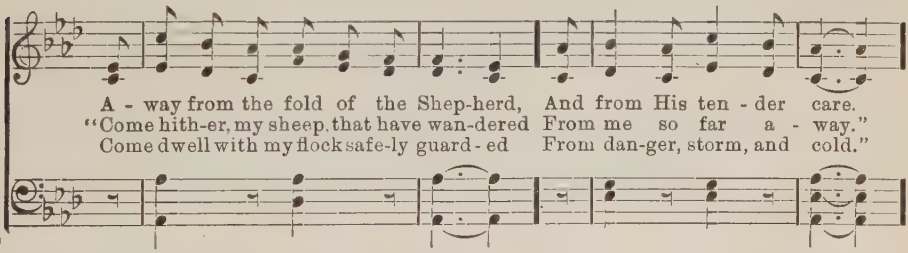


145 The Shepherd's Cry.

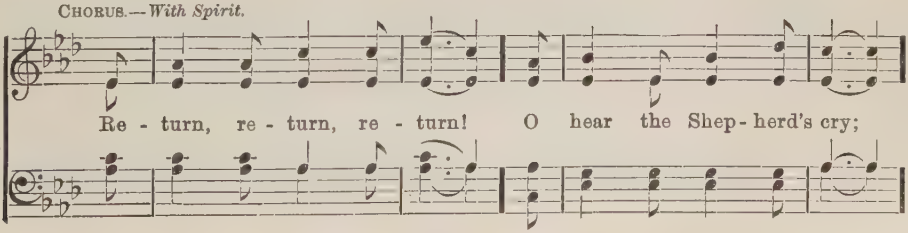
W. A. Ogden. Geo. C. Hugg.

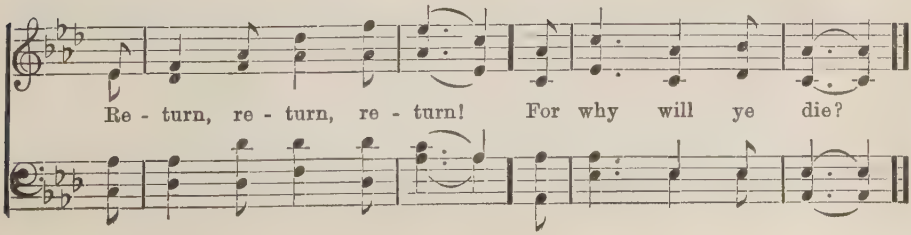
Duet.





Chorus.—*With Spirit.*





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There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. Faber. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful Re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

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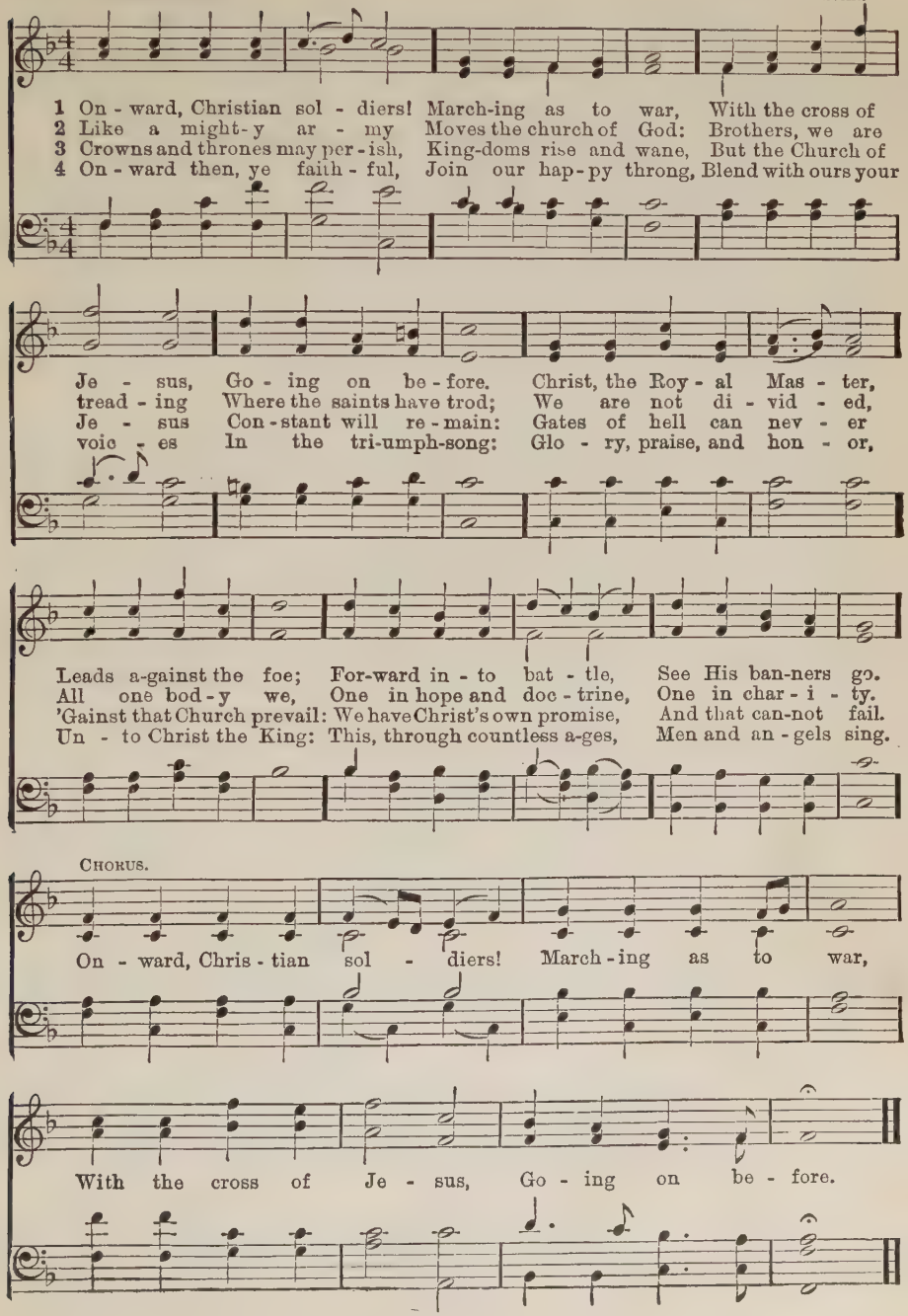
Refrain.

There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

Rev. Francis H. Rowley. Peter Bilhorn.

1 I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
2 I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3 I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4 Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5 He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears pos-sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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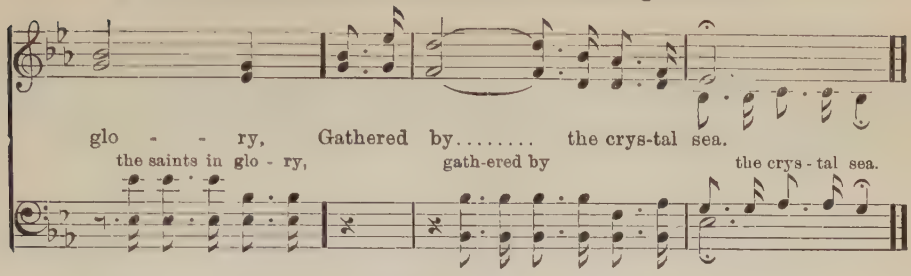
Chorus.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry

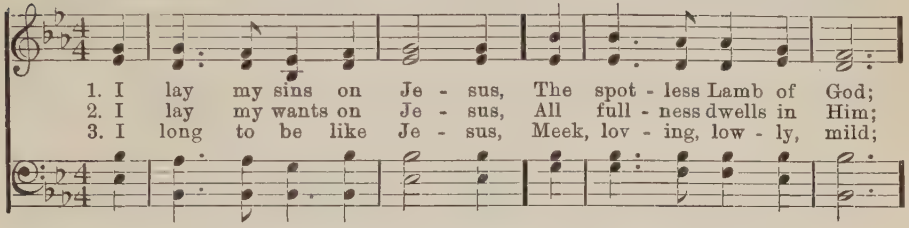
Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

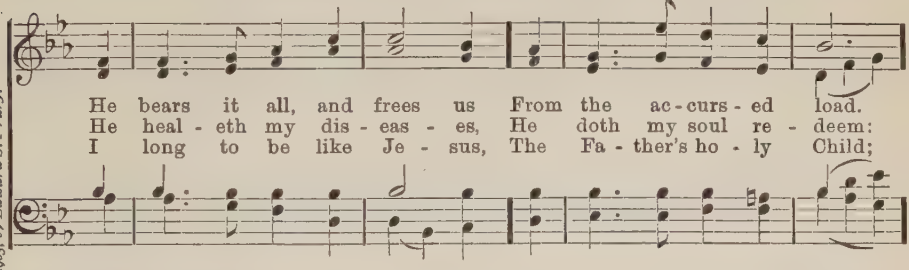
I will Sing the Wondrous Story.—Concluded.



149 I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR. EDWARD S. FRARY.





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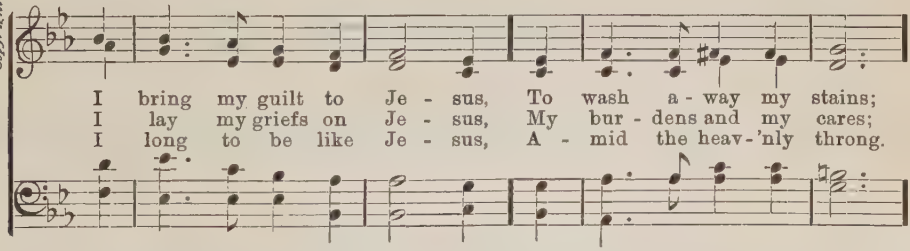

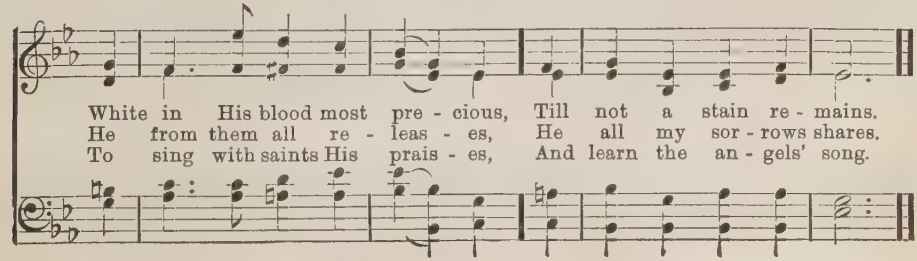

True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
2 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence-
3 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great

lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -
forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and
pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -

alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
lov - ing o - be-dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren-dered and whol - ly Thine own.

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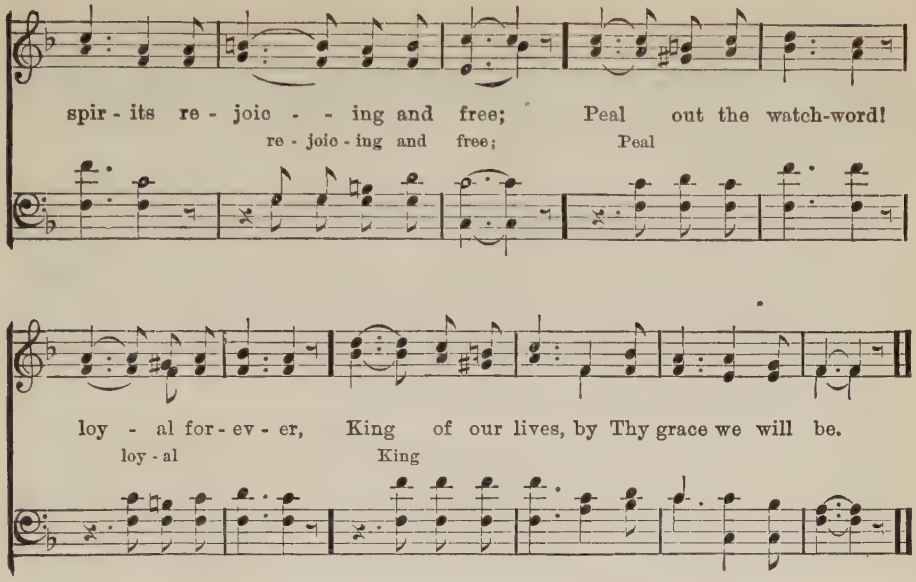
CHORUS.

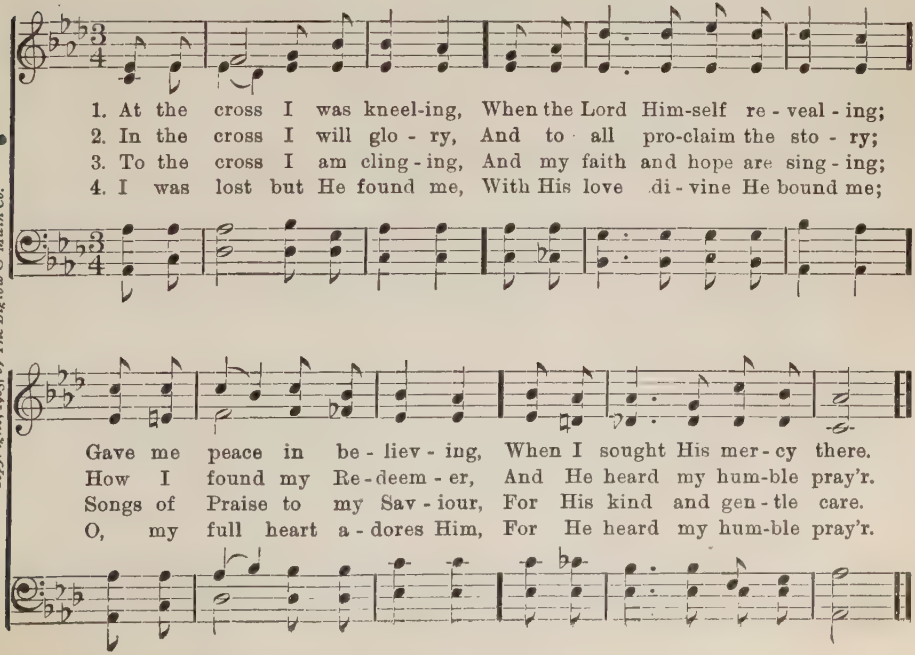
Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our

Peal si - lence Song



151 At the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.



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V. CHARLESWORTH. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2 A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3 The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4 O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev-er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev-er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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CHORUS.

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land;

Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land,— A shel-ter in the time of storm.

Jesus, I Come.

WILLIAM T. SLEEPER. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2 Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3 Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

In-to Thy free-dom glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of my home Je-sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sor-rows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of des-pair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a-dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth—His
2 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
3 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heavenly por - tals

won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf - fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for - ev - er and

D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel-lent

FINE.

glo - ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd,
va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!

greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy - ful song!

D. S.

Je-sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;
o - ver the world vic - to - rious, Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;

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Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1 Bless-ed as - sur-ance,—Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.

2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure now burst on my sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.

3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap - py and blest; Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

Chorus.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

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Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
2 His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
3 On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4 To him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be given;

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And— on - ward to the fray;
Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven;

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquer'd Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

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Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

157 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2 Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3 Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4 Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

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Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1 Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2 Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
3 Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4 Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,

A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret, With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive Be 'neath His con - trol;

Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row Still fol - low thy Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,

For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

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'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a
3 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4 At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav-iour who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro-tec-tion to share,
cast at His feet ev-'ry care,
heart He re-moves ev-'ry care;
Trust we shall lose ev-'ry care;
} What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

D. S.—*What a balm for the wea-ry! O how*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

sweet to be there! *Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;*
sweet to be there!

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P. P. B. PHILIP P. BLISS.

1 Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2 Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3 Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;

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CHORUS.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free-ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
} Beau-ti - ful words,

1st. 2nd.

won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

There is a Green Hill Far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall;
2 We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3 He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
4 There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

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CHORUS.

Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER, by per. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by;
2 There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
3 All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by;

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

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REFRAIN.

Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by,
Go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by.

go - ing by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.

Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2 Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3 Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bu-ried that
4 Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Chords that were kroken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - iour has died.
} Res - cue the per-ish-ing,

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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Come Unto Me.

NATHANAEL NORTON. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 "Come un - to me." It is the Saviour's voice,— The Lord of
2 Wea - ry with life's long strug-gle, full of pain, O doubt - ing
3 O, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With con - science
4 Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Sav - iour

life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish,
wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears— oh,
gives us,—not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now: on

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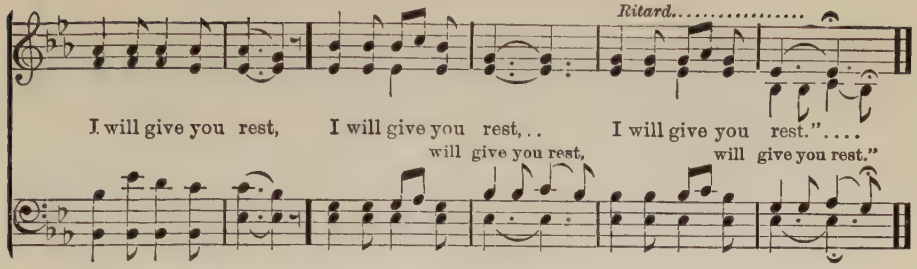
heav - y cares op - prest; "Come un - to me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sorrows cease, "Come un - to me," and I will give you peace.
end the anxious strife, "Come un - to me," and I will give you life.
earth some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

REFRAIN.

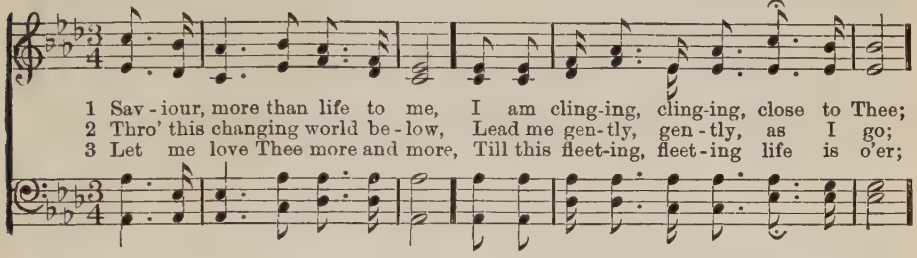
"Come un - to me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and

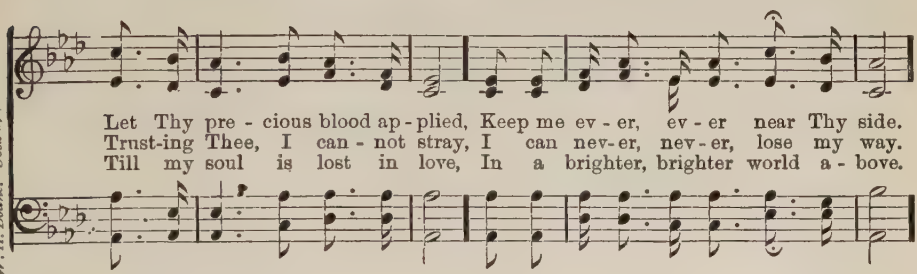
"Come un - to me, O, come un - to me, Come un - - to me,



165 Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.





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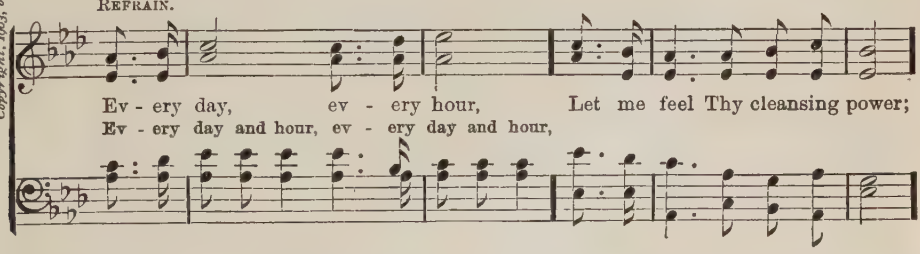

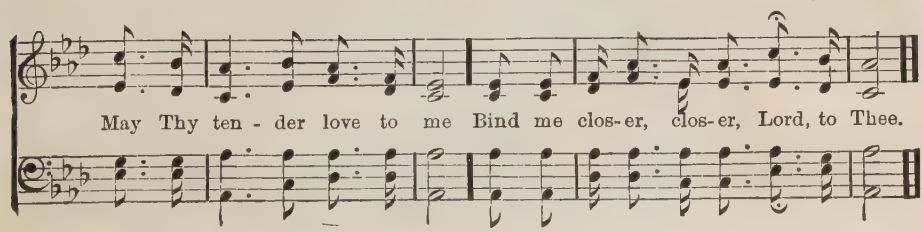

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When the Mists have Rolled Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. ALT. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2 Oft we tread the path be - fore us With a wea - ry, bur-den'd heart;
3 We shall come with joy and glad-ness, We shall gath - er 'round the throne;

And the sun - light falls in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills:
Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part:
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:

We re - call our Fath - er's prom-ise In the rain-bow of the spray:
But the Saviour's "Come, ye bless-ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re-demp-tion Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,

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Rit. . . . . .

We shall know each oth - er bet-ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morning Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de - part-ed And the mists have rolled a - way.

CHORUS.

We shall know.... as we are known,.... Nev - er - more.... to walk a -
known, as we are known,
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk a -

- lone, ... In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:

lone, to walk a-lone.

rit. .....

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.

167 Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Beau - ti - ful val-ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O - ver the hearts of the
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shin - eth thy gold - en day, Wafting the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng, O-ver the highlands of

Refrain.

wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
an - gels Down from the far a - way.
glo - ry, Roll - eth the great, new song.
} Beau - ti - ful val-ley of E - den, Home of the pure and the

blest, ... How oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!
pure and blest,

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Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1 When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn-ing
2 When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4 When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns—
wilt Thy child em-brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace—
dear ones long re-moved, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved—
eyes no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn—

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied. I.... shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be

I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in
When I shall

that fair morn of morns; I.... shall be sat - is - fied, I.... shall be
I shall be I shall be

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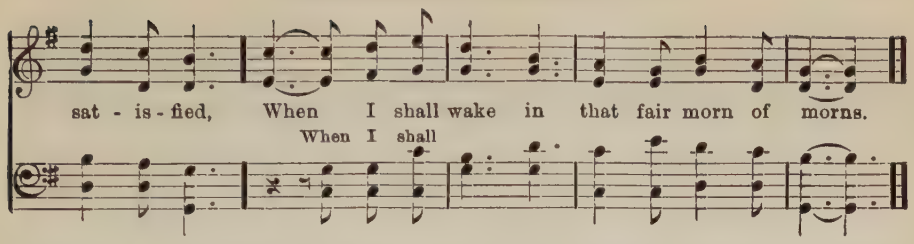
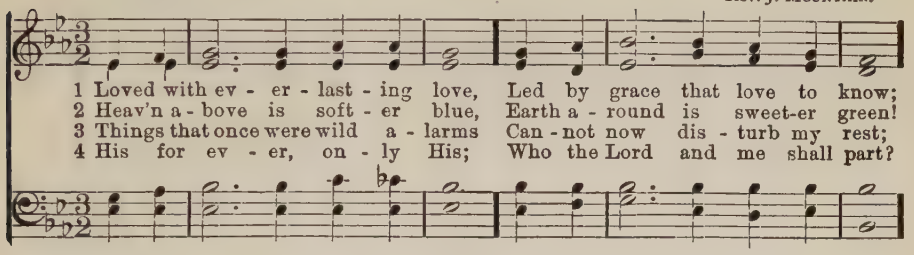
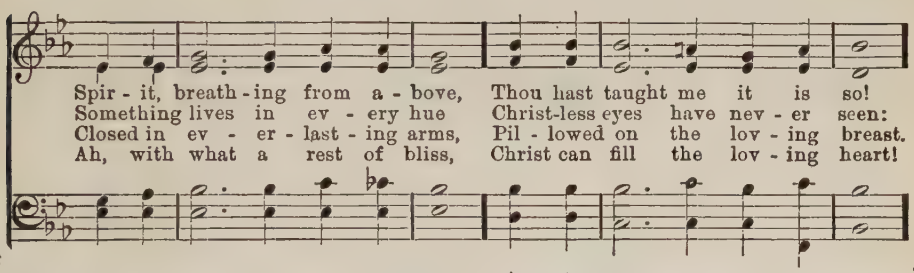
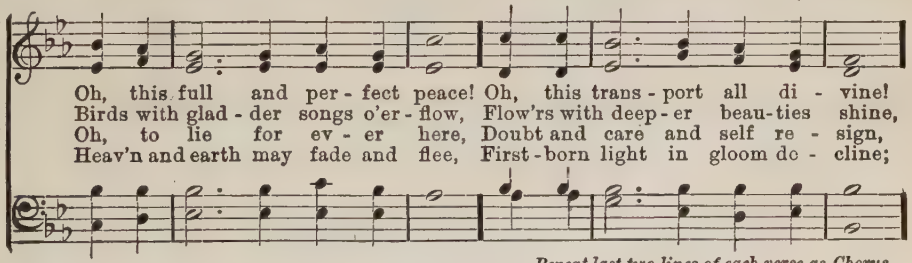


169 I am His and He is Mine.

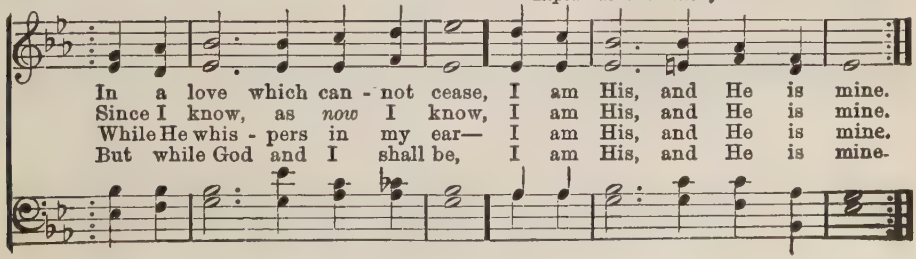
Rev. Wade Robinson. Rev. J. Mountain.







Repeat last two lines of each verse as Chorus.



From the "Keswick Hymn Book." Used by

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. HORATIO R. PALMER.

1 Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on - ward, Dark pass-ions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

2 Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

3 To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re - new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

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CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

I Am Praying for You.

Samuel O'M. Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

1 I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
2 I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
3 I have a robe: 'tis re - splen - dent in white-ness, A - wait - ing in
4 I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er— A peace that the
5 When Je - sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in
ter - ni - ty bless - ed and true: And soon He will call me to
glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all
friends of this world nev - er knew: My Sav - iour a - lone is its
Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav-iour too!
meet Him in heav - en, But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
shin - ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
Au - thor and Giv - er, And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

f Chorus. *p*

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

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Hide Me, O My Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
2 Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea;
3 Hide me, when my heart is break-ing With its weight of woe;

Rest - ing there be - neath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.

REFRAIN.

Hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Sav - iour, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

O Sav - iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
O my Sav - iour, keep Thou me.

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Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Je - sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
2 Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Call-ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
3 Je - sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
4 Je - sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to - day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.

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REFRAIN.

Call - - ing to - day!..... call - - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.

Speed Away.

FANNY J. CROSBY. I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1 Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2 Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3 Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - pressed; For the

Mas - ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav - iour has purchased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day,
mo - ment's de - lay,
time for de - lay,
} Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.

Hor. I and Her. Copyright, 1896, by Ira D. Sankey.

Throw Out the Life-Line.

(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

Rev. EDWARD S. UFFORD. E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2 Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
3 Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in anguish where
4 Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh, hast - en to - day— And
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.
} Throw out the Life-Line!

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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A Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. IRA D. SANKEY.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A follower of the Lamb?
2 Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - ery beds of ease,
3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4 Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

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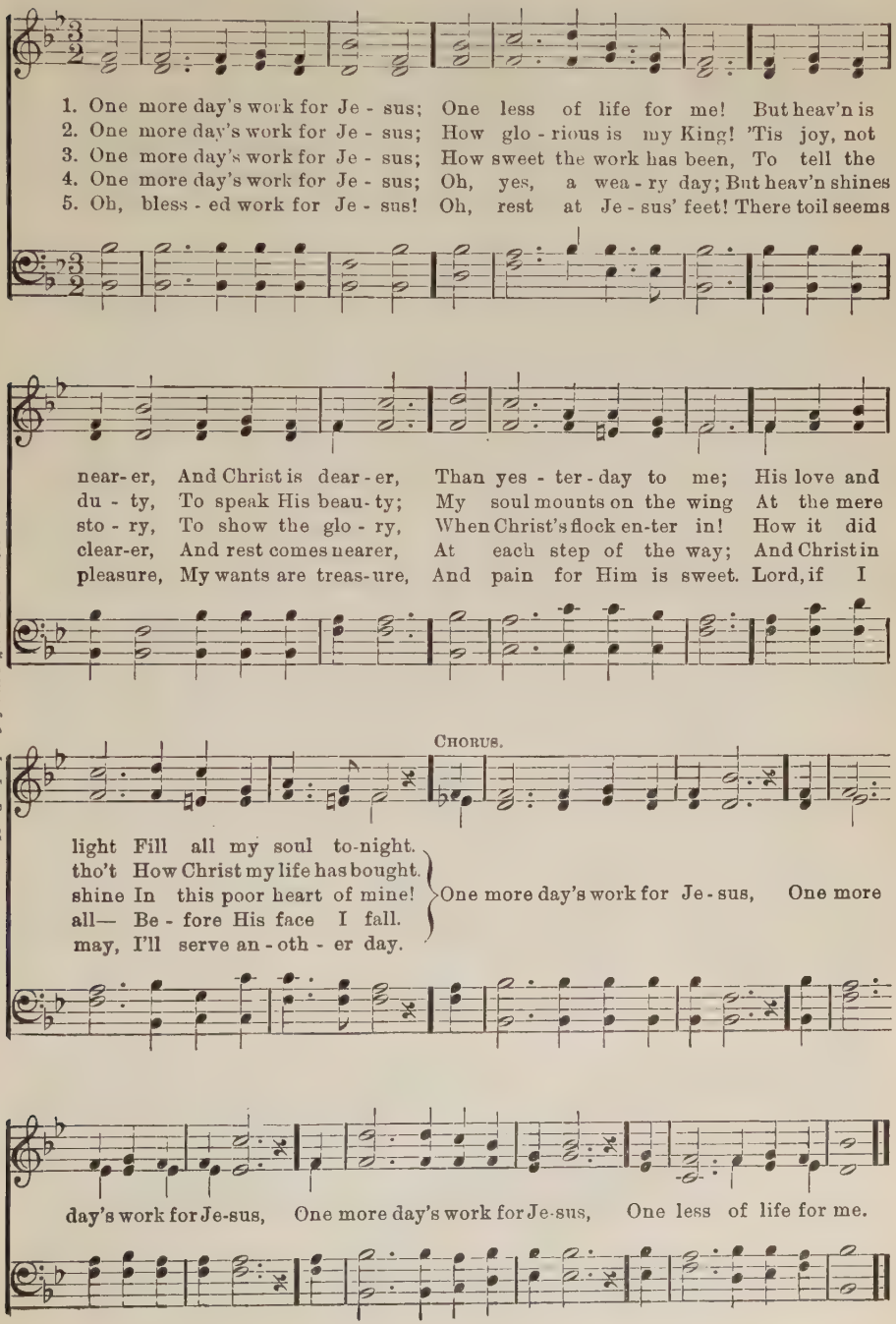
CHORUS.

In the name..... of Christ the King, Who hath purchased
In the name of Christ the King,

life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, Whate'er my cross may be.

177 One more Day's Work for Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. Rev. Robert Lowry.



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178 O Rock of Ages.

Rev. H. L. Hastings. Hubert P. Main.

1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I'll hide me in this ref-uge strong, From ev-ery storm-y blast;
3. Ye com-fort-less and tem-pest-tost, By sins and woes op-prest;
4. Ye thirst-y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crys-tal wa-ters spring;

A sure and cer-tain anch'rage ground In Christ with-in the vail.
And sit and sing un-til the waves Of wrath are o-ver-past.
Ye tempt-ed, trou-bled, ru-ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev-ery storm-y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

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Chorus.

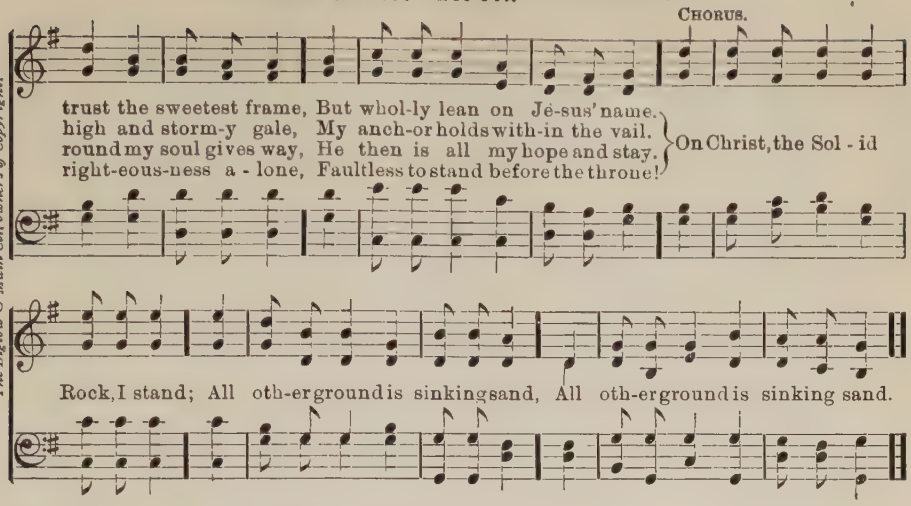
O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-
O Rock In Thee
cure-ly hide; My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe-ly there a-bide.

179 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev-ery
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found; Cloth'd in His

The Solid Rock.—Concluded.



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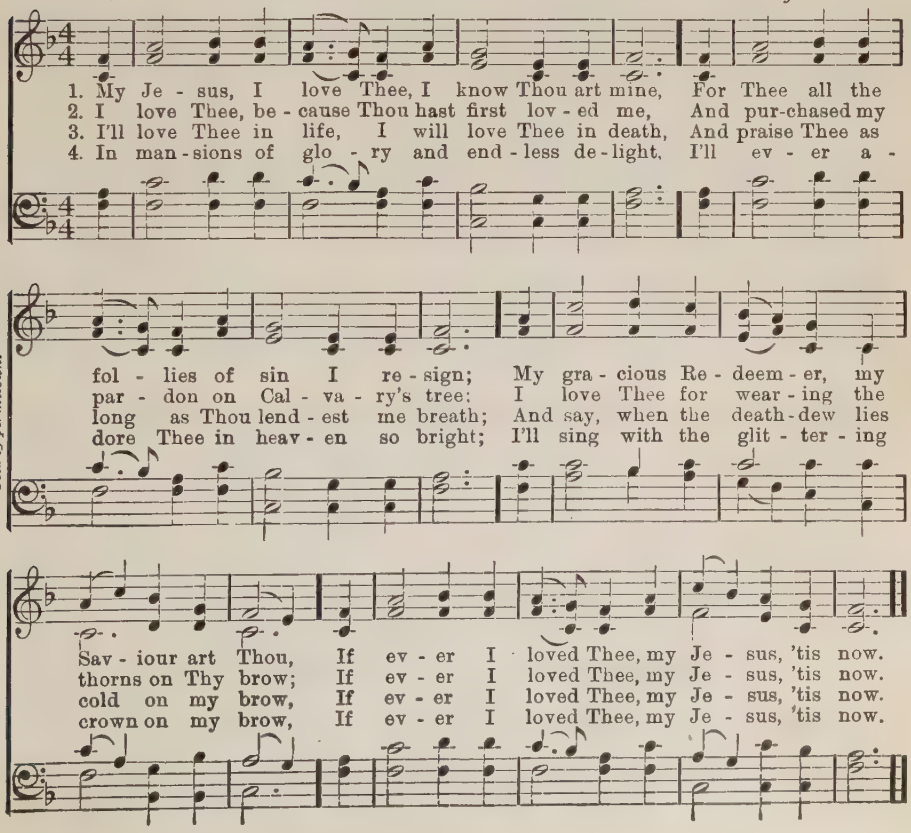
180 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

ANON. Rev. A. J. GORDON.



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181 Jesus, I Will Trust Thee.

MARY J. WALKER. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt-y, lost, and helpless,
2. Je - sus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy writ-ten word, Since Thy voice of mercy
3. Je - sus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt: "Who-so-ev-er com-eth,

Thou canst make me whole. There is none in heav - en or on earth like Thee:
I have oft - en heard. When Thy Spir-it teach-eth, to my taste how sweet—
Thou wilt not cast out," Faith-ful is Thy prom-ise, pre-cious is Thy blood—

D.S.—*Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul.*

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FINE. CHORUS.

Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.
On - ly may I heark-en, sit - ting at Thy feet.
These my soul's sal - va - tion, Thou my Sav - iour God!
} In Thy love con-fid-ing,

Guilt - y, lost, and help-less, Thou canst make me whole.

D.S.

I will seek Thy face; Wor-ship and a - dore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.

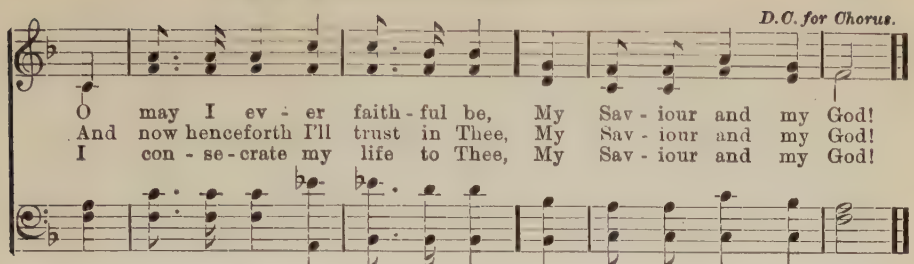
182 I'll Live for Thee.

R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free;

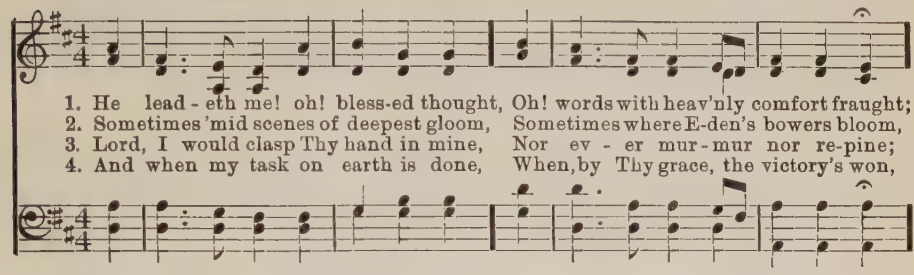
CHO.—*I'll live for Thee, I'll live for Thee, And O how glad my soul should be,*

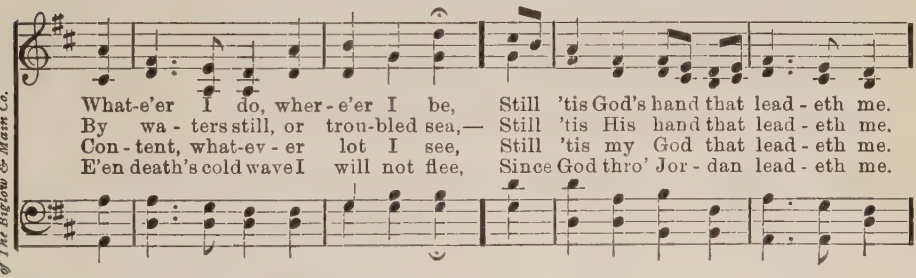
I'll Live for Thee.—Concluded.



183 He Leadeth Me.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore. William B. Bradbury.





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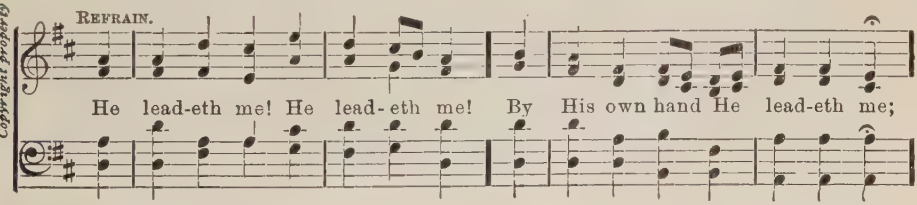

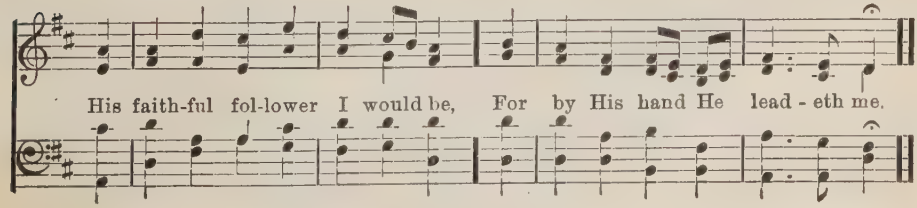

184 Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me, All a - long my
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be; Glad-ly will I
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea: Then the gate of

REFRAIN.

pil - grim jour-ney, Sav- iour, let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
life e - ter - nal, May I en- ter, Lord, with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to

Thee, close to Thee; All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en- ter, Lord, with Thee.

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185 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com- mune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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Draw Me Nearer.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

186 What a Friend we have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
D.S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despice, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

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187 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it. Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:
wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
} Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

hear my humble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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188 Hold Thou My Hand.

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not
2. Hold Thou my hand; and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear
3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me With-out the
4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone

take one step with-out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov - ing
self - my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap - ly I should
sun - light of Thy face di - vine: But when by faith I catch its ra-diant
riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heav'n-ly light may flash a - long its

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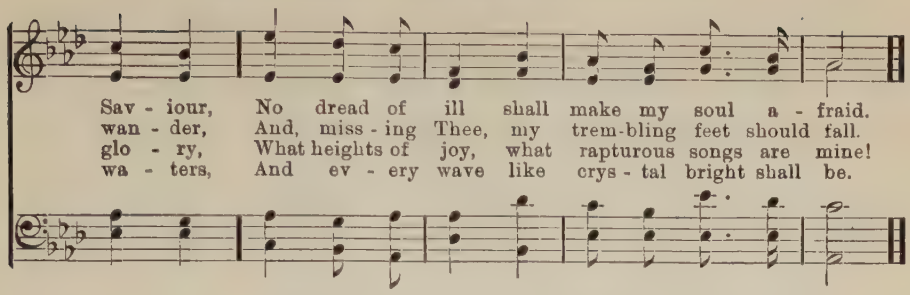
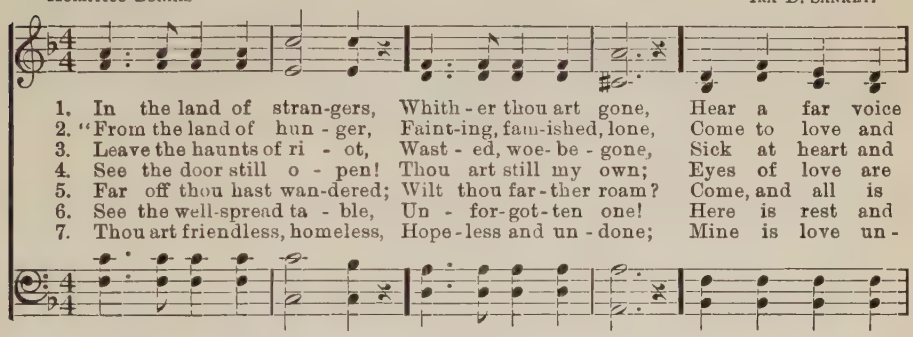
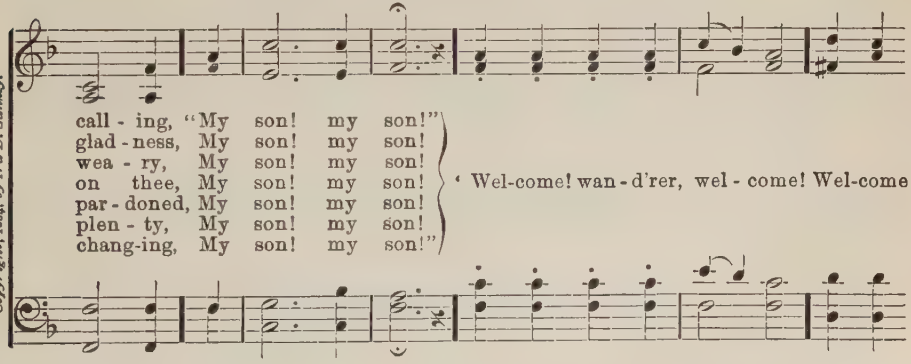


189 Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.





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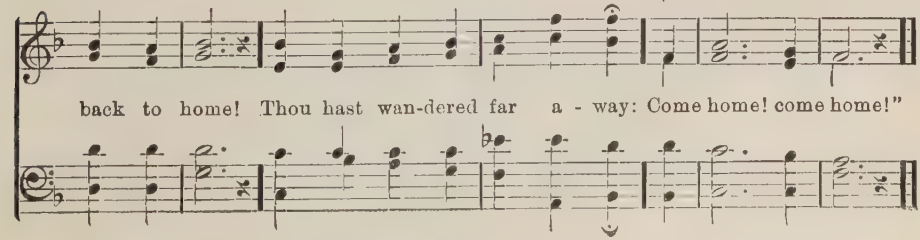

190 Hiding in Thee.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp-
3. How oft in the con-flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my

con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als, like

Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
sea - bil-lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

Chorus.

Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hiding in Thee.

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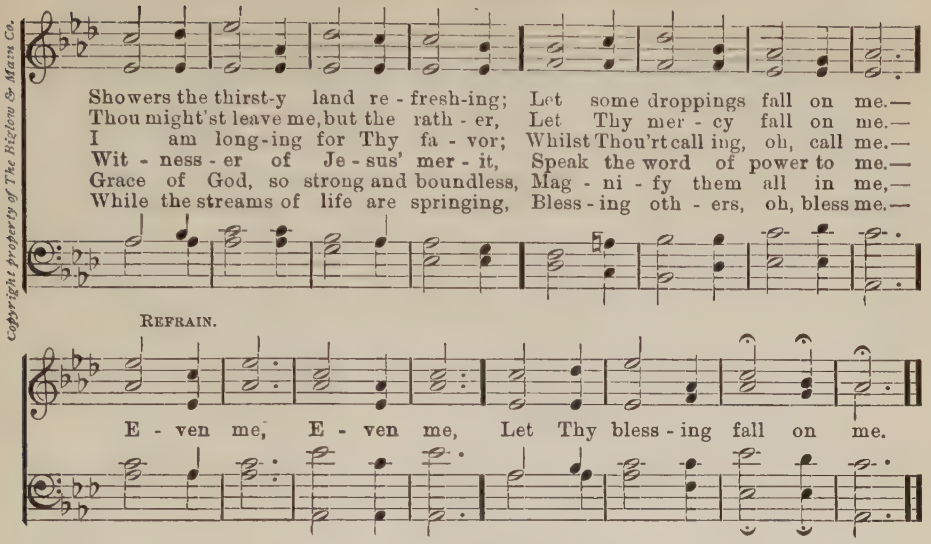
191 Lord, I hear of Showers.

Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury, arr. H. P. M.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;

Lord, I Hear of Showers.—Concluded.



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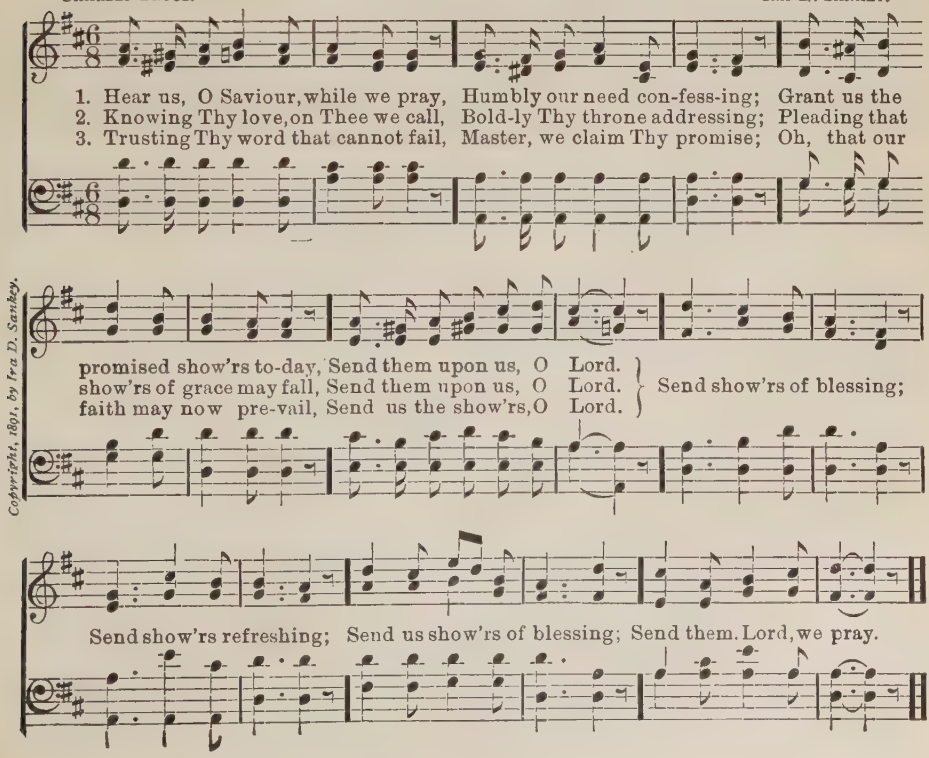
192 Hear Us, O Saviour.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



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193 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon,
2. Be - yond the bloom - ng and the fad - ing, I shall be soon,
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon,
4. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon,

I shall be soon; Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep-ing, Be - yond the
I shall be soon; Be - yond the shin-ing and the shad-ing, Be - yond the
I shall be soon; Be - yond the fare-well and the greet-ing, Be - yond the
I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock-waste and the riv - er, Be - yond the

sow-ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
hop-ing and the dread-ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
pulse's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

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REFRAIN.

Love, rest and home! Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

194 I Know that My Redeemer Lives.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt. Last v. by I. D. S. Arr. by S.

1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, And has pre-pared a place for me,
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me;
3. I'm now en - raptur'd with the thought, I stand and won-der at His love—
4. I know that Je - sus soon will come, I know the time will not be long,

D.C.—*For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"*

I Know that My Redeemer Lives.—Concluded.

FINE.

And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives To those who would His chil-dren be.
I'm list-'ning for the wel - come call, To say: "The Mas-ter wait - eth thee!"
That He from heav'n to earth was brought, To die, that I might live a - bove.
'Till I shall reach my heav'n-ly home, And join the ev - er - last - ing song.

For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"

CHORUS. D.C.

Then ask me not to lin - ger long A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng,

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195 We Shall Meet.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the dark-ness
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re-
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by. by and by; And with sweetest

will be o - ver, By and by, by and by; With the toilsome journey done, And the
demption's story, By and by, by and by; And the strains for ev - er-more Shall re-
life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an - gels who ful - fil All the
rapture knowing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone To the

glo-rious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
sound in sweetness o'er Yon-der ev - er - last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
mandates of His will Shall at-tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
land of life and song,—We with shoutings shall re-join, By and by, by and by.

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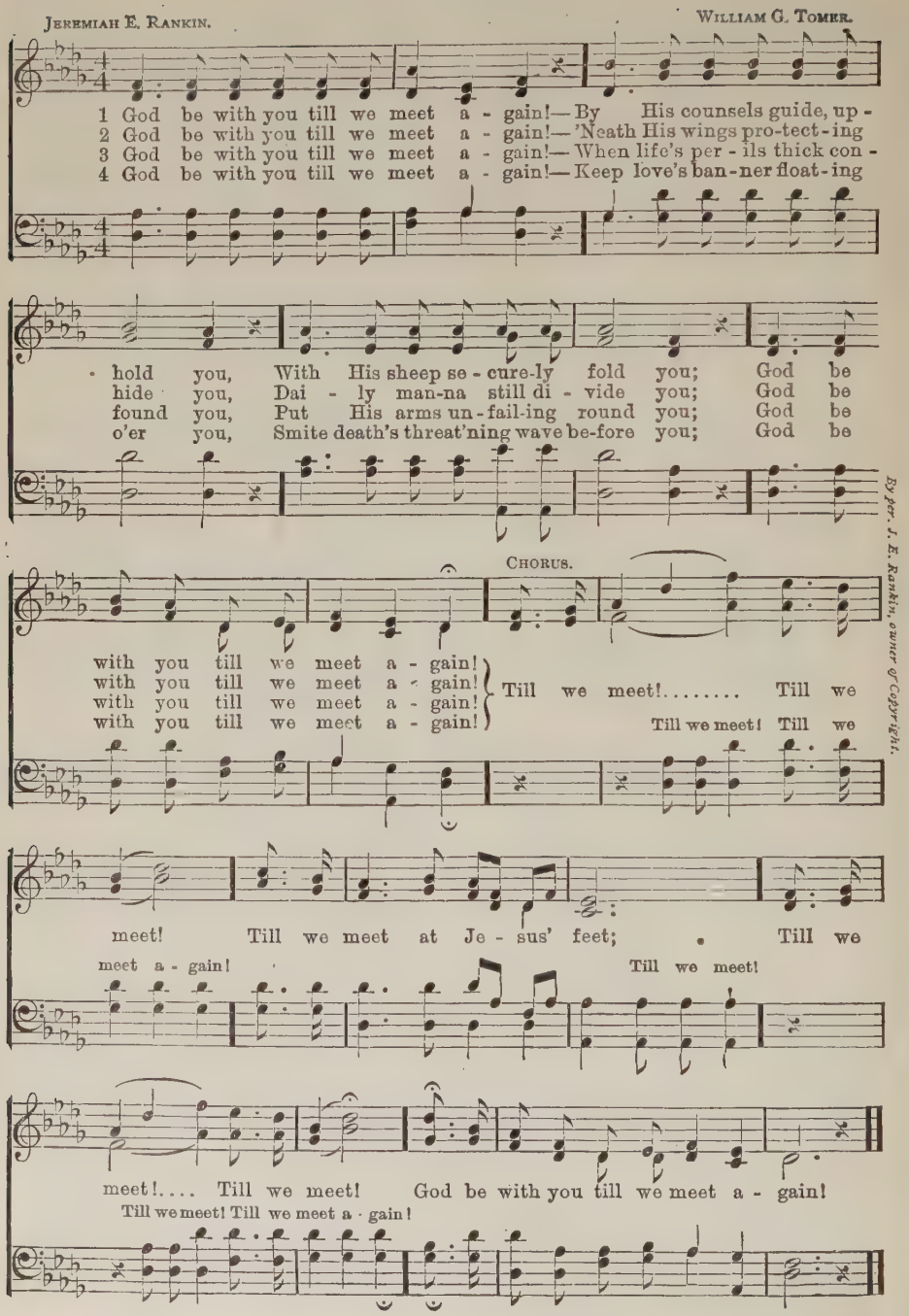
God be with You!



197 Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

REGINALD HEBER. REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher- u - bim, and Ser - a-phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty!
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

198 Praise to God.

WILLIAM KETHE. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;
3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap-proach with joy His courts un - to:
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for ev - er sure;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
We are His flock, He did us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

Doxology.

THOMAS KEN.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

199 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Tr. Edward Caswall. — Joseph Barnby.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
2. To Thee, O God, a - bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
3. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can- ti - cle di - vine: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

A - like at work and pray'r, To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
This song of sa-cred joy, It nev-er seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss, My com-fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Be this th'e-ter-nal song, Thro' all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

200 Sweetly the Holy Hymn.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. — Joseph E. Sweetser.

1. Sweet - ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn - ing air:
2. While flow'rs are wet with dews, Dew of our souls, de - scend:
3. Up - on the bat - tle - field, Be - fore the fight be - gins,
4. On the lone moun - tain side, Be - fore the morn - ing's light,
5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,

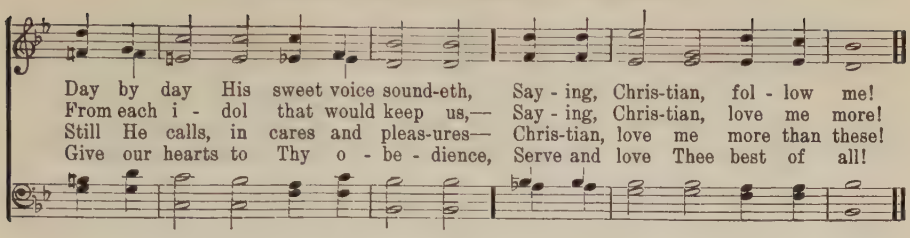
Be - fore the world with smoke is dim We meet to of - fer pray'r.
Ere yet the sun the day re - news, O Lord, Thy Spir - it send.
We seek, O Lord, Thy shel-t'ring shield, To guard us from our sins.
The Man of sor - rows wept and cried, And rose re - freshed with might.
We make the Sav - iour's name our plea, And sure - ly must pre - vail.

201 Jesus calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. — W. H. Jude.

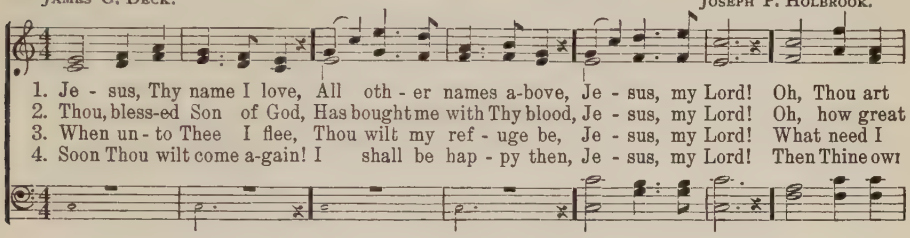
1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's, wild, rest - less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us— from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call;

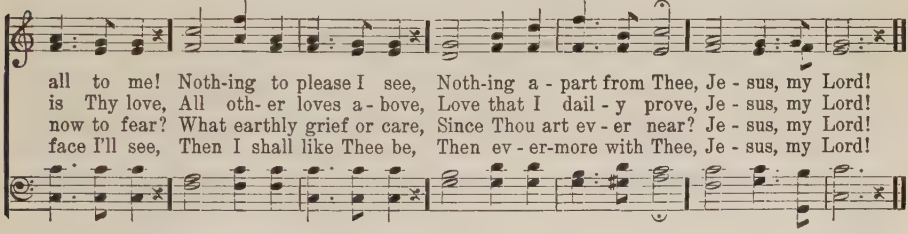
Jesus, Calls Us.—Concluded.



202 Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

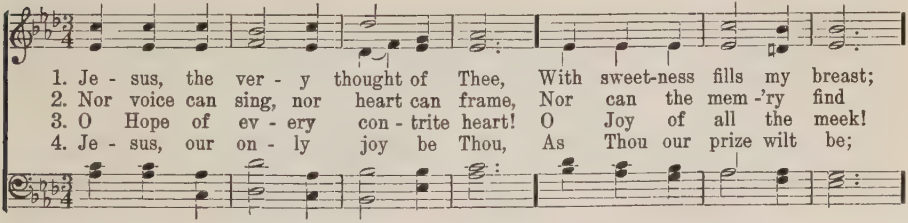
James G. Deck. Joseph P. Holbrook.

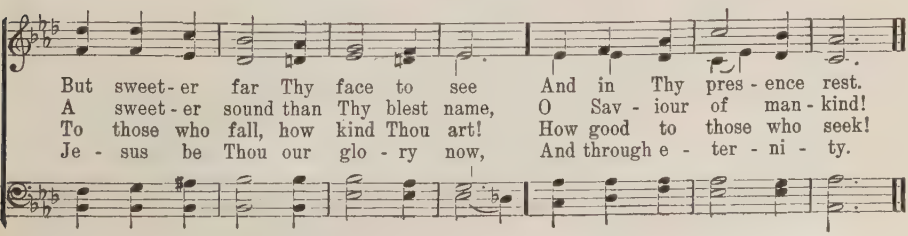




203 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Tr. Edward Caswall. Rev. John B. Dykes.





204 All hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

EDWARD PERRONET, alt. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

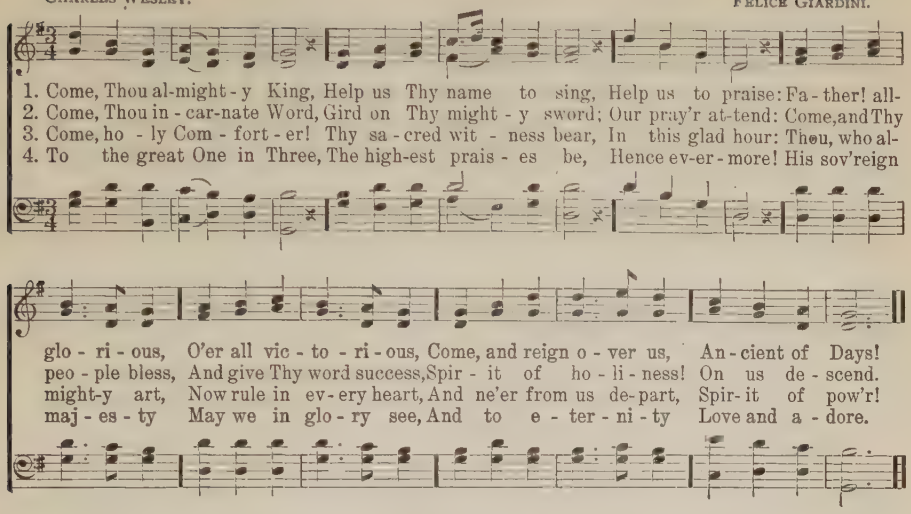
205 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark; how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Crown Him, the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,— Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau-ty glo - ri - fied; No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But downward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
3. Crown Him, the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave; Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those who came to save; His glo-ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high, Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
4. Crown Him, the Lord of heav'n, One with the Fa - ther known, One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yonder glorious throne; To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end-less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

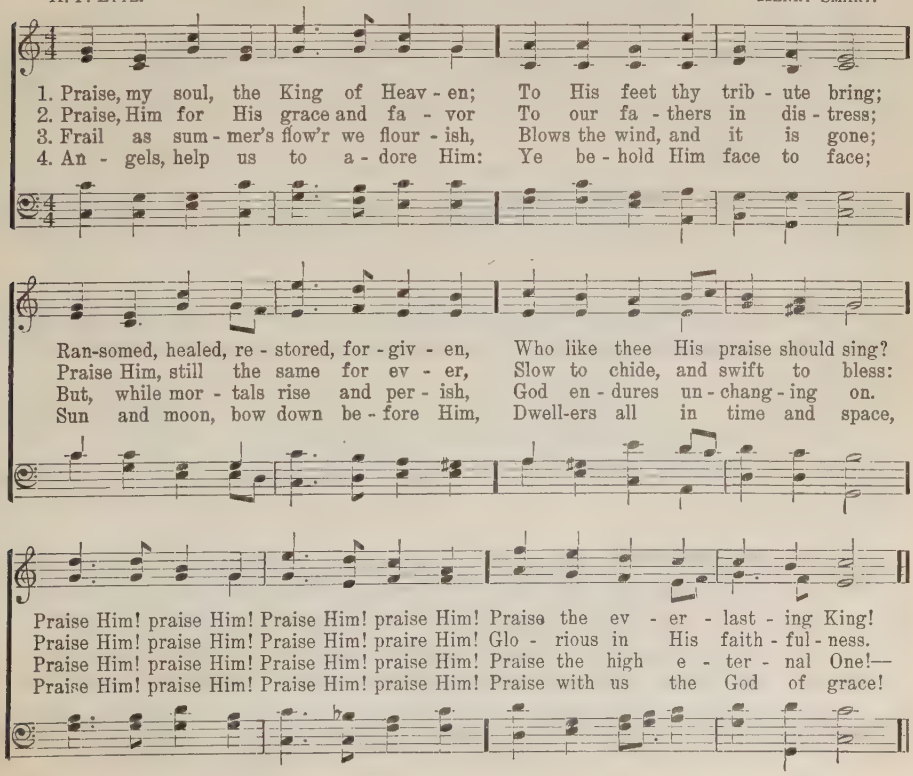
206 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.



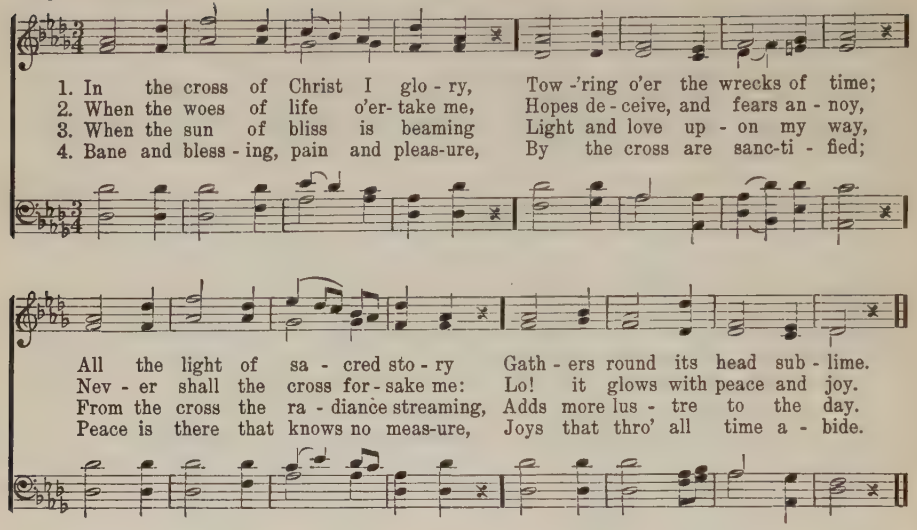
207 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven.

H. F. LYTE. HENRY SMART.



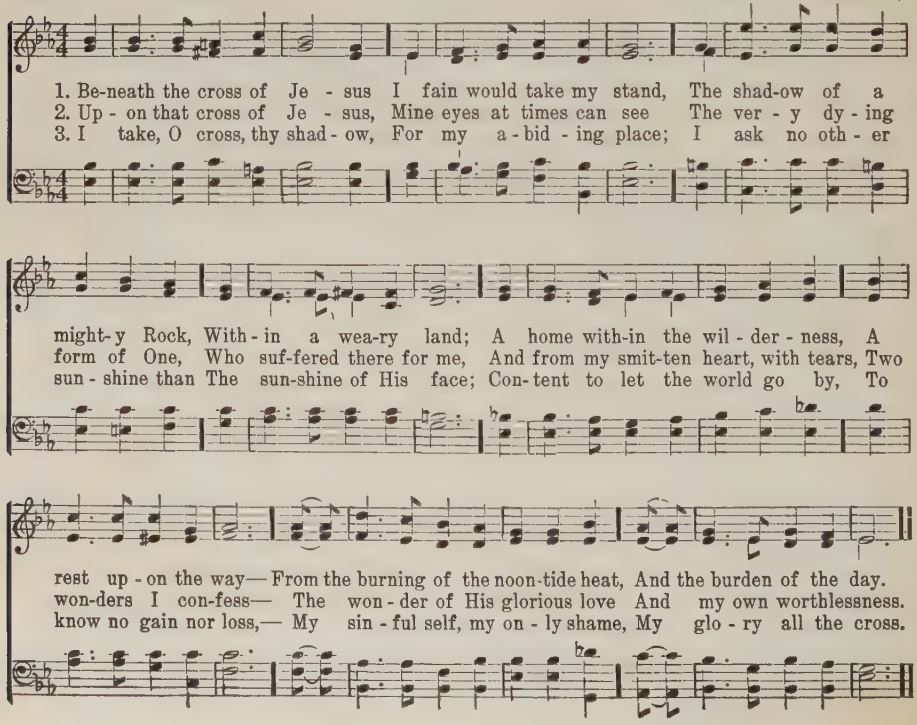
208 In the Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



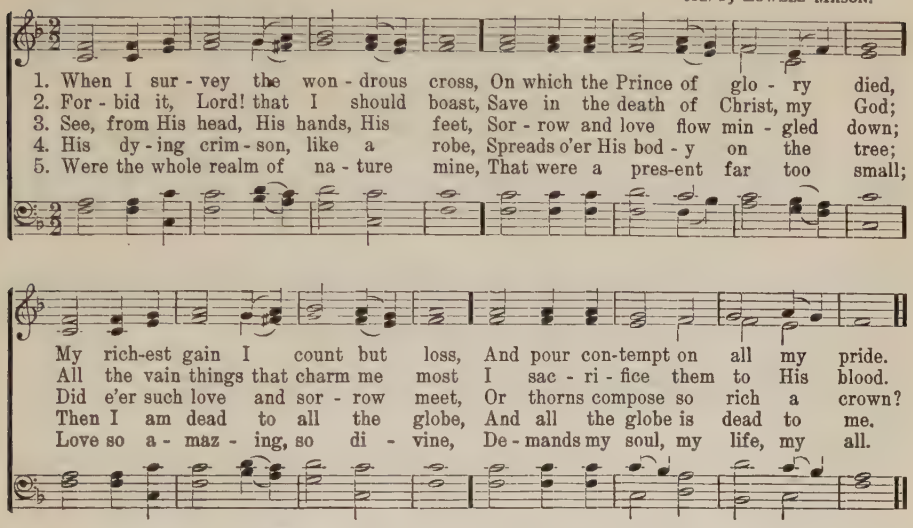
209 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.



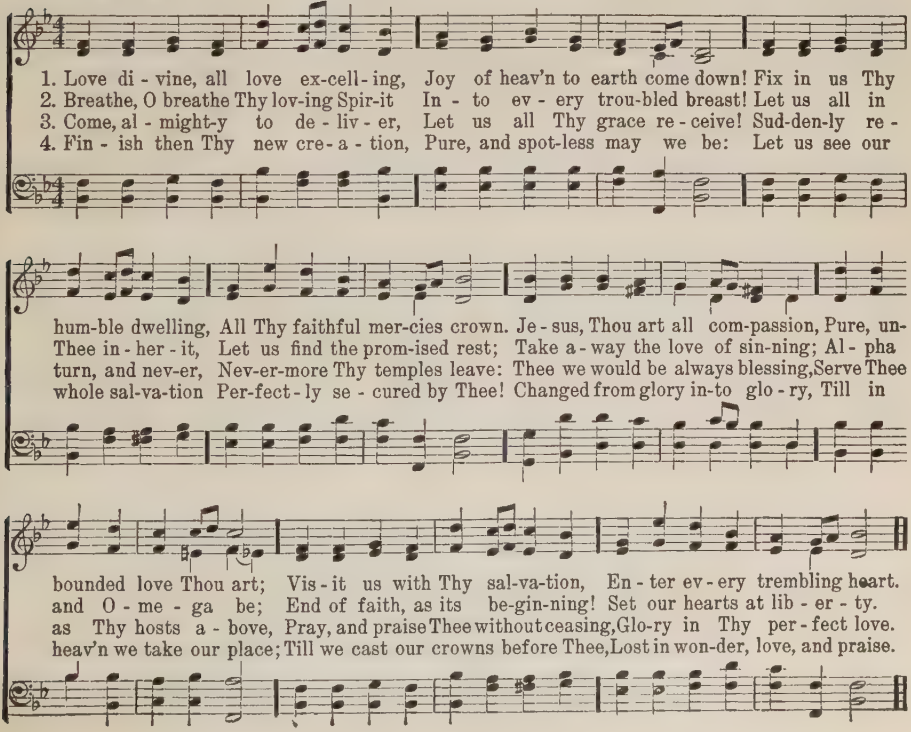
210 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Ad. by LOWELL MASON.



211 Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.



212 Jesus, Still Lead On.

N. L. Von Zinzendorf. Walter Henry Hall.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And al-though the way be cheerless,
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less fears o'er-take us;
3. When we seek re - lief From a long-felt grief: When temp-ta-tions come al - lur - ing,
4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won: Heav'nly Lead - er, still di - rect us,

We will fol-low, calm and fear-less; Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther-land.
Let not faith and hope for-sake us; For, thro' many a woe To our home we go.
Make us pa-tient and en-dur-ing; Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.
Still sup-port, con-sole, pro-tect us, Till we safe-ly stand In our Fa - ther-land.

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213 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. Rev. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light! a - mid th'en-cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re - mem-ber not past years.
an - gel - fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

214 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois - t'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

215 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

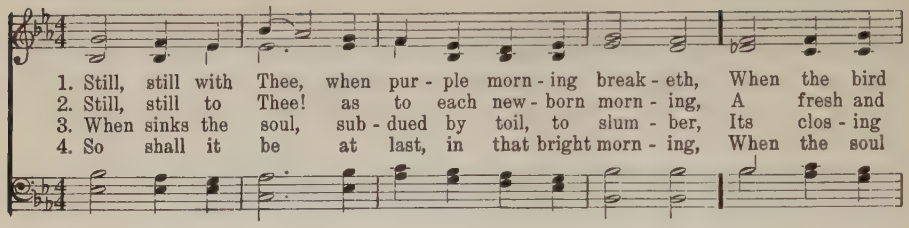
George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee
2. O Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in

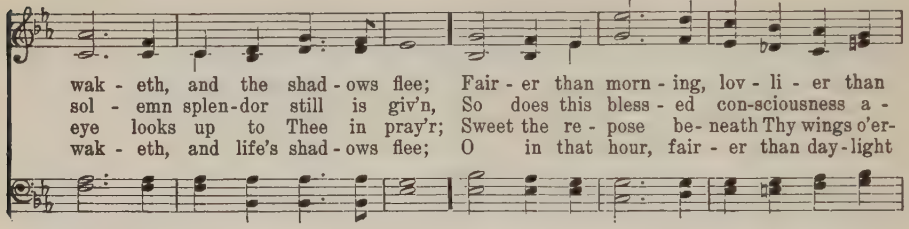
back the life I owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be.
rain - bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

216 Still, Still with Thee.

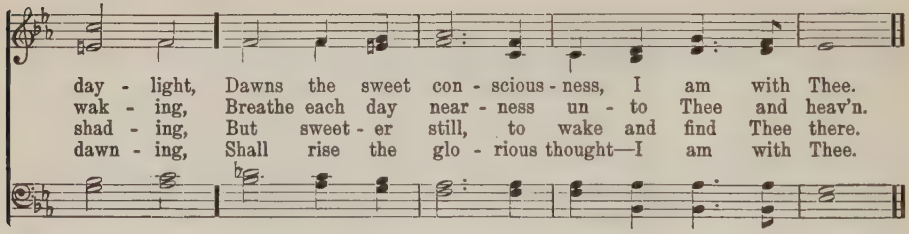
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN.



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
2. Still, still to Thee! as to each new - born morn - ing, A fresh and
3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul



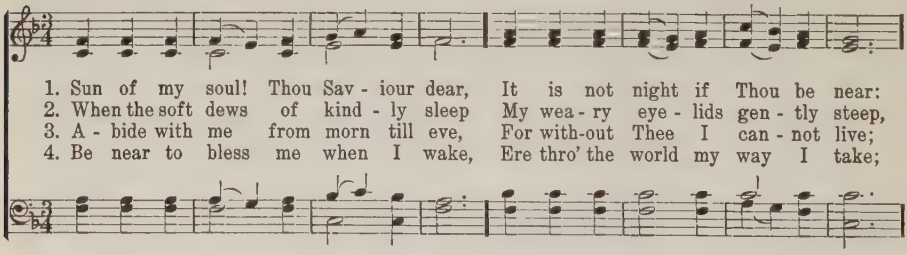
wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, lov - li - er than
sol - emn splen - dor still is giv'n, So does this bless - ed con-sciousness a -
eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy wings o'er-
wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than day - light



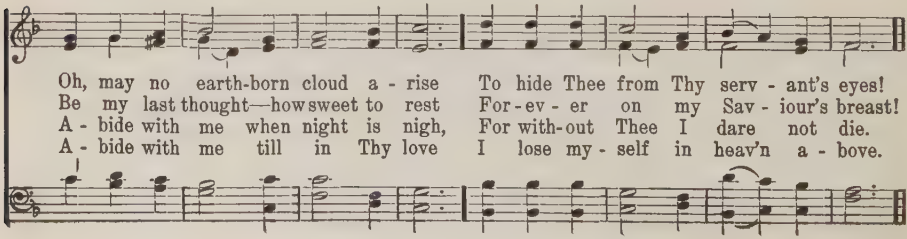
day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.
wak - ing, Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and heav'n.
shad - ing, But sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there.
dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought—I am with Thee.

217 Sun of My Soul!

JOHN KEBLE. PETER RITTER, arr.



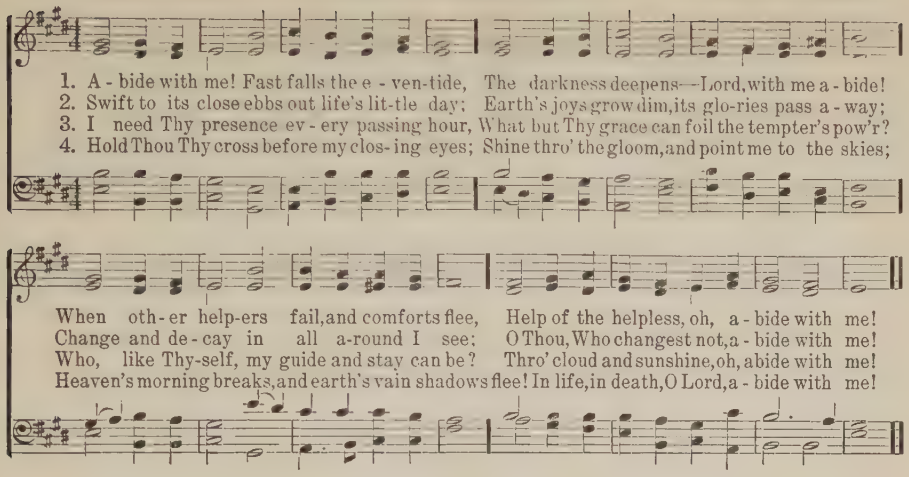
1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes!
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

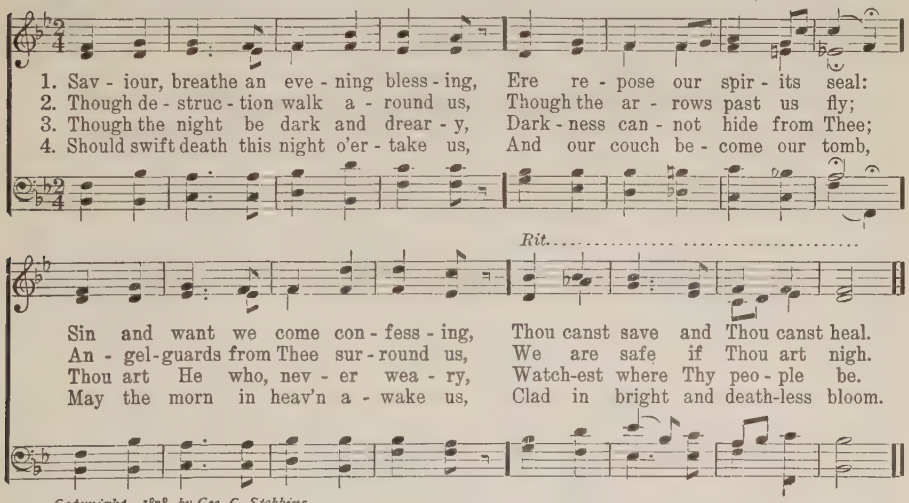
218 Abide With Me.

Henry F. Lyte. — William H. Monk.



219 Evening Prayer.

James Edmeston. — Geo. C. Stebbins.



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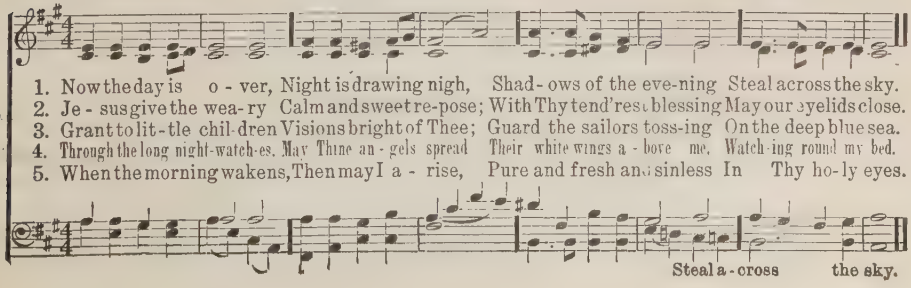
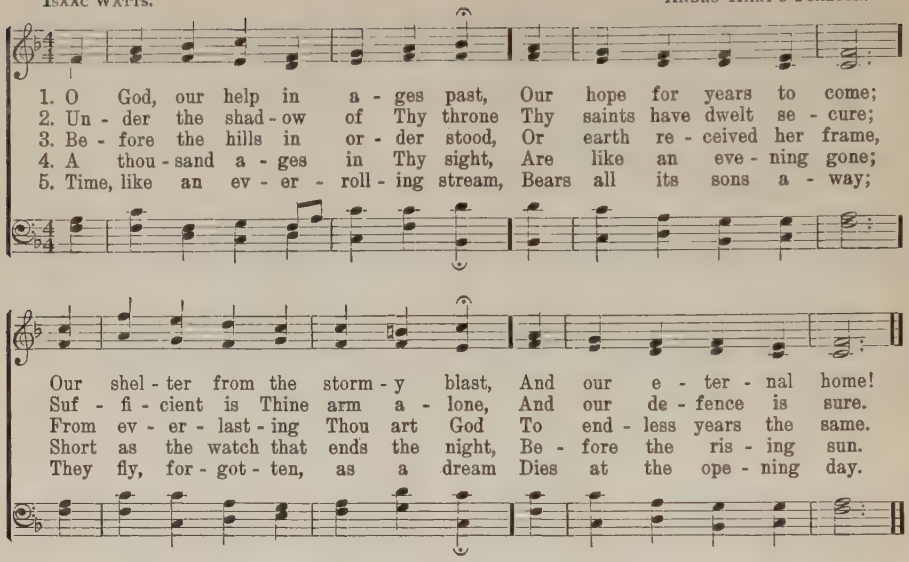
220 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. — Joseph Barnby.



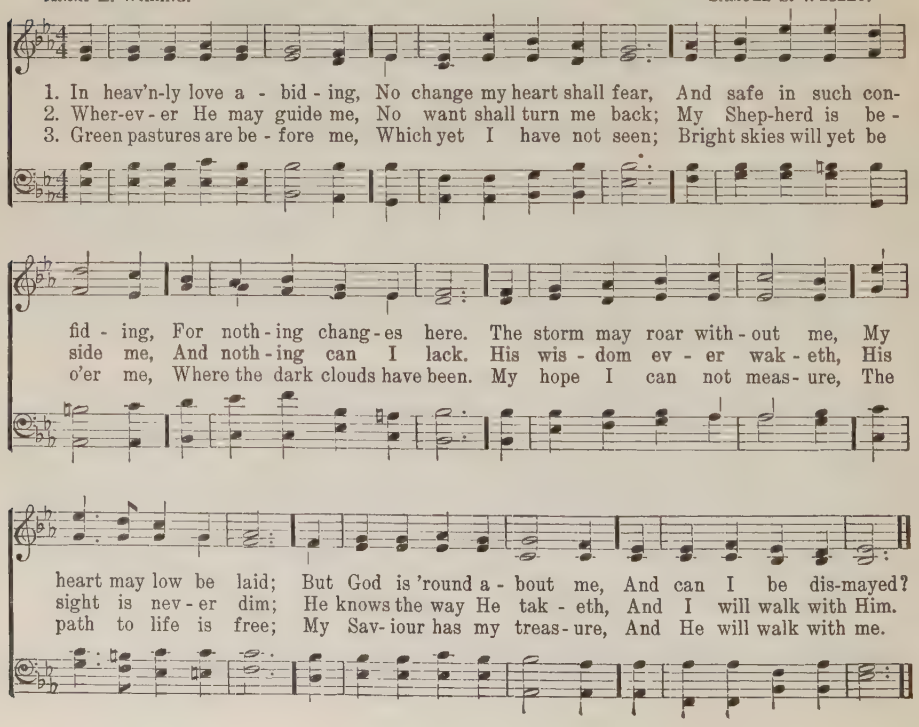
221 O God, Our Help.

ISAAC WATTS. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.



222 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING. SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



223 How Firm a Foundation.

G. Keith. M. Portogallo.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-

ex-cel-lent world! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trou-ble to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er—no

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
nev-er—no nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er for-sake!"

224 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

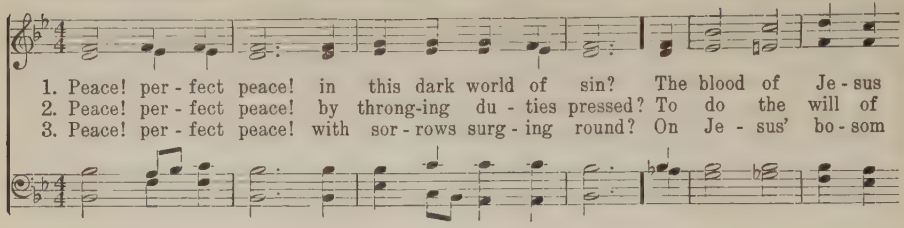
Rev. Andrew Reed. L. M. Gottschalk, arr. H. P. Main.

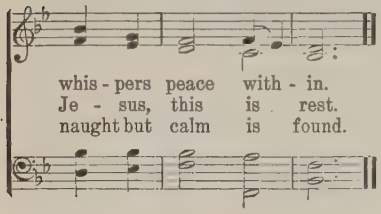
1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma-ny woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev-ery i-dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

225 Peace, Perfect Peace.

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. G. T. Caldbeck.





4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

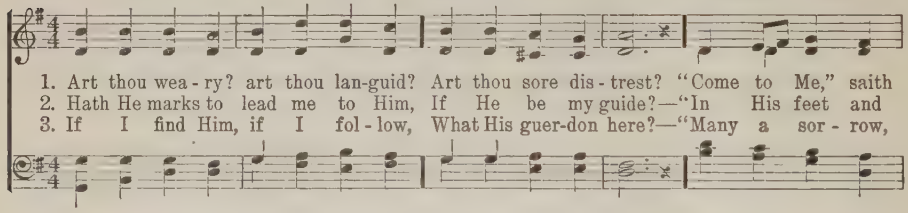
5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

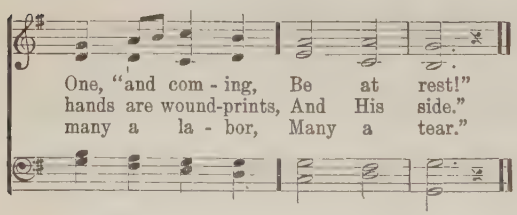
6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

226 Art Thou Weary?

Tr. John M. Neale. Henry W. Baker.



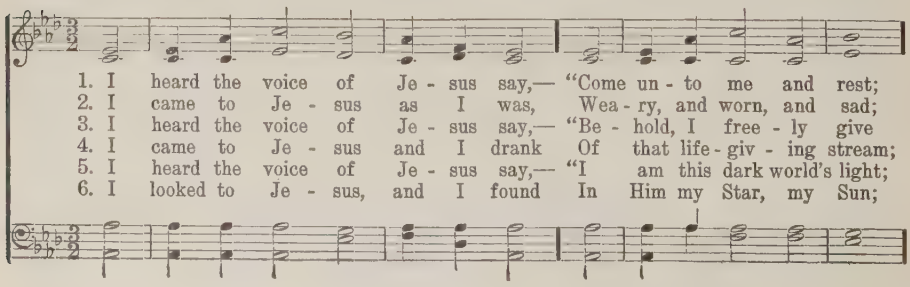


4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

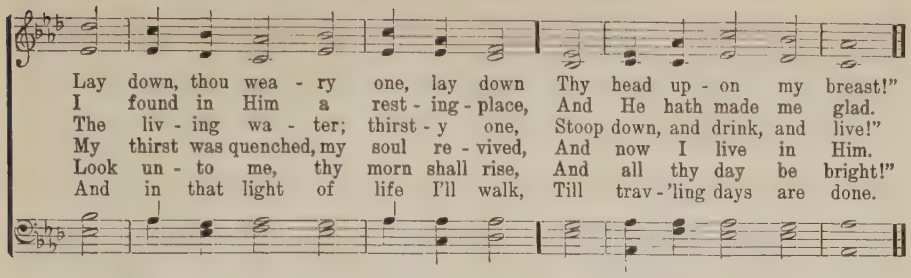
5 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

227 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. Rev. William H. Havergal.

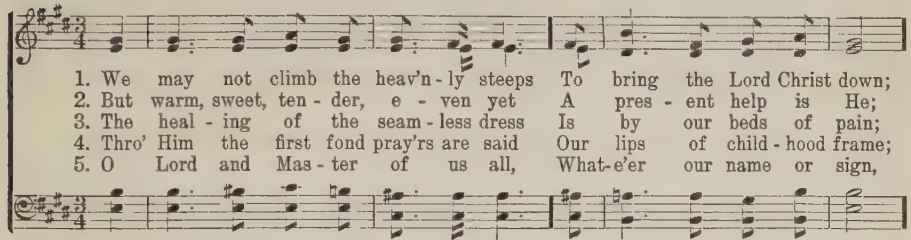


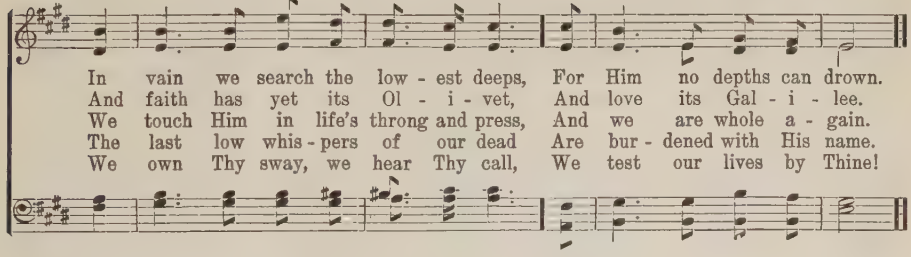
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.—Concluded.



228 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

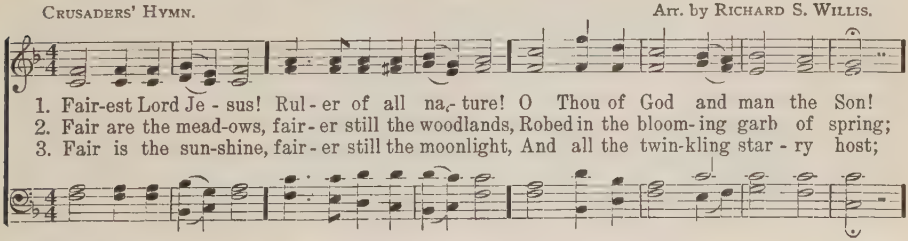
JOHN G. WHITTIER. WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

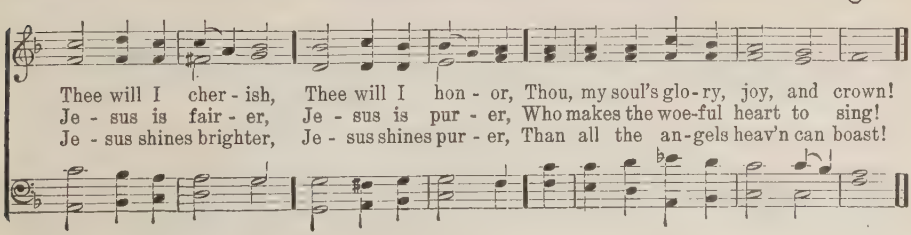




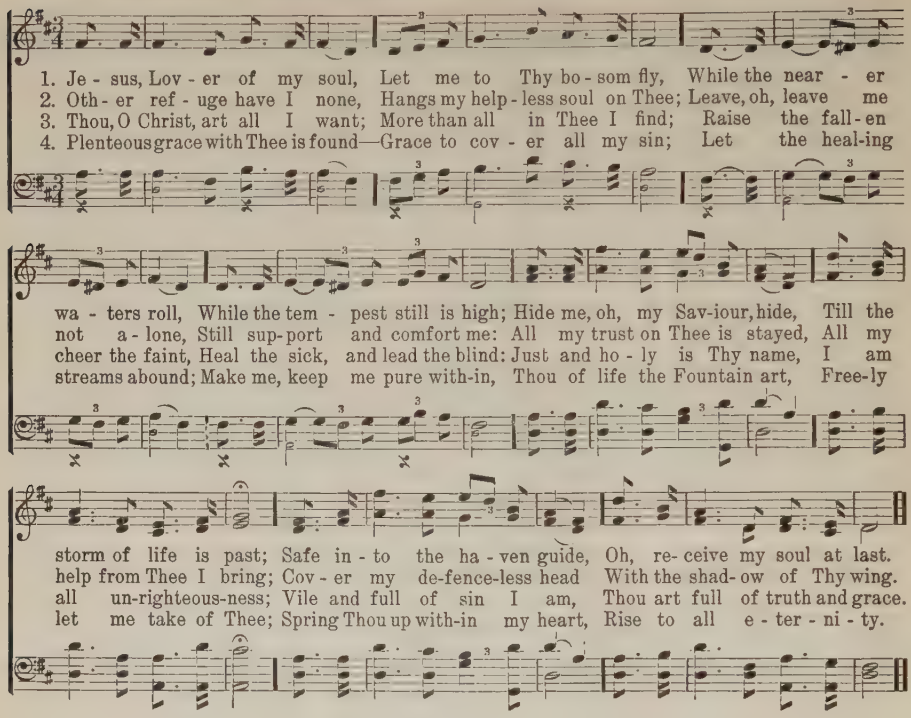
229 Fairest Lord Jesus.

CRUSADERS' HYMN. ARR. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.

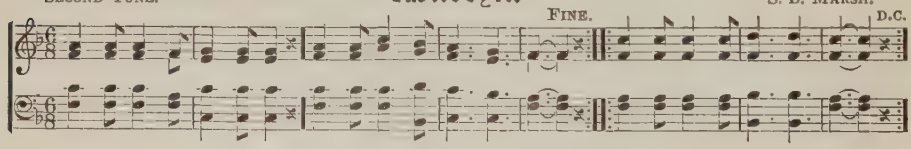




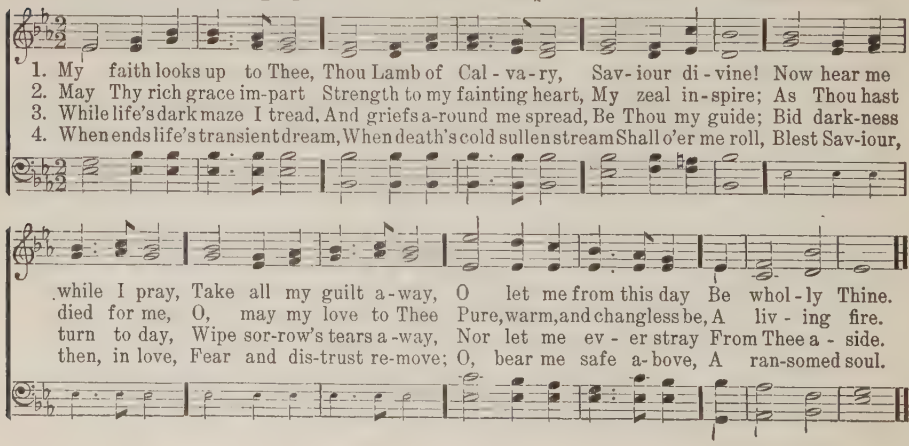
230 Charles Wesley. Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Jos. P. Holbrook.



Second Tune. **Martyn.** S. B. Marsh.



231 Ray Palmer. My Faith Looks Up to Thee. Lowell Mason.



232 Nearer, My God, to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D.S.—*Near - er, my God, to Thee!*

FINE. D.S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be— Near - er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
In mer - cy given: An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Near - er to Thee!

233 Rock of Ages.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

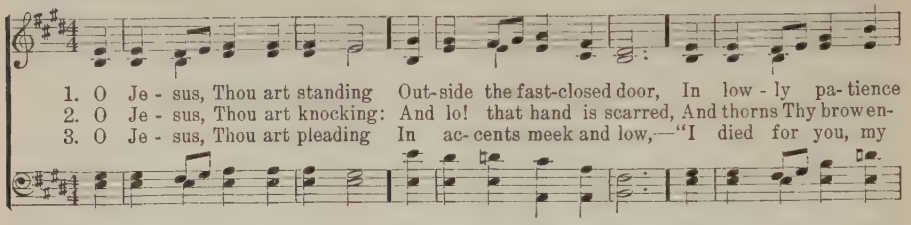
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment-throne.

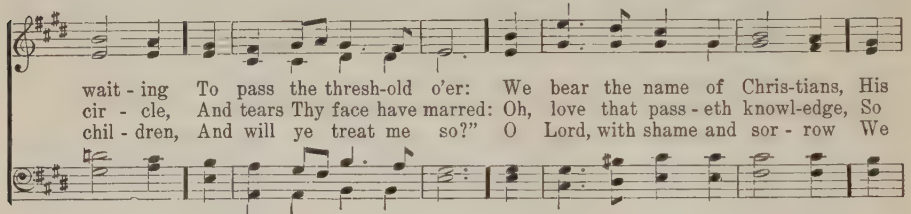
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

234 O Jesus, Thou art Standing.

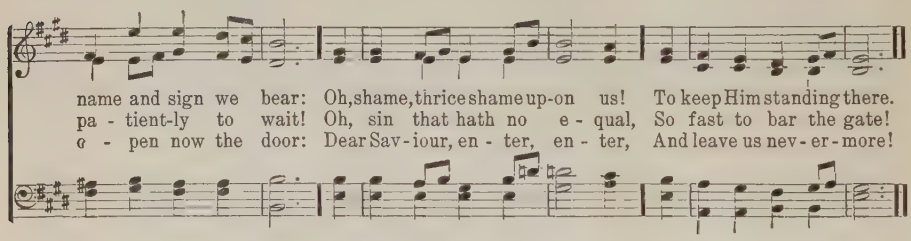
Rev. W. W. How. From J. H. Knecht.



1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en-
3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low,—"I died for you, my



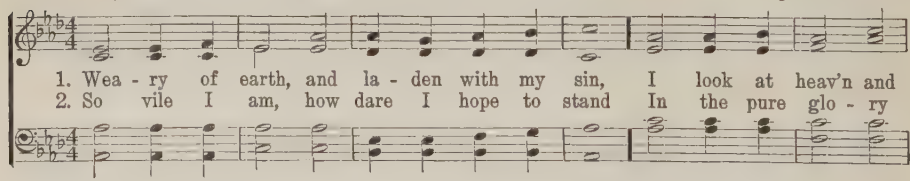
wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His
cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: Oh, love that pass - eth knowl-edge, So
chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We



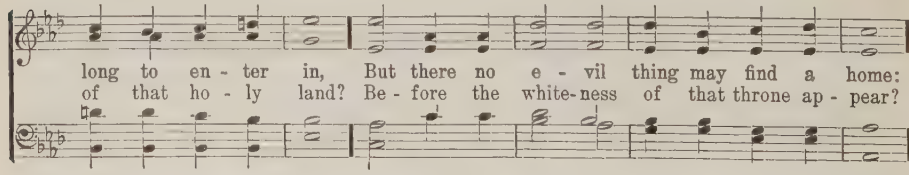
name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep Him standing there.
pa - tient-ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
o - pen now the door: Dear Sav-iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

235 Weary of Earth.

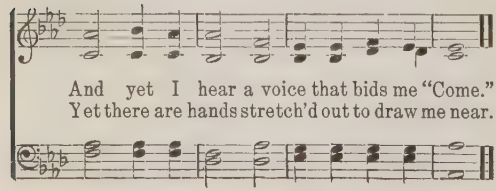
Samuel J. Stone. E. J. Hopkins.



1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo - ry



long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:
of that ho - ly land? Be - fore the white-ness of that throne ap - pear?



And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

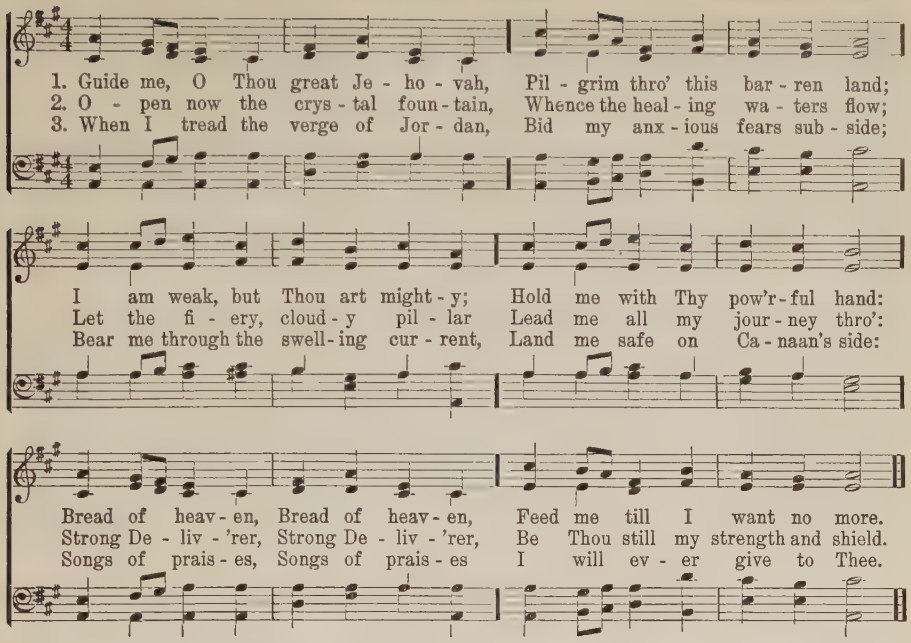
3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear, [near,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

236 W. Williams.

Guide Me.

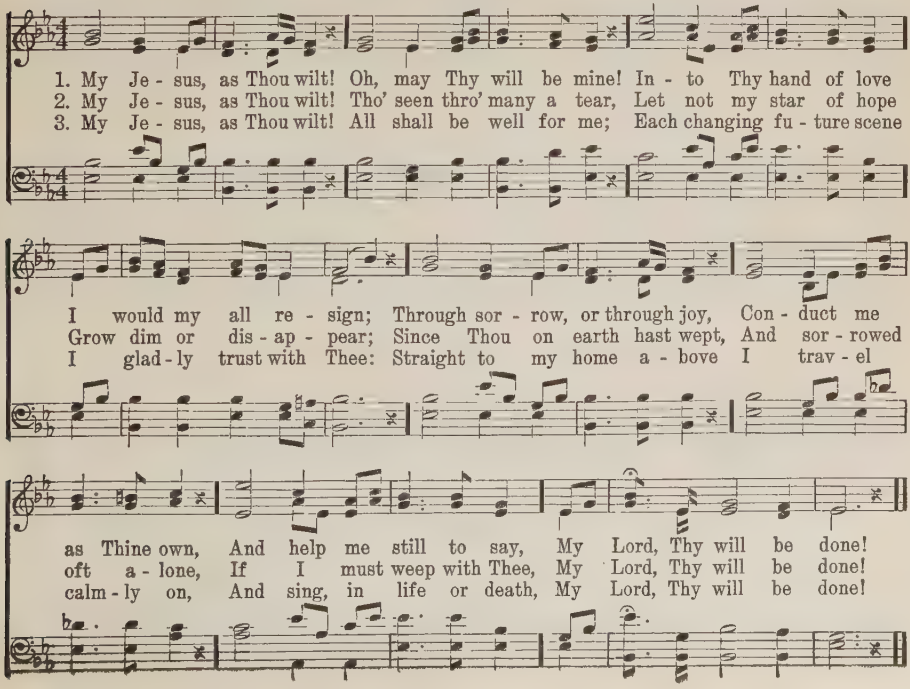
William L. Viner.



237 Tr. J. Borthwick.

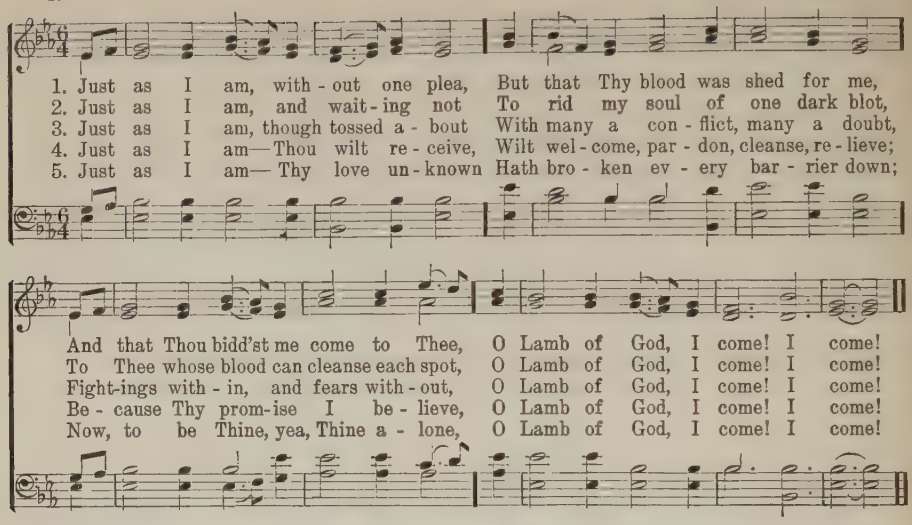
My Jesus, as Thou Wilt!

C. M. Von Weber, arr. H. P. M.



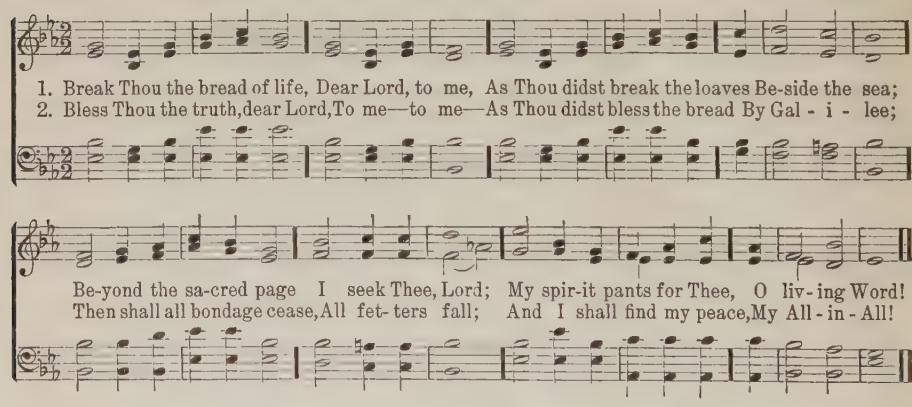
238 Just as I Am.

C. Elliott. W. B. Bradbury.



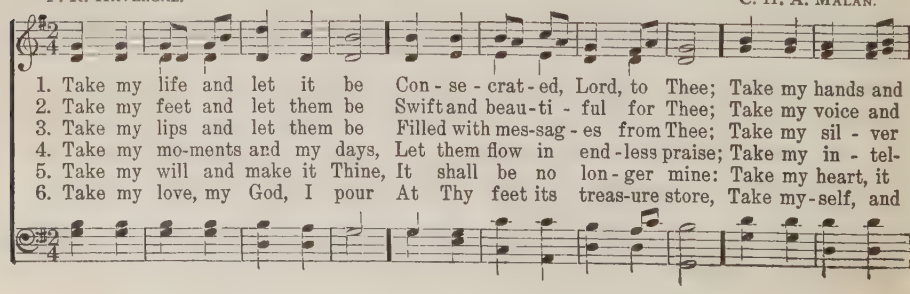
239 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary A. Lathbury. Wm. F. Sherwin.

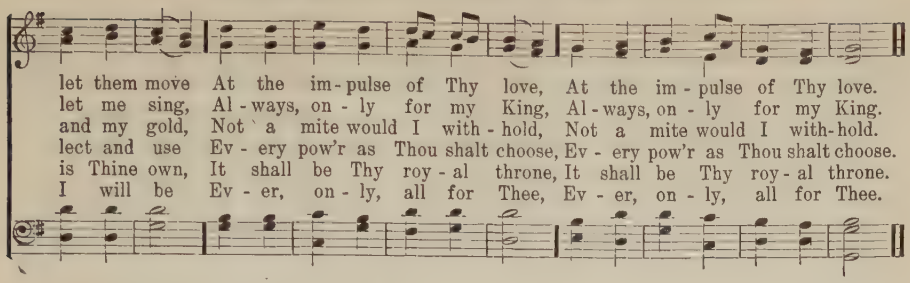


240 Take My Life and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. C. H. A. Malan.

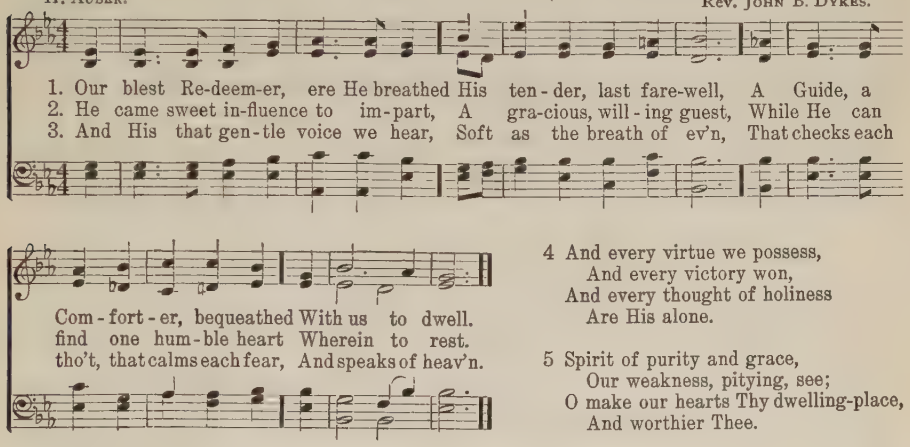


Take My Life and Let it Be.—Concluded.



241 Our Blest Redeemer.

H. Auber. Rev. John B. Dykes.

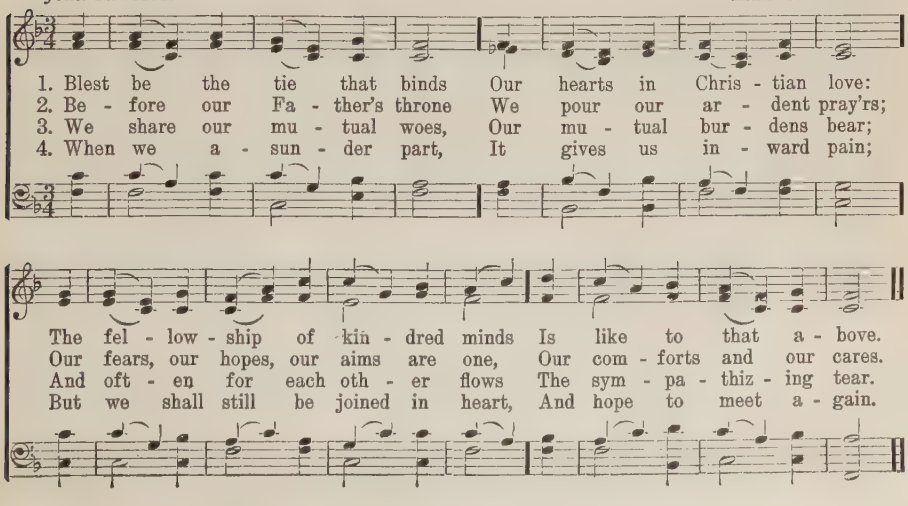


4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

242 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

John Fawcett. Hans G. Nägeli.



243 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall
crown His head; His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise With ev - ery

wax..... and wane no more.
morn - ing - sac - ri - fice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

244 Fling Out the Banner!

BP. GEORGE W. DOANE. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban - ner! hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
5. Fling out the ban - ner! wide and high, Sea - ward and sky - ward, let it shine:

The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - der of the love Di - vine.
And na - tions, crowd - ing to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
Our glo - ly, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours; We con - quer on - ly in that sign.

245 Fight the Good Fight of Faith.

J. S. B. Monsell. Wm. Boyd.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His bound-less mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near; He chang-eth not, and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trust - ing soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

246 Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield. George J. Webb.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The tri - umph call o - bey; Forth to the might - y
3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glo - rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A -
fail you— Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - ery foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst un - num-bered foes; Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!

247 Jerusalem, My Happy Home!

F. B. P. — Samuel A. Ward.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre-ga - tions
3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca-naan's good-ly

have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And
ne'er break up, And Sab-bath has no end? There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor
land in view, And realms of end - less day. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My

rit.

pearl-y gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks with sal-va - tion strong, And streets of shin-ing gold?
sin nor sor - row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I on-ward press to you.
soul still pants for thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end When I thy joys shall see.

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248 For All the Saints.

Bp. W. W. How. — J. Barnby.

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-fessed,
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight;
3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who no-bly fought of old,
4. O blest com-mun-ion, fel - low-ship Di - vine! We fee-bly struggle, they in glo - ry shine;
5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ears the dis-tant tri - umph-song,

f *f*

Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blest.
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
And win with them the vic-tor's crown of gold.
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong.
} Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

249 My Country! 'tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Ad. by HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee,—Land of the no - ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

250 The Lord Bless Thee, and Keep Thee.

Num. 6 : 24-26. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine up -

on thee, and be gra - cious un - to thee,..... And be

gra - cious un - to thee: The Lord lift up his coun - te - nance, his

and give thee peace.....

coun - te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

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